THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JUNE 30, '17

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FOURTH OF JULY

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"

AFTER exercise—drink Welch's. It banishes fatigue and renews strength.

The purpose of play this year is to increase work capacity. Efficiency is a national watchword.

Red-blooded men are turning more and more to Welch's. They like its heartening stimulation, without reaction. They like the satisfying, real-grapey flavor.

Best of all, men know that Welch's is an aid to fitness. It strengthens the muscles and steadies the nerves. And clean, sound living is more fashionable every day.

Welch's is just the pure juice of premium-price Concord Grapes, prepared in the Welch way to give the inimitable natural flavor.

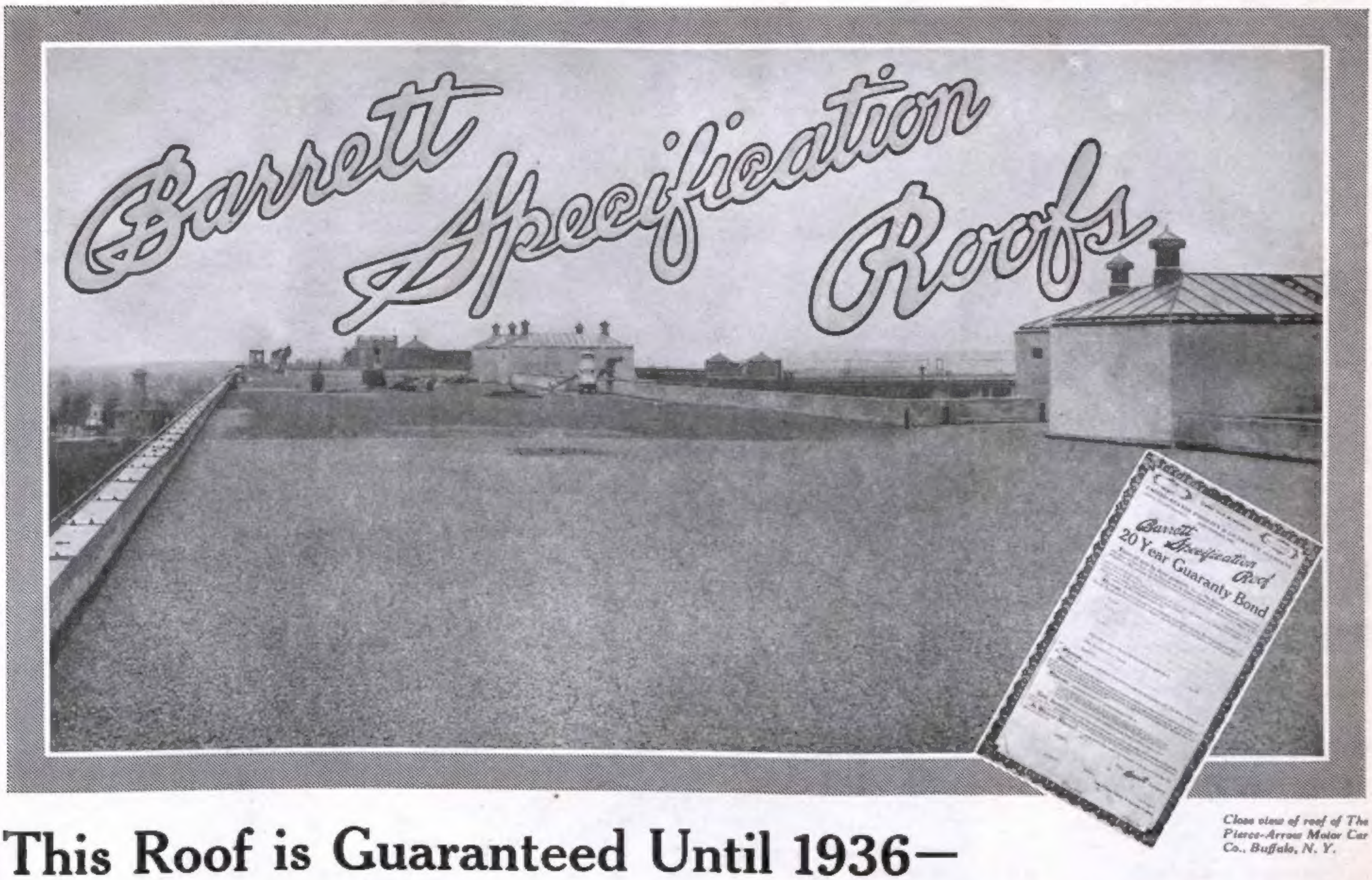
Buy Welch's in bottles, 10c and up, from your grocer, druggist or confectioner. Say "Welch's" at the soda fountain.

If for any reason you cannot obtain Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3 (express prepaid east of Omaha). Sample Junior bottle, 10c by mail.

Canadian Plant, St. Catharines, Ont.

Write for free booklet,
"Welch Ways." Ninety-nine ways to serve Welch's.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.



Close view of roof of The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

This Roof is Guaranteed Until 1936—

THE following illustrates the working of our new plan to *guarantee Barrett Specification Roofs for twenty years.*

When the question of roofing was reached in the specifications covering the building illustrated, the Construction Department of The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company inserted approximately the following in the building plans:

"The roof shall be laid according to The Barrett Specification, dated May 1, 1916, and the roofing contractor shall upon completion of the job deliver to us the Barrett 20-Year Guaranty Bond, in accordance with Note 1 of such Specification."

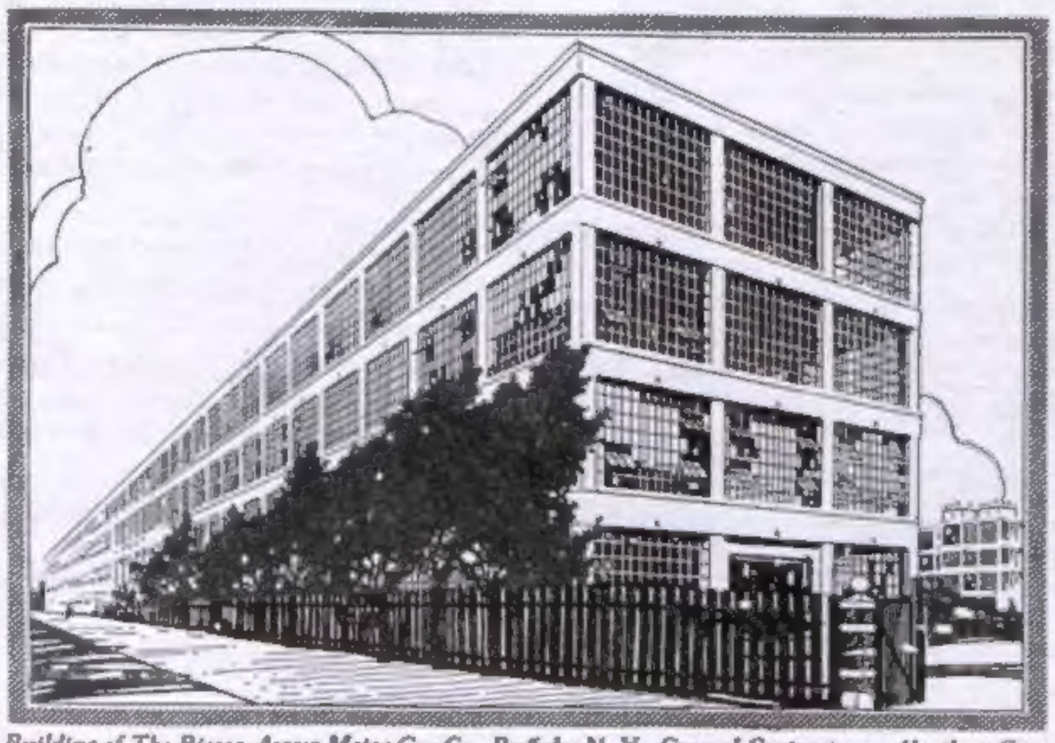
Competitive bids were then asked for and submitted by a number of roofing contractors.

The concern to which the job was finally awarded promptly notified us regarding the job, asked for our Inspection Service, and the 20-Year Bond.

Our Inspectors supervised the job, saw that the Specification was strictly followed both as to methods and materials, and on its completion certified that the roof was O. K. in every respect.

On this certification the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company of Baltimore issued a 20-Year Surety Bond, which *exempts the owner from any maintenance or repair expense to the roof until 1936.*

The Guaranty Bond costs the owner and the roofing contractor nothing.



Building of The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y. General Contractors: Aberthaw Construction Company, Boston, Mass. Roofers: Jameson Roofing Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

The service is free in the interest of good workmanship and the good repute of our materials.

If you are interested we should be very glad to send you further details or copy of The Barrett 20-Year Specification with diagrams, ready for insertion in your building plans.

How to Get the 20-Year Guaranty Bond

This new Guaranty Bond is issued on all Barrett Specification Roofs of 50 squares or more in all towns in the United States and Canada of 25,000 population and over, *and in smaller centers where our Inspection Service is available.*

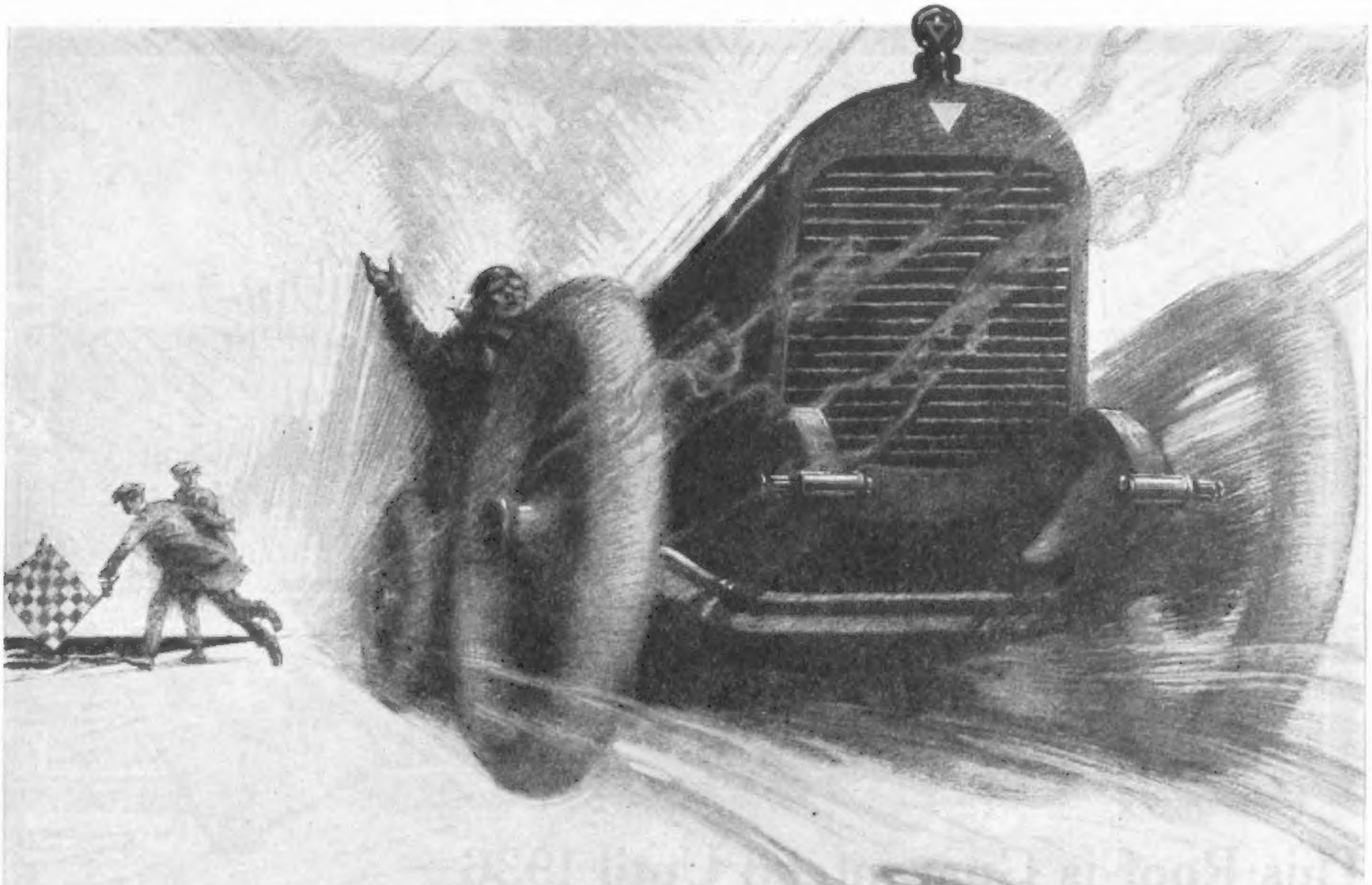
Our only requirements are that the roofing contractors shall be approved by us and that The Barrett Specification, dated May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed.

The Barrett Company

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston
St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis
Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

The Paterson Manufacturing Company, Limited: Montreal
Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B.
Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.



The Speedway Test that Further Proves Hudson Endurance

Four Cars Entered—Four Finished—First Place in the Free-for-All; Second, Seventh and Ninth Places for Hudson Super-Six Specials in the 250-Mile Cincinnati Memorial Day Sweepstakes Races

The Hudson Super-Six was not designed for racing.

The aim was a car that would endure. All its records were made in tests that prove endurance.

With some changes a stock car is made suitable for racing, capable of out-performing most cars that are specially built for racing. The reason for this is the patented Super-Six motor which minimizes vibration.

There are Hudson Super-Sixes in almost every race this year. Except for the championship events, they are entered by men whose only interest is to win prizes. These men are given no inducement to drive Hudsons, save the advantage the Super-Six gives in its performance. No price concessions are made them. They must make their cars suitable for racing at their own expense.

Ira Vail was the first driver to recognize the racing possibilities of the Super-Six. He bought a dealer's demonstrating car, removed the touring body, shortened the frame to racing length, mounted a racing body and in the 150-mile Metropolitan trophy race at Sheepshead Bay won second place and a $2,000 prize.

Now other drivers are doing what Vail did. There could be no stronger endorsement of the Hudson Super-Six. These experts want cars they can rely upon in the hardest trials known to the automobile.

You are not urged to buy a Hudson Super-Six to use as a race car. We know you will never want it for such purpose. You won't ever care to drive it at the rate of 102½ miles an hour, or to equal its record of 1819 miles in 24 hours, both officially made by a stock chassis. You will never care to make a round trip across America in 10 days and 21 hours, the record excelling each way that of any other car, made by a Super-Six seven-passenger touring car.

But that the car you own is capable of such service is proof that there is no task you will impose that it is not more than equal to.

That is why the Hudson Super-Six is the largest selling fine car with a price above $1,200. Can any car offer greater proof of its endurance?

There are eight body types of the Hudson Super-Six chassis. Each car is in keeping with what you would expect to find on a chassis that has shown such convincing proof of its endurance.

Phaeton, 7-passenger . .	$1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car Landaulet . . .	$3025
Speedster, 4-passenger .	1750	Town Car	2925	Limousine	2925
Cabriolet, 3-passenger . .	1950	(All prices f. o. b. Detroit)		Limousine Landaulet . . .	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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GERMANS AND GERMANS

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

ONE night in the autumn of 1914, shortly after the war began, one of my friends sat in Baron Carl von Schubert's house, in Berkeley Square, drinking whisky and soda with a German officer. They had dined together at the Carlton. Von Schubert had been secretary of the German Embassy at London and had returned to Berlin in the tail of Prince Lichnowsky at the outbreak of the war, leaving his house in charge of an English caretaker.

The German officer who was living in it had been taken off a ship returning from Africa. He was detained in London pending an arrangement for his exchange. He was a Prussian baron and, like other Germans of his class, was a servant of the state. He was at one and the same time an aviator, an officer in a cavalry regiment, a member of the permanent German diplomatic establishment, and had been in Africa with the Minister of Colonial Affairs "on consular business." While in London he had the run of the town within a radius of five miles of Berkeley Square. He had been at Oxford and knew many people in England. Some of the men in the British Foreign Office had been with him at Oxford, and they had been friends there before the war. He was commonly to be seen lunching and dining at the smartest West End hotels and restaurants.

In the mornings he ran in the park so as to keep himself fit for active service. In the afternoons he bought prints and china and glass. He wore a single eyeglass with assurance and a lack of self-consciousness. In no way was he to be distinguished from any other idle man about town, except that he would say "visky-soda" when he meant whisky and soda. His case and his attitude interested me because his treatment was so typically British. He was presumably a gentleman fallen upon evil days, and, therefore, to be treated with great courtesy and consideration and kindness. They knew how badly he wanted to be at home, fighting, and they tried to make his detention as easy and as pleasant for him as possible.

The Baron's Rage

THIS night as he sat in Berkeley Square drinking his visky-soda with my friend he was restless and irritable.

Suddenly he burst out:

"Damn England! Damn these English! If they hadn't come into this war it would be nearly over now and we should have won. We didn't believe that England would fight. We thought we knew she would not. But we shall win, and this war will make Germans fashionable. Everywhere the English, the Americans and the French are received. So are the Russians, the Spanish and the Italians. They go into the best society. It is only the German who is discriminated against. It is not fashionable to be a German. People say 'He is a damn German!' and don't receive him, except officially. When we win this war we shall change all that. The German will go ahead of everybody."

My friend was taken aback.

"But," he said, "you are well treated here. Everyone is so kind to you. I saw two of your Oxford friends come to your table at luncheon yesterday to ask whether they could do anything to keep you from being bored ——"

The German was grinding his teeth. He had worked himself into a proper Prussian rage.

"I hate their kindness! I hate their soft, friendly ways! They treat me as if I were harmless. I might be a little poodle dog, running about! They don't take a German officer seriously. I may go where I like, hear what I like, see what I like. I am a trained officer. I might be a baby for all the precautions they take against me. They have no fear that I am powerful enough to hurt them."

My friend came away. As he came down the stairs, he told me, he thought of Guy Wetmore Caryl's lines:

Whereat the bull discreetly coughed and moved away, as well he might,
Considering the wretched taste that marked the thing.

We are just beginning to find out about the German. He is an anachronism. His political ideas and theories of government have no more place in this modern world than a raw oyster in a cup of tea. He is a queer fellow. The inside of his head is all wrong. It is full of unsound ideas that he has been taught and believes. We are just beginning to discover that he is a menace, and why.

The New Liberty Bell

Unheeded Warnings

ONE of the objects of the nations now at war with Germany is the liberation of the German people from the tyranny of the German Government. When the people of Germany repudiate the teachings of the Hohenzollerns, the military caste and the Prussian junkers, the war will be over. Our entry into the war is a challenge to the political beliefs and practices of that autocracy. President Wilson, seeing the problem clearly, sought, in his speech to Congress advising war, to drive a wedge between the German Government and the German people. Germany is not a self-governing country. The government does as it pleases and tells the people nothing. They are taught from their cradles simply to obey.

The unfriendly intent of the German Government toward the United States has been sufficiently disclosed. There can be no doubt of its hostility, and of its aim and desire to imperil our national welfare and well-being. The whole Western world has been strangely slow in recognizing and understanding the menace of the German Government. British statesmen have shown themselves particularly dull in seeing the danger. They were neighbors of Germany, and in close contact, without seeing their own peril. Lord Roberts' warnings were unheeded as the fantastic visions of a professional fighting man.

Here in the United States, even since the war began, the great body of the people, particularly in the interior, have not had it brought home to them that we had anything to fear from the German Government. They judged

the German autocracy from the Germans they saw about them in this country—law-abiding, simple, industrious, frugal people, attending to their own business and not disturbing their neighbors. If the German Government conducted its affairs in the same spirit we should not be at war. But the Germans in the United States do not reflect in their spirit and daily lives and conduct among us the attitude of the German Government. The autocracy that many of these Germans left home to escape, because they found it unendurable, seeks not only to dominate Germany but the whole world. The repeated utterances and actions of the Kaiser and other Prussians of the ruling caste are of record.

Virtually the whole world has been forced into a league of arms for self-protection against the intolerable beliefs and practices of the German autocracy. The people of Germany have only to come to see that they have been misled, and renounce the teachings that have been imposed upon them, to restore peace in the world. Even now they are being told by their rulers that it is the purpose of the allied belligerents to wipe the German people and nation out of existence. Every country at war with Germany has explicitly, formally and publicly denied that it has any such intention. For our part "the world must be made safe for democracy," and "we shall desire nothing so much as the early establishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us." . . . We have borne with their present government through all these bitter months because of that friendship. This is our pledge to the German people that we shall not seek in attacking their government to destroy their right to a free place in the world.

What We are Fighting For

WE ARE fighting Germany for the same reasons that England and France are fighting her. When President Wilson went to Congress, advising "the utmost practical coöperation in counsel and action with the governments now at war with Germany," he gave our reasons and motives for becoming a belligerent. They are almost identical with the reasons and motives the Allies gave to the world when they replied to President Wilson's so-called peace note of December eighteenth. Mr. Wilson gives as our reasons for entering the war:

"The wrongs against which we are now aroused are no common wrongs. They cut to the very roots of human life.

"Our object . . . is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up among the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of these principles.

"We are now at liberty to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty; . . . to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy.

"It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness; . . . in armed opposition to an irresponsible government, which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right, and is running amuck."

The British have as clearly told the world the purpose for which they entered the war. Mr. Asquith defined it so long ago as November, 1914:

"We shall not sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium recovers in full measure all and more than she has sacrificed; until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression; until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation; until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

To these terms he later added Serbia. In April, 1916, after declaring that "Great Britain, and France also, entered the war not to strangle Germany, not to wipe her off the map of Europe, not to destroy or mutilate her national life, certainly not to interfere with the 'free exercise of her peaceful endeavors'"; but "to prevent Germany—which for this purpose means Prussia—from establishing a position of military menace and dominance of her neighbors," he went on to say:

"As a result of this war we intend to establish the principle that international problems must be handled by free negotiation on equal terms between free peoples; and that this settlement shall be no longer hampered and swayed by the overmastering dictation of a government controlled by a military caste. That is what I mean by the destruction of the military domination of Prussia; nothing more, but nothing less."

The French first, and later the British, became aware that there had grown up in Prussia and spread through Central Europe a militarist doctrine which would overthrow morality and civilization unless discredited and destroyed. They saw that a belief in physical force, and not justice, as the final arbiter in human affairs, had finally captured the Germanic peoples. It has resulted in Germany's foreign policy, which saw in war or in threat of war the only solution of international problems. The people of England and France have come to see that, so long as this belief endures, the world can never be saved from war and can never progress toward international peace. Now the knowledge is forced upon the United States.

Mirabeau said: "War is Prussia's national industry." Nietzsche said: "War and courage have accomplished greater things than love for one's fellowmen." Clausewitz said: "War is a continuation of policy." The German War Book says that, once war is declared, frightfulness is the truest humanity, because not only does it help to demoralize the enemy more quickly but it makes the vanquished more reluctant to renew their bid for freedom.

The same book also declares that "a war conducted with energy cannot be directed merely against the combatants of an enemy state, and the positions they occupy, but it will and must in like manner seek to destroy the whole intellectual and moral resources of the latter." And in another place the War Book warns the German officer against being misled by any humanitarian considerations: "By steeping himself in military history the officer will be able to guard himself against excessive humanitarian notions; it will teach him that certain severities are indispensable to war; nay, more, that the more true humanity very often lies in ruthless application of them."

Immediately on his accession the German emperor in a public speech declared the essence of German rule: "Only one is master within the empire and I will tolerate no other." He then defined his foreign policy: "Nothing more henceforth may be settled in the world without the intervention of Germany and the German emperor." An inspired German writer said this meant that "henceforth no decision, whatever and whenever it might be, should be taken without Germany's directing and determining voice."

To its cost, the civilized world did not take these teachings and the royal assertions seriously. That was a great mistake. For on them the German state was erected. Those primitive and barbarous and wrong-headed beliefs govern seventy million industrious, robust, virile and otherwise intelligent people. Not only was the German taught to believe these things but it was drilled into him that it was his duty, under the German War God, to impose these beliefs on all the world by force.

There is no morality in all this. It used to be estimated in Germany before this war that one million casualties would establish German military supremacy in the world and put an end to competition of armaments. The Germans were willing to pay this price to make the German will supreme. One of their professors said, in August, 1914: "After bloody victories the world would be healed by being Germanized." The Germans believe that. That is what makes them dangerous, a menace to the world. It is not enough that their beliefs should prevail in Germany, but no conflicting beliefs must be allowed to prevail anywhere in the world.

The foundation of the German state is force. Frederick the Great converted the Prussians from a nation into an army obedient to a king. The German people have been taught to believe that even a wrong committed by the state is right. The supreme function of the state is to compel obedience to its will. This obedience must be exacted not only from the German people but from all other peoples. Because it is based on force, the German Government is driven to display its power through force whenever it is challenged. It is compelled to use the organizations of the army, the schools, the universities, the pulpit and the press to drive home daily the lesson of obedience.

Diplomatic Treachery

AS IT has been clearly put: "The Prussian system is founded on the belief that the human being is not to be trusted; that he will not do right of his own accord; and that, therefore, he must, like an animal, be trained, cajoled, harnessed, and finally compelled into being a member of orderly society by a superior and dominant will."

The German must not think for himself. He is not allowed by his government freedom of conscience. From the day he is born the Prussian boy is taught blind obedience to command. Resistance to this teaching is met by a display of physical force. That is why at the beginning of this war every German was absolutely cocksure that the conflict could have but one end. They could not even conceive of German arms being defeated or of the German will being successfully opposed. Under this belief armaments are the very essence of the German state.

Not only has the German been taught that every aim of government is to be attained through force, and only through force, but his rulers have taught him, through every channel of education, that any means are legitimate which lead to success. "Not only war itself, but treachery, frightfulness, terrorization, deliberate preparation within a neighbor's territory, a declaration out of a blue sky—all are justifiable, not only as being necessary in self-defense against implacable foes but as being the quickest way of ending the conflict of wills," as a student of the modern German state has phrased it.

That is the terrible menace of the German idea—that it could not understand the shock to the world when France was invaded through Belgium; when the atrocities in Belgium against women, children and civilians were committed; when the ruthless submarine warfare at sea began; when the grotesque plot was laid through Bernstorff to induce Mexico to set upon the United States, and to seek to detach Japan from her alliance with Great Britain. The plots of Bernstorff and Von Papen and Boy-Ed, laid in the United States, to blow up munition works, to destroy bridges, to put explosives on ships, to put iron filings in horses' food intended for the armies of the Allies, were all conceived by them to be legitimate functions in a friendly and neutral country.

In all these things the German does not think he is taking an unfair advantage. Their very state is presumed to be absolved in the same way. The German officer, the German state official, the German Government, any German subject seeking to further the ends of the state, will permit himself to do any sly, dirty, disreputable trick without any sense of immorality or shame. The German state has no consciousness of any moral turpitude where the interests of the state are involved.

It never enters the German's mind that he is not being consistently plotted against in low, underhand ways, as he is constantly plotting against other people. He believes he is being spied upon as he is spying upon other nations. He is quick and willing to believe any evil thing of any other people, because he knows and frequently avows that he is willing to commit any act, however foul, for the aggrandizement or the profit of the German state.

The German Word of "Honor"

ONE makes these flat observations without reservation and with such complete confidence because it is so easy to support them, quoting chapter and verse, from acts committed by Germans, the German Army, the German Navy and the German people since the war began. The whole purpose of the war is to destroy this German idea, which has been imposed upon them by the Prussians.

The German atrocities in Belgium were not a sudden spontaneous outbreak of savagery on the part of German soldiers. It was a planned, thought-out and organized butchery in pursuance of a policy. It began under orders, and it ceased when the German officers of the higher command thought that the Belgians were sufficiently terrorized. The teaching had brutalized the agents of the higher command who put it into effect.

The calculated devastation of Belgium, the bombardment of undefended towns from the sea, the sinking of liners filled with passengers, and all the other butcheries were not incidental to military operations, but had for their deliberate object the infliction of intolerable suffering on as many people as possible, to instill fear, and to weaken opposition to the German will.

President Wilson has pointed out to the world that "one of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that, from the very outset of the present war, it has filled our unsuspecting communities, and even our offices of government, with spies, and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of counsel, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce. Indeed, it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began; and it is unhappily not a matter of conjecture, but a fact proved in our courts of justice, that the intrigues, which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country, have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the Government of the United States."

Concrete cases to support these charges are unhappily plentiful enough. Captains Von Papen and Boy-Ed, the military and naval attachés of the German Embassy at Washington, who were sent home because of their connection with "the illegal and questionable acts" of plotters against the peace and welfare of this country, were the most conspicuous cases; but there have been others.

On October 10, 1915, six officers—Vizesteuermann Heinrich Hoffman, Heinrich Ruedebusch, William Forstreuter, Erich Biermann, and Engineer Aspirants Julius Lustfeld and Walter Fischer—of the German cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm, interned at Norfolk, Virginia, received permission to go ashore and to return by eight A. M., October eleventh. These officers have not been seen since, and are supposed to have departed on board the yacht Eclipse, which was purchased by Vizesteuermann Hoffman shortly before their departure.

On September 29, 1915, Marine Stabsarzt, Dr. Keuger Kroneck and Lieutenant zur See Koch, of the German cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich, were given permission to go on a visit to New York City and Niagara Falls, and to

(Concluded on Page 85)

FALL IN! FALL OUT!

By George Pattullo

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

OFFICERS' TRAINING CAMP.

DEAR UNCLE BILL: This letter will be written piecemeal, because every time I start something the dashed top sergeant comes to the door and bawls: "Company Fo-hor, fall in!" And we have to grab our rifles and belts and beat it. Fact!

It's "Fall in!" and then "Fall out!" from the time reveille jerks us out of the good old bed, at five-forty-five, until taps is blown at nine-forty-five. And after that not a word, or even one little whiff at a cigarette! Every man has to be in by-by, and mighty quiet.

Keeping quiet is pretty soft, however, after ten hours of hard work—provided you don't lie on your back. A couple of guys next to me lie flat on their backs all night. They hardly wait for the bugle to stop before they are off, sawing knots in a pine board. They'll never get commissions; the Germans could hear 'em eight miles! One of them can imitate a piccolo.

Well, just a week ago everybody in camp was raising a roar because the shoes they issued were far too big. It seemed to us we were victims of professional faddists.

"I wear a seven-and-a-half," I mentioned when they were measuring me.

But the cap took a squint at my tootsies and said:

"Do you? Mark him for an eight-and-a-half D." And that is what I drew.

They look like twin Mississippi scows; but the first time I put on the pack and started on a five-mile hike over the hills, those eight-and-a-half D's made me and the cap friends for life. My feet must have spread an inch, Uncle Bill! Going downgrade they filled every corner of the shoes. Some of the boys who had been kicking about oversizes soon began to holler for help. Their feet swelled and the shoes hurt. A lot were limping.

We have about three thousand men in this camp, and yesterday three hundred and fifty pairs of shoes were returned to the quartermaster for larger sizes.

The sergeant yelled "Fall in!" there; and we've been doing the manual of arms for about an hour.

Here is the way we work: Between inspection of quarters, which comes about twenty minutes after breakfast, and dinner at noon, we have five hours of drill and only forty minutes of rest in ten-minute intervals. That's going some; but it isn't all. For the rests are merely breaks; we employ them to get ready for the next assembly.

It is not so hard in the afternoon. We have an hour of rest, all told; and, moreover, we devote the afternoon to conferences, lectures and signal practice. Then we go to supper; and round seven o'clock they call us out for another go with the flags. That lasts until close to seven-thirty, when the bugle summons the whole gang to study.

The Making of Johnnie Stephens

YOU ought to see them dig in! It's no mere show—you'd think they were boning for exams.; and I guess they are. The whole camp marches up to the mess halls by companies and sits down at the tables. And for two solid hours you see their heads bent over the manuals and can hear the wheels going round. I was never much on this study stuff; but I dig too. You have to on this job if you want to keep up.

Last night I found the lieutenant of our company, who used to be in the National Guard and then with the Third Cavalry, studying to beat the band.

"Thought you knew all this dope, lieut?" I said.

"Well, I do—in a way, but there's lots of new stuff. And besides, if I want to keep ahead of this bunch I've got to bone harder than they do. They're wolves on work."

The sergeant yelled "Fall in!" there, and we've been listening to a lecture by the captain. He showed us how to

make up our packs and carry them on the march. He also handed us a stiff line of talk.

"It has come to my knowledge," he started off, "that some of you gentlemen object to taking orders from the officers selected for this company. One of you refused to obey a lieutenant. Another wanted to lick his sergeant because the sergeant told him to carry out a box."

At this point the cap stuck out his chin and began to clip his words:

"The first man who refuses to obey orders will be dropped from the camp. Let that be thoroughly understood. We don't want men of that spirit; they aren't cut out for officers. You can't lead until you have learned to obey.

"No matter what the orders may be—carry them out. If you are given an illegal order you have redress. The regulations provide for the lodging of a complaint—but obey first, and get redress afterward.

"No officer is going to ask you to do anything he would not do himself. Some of you may think you know more than the men we have placed over you; but that makes no difference. They are there and you must obey them. Even should a sergeant make a mistake in drill, it isn't your business to tell him so from the ranks. Do what he says. He will soon be corrected from the proper source of correction.

"Remember—I want to hear no more of this. If you are not prepared to give implicit and unquestioning obedience, you are not cut out for a soldier and have no right here. We will now proceed with the conference."

They pound "discipline" into us all the time, Uncle Bill. And we surely need it. A lot of the boys here never got any at home, and the older men have been their own bosses so long in business that it jars them to be obliged to step lively at a command or the note of a bugle.

You can notice the difference in us already. The chaps who wore a hangdog air when they first put on the uniforms hold their heads high and walk with pep. They have cut out whining. They keep their troubles to themselves and toe the scratch. If we never get farther than this training camp the discipline here will be the making of a lot of us.

Do you remember Johnnie Stephens, who used to hang round the Palace Drug Store at home and mash the girls at the corner of Main and Second when they came from work? Well, when he showed up here I naturally wondered how he had horned in. But he passed the physical tests O. K. and was accepted.

I never thought much of Johnnie. He was a fine pool player and champion lady's man back home; but his mother had raised him a pet, I take it. Anyhow, he didn't stack up in business; and if he ever held a job longer than three months it was because Old Man Stephens owned a block of stock in the concern.

Perhaps you remember the furtive look he wore. Johnnie was always pleasant and agreeable, but he seemed to feel he was below par and showed it in his manner. And his daddy knew it too. He always looked at the boy as though ashamed of his parenthood, and used to ignore him in a crowd of his friends.

The other day Old Man Stephens came out in a big touring car with a bunch of highbinders and stopped outside the lines. I guess he wanted to see Johnnie alone, so his business pals couldn't get a line on him.

We were getting ready for dinner when he blew in and Johnnie was slicking his hair. You know the way the old man walks into a place—like the big boss himself.

"Hello!" he rumbled.

"Hello, dad!" said Johnnie.

They shook hands and Old Man Stephens fished out a box of candies from his coat pocket.

"I brought you these. They're your favorite kind. Your mamma sent them."

Johnnie hardly gave them a look, though his mouth was watering, I bet.

"Take 'em out of here quick, dad," he said. "We can't eat candies in barracks. They don't like us to have 'em. Bad for the stomach. And don't throw that butt on the floor."

It took his father about thirty seconds to get this. And then he looked at Johnnie again. The boy was standing as straight as a ramrod. He was tanned a fine copper tint, and he looked the old pirate straight in the eye—as one man to another.

The Company Pessimist

I SAW Old Man Stephens sort of gulp, and he couldn't say another word for the life of him. After a while he reached out and began to feel Johnnie's sleeve and his muscles, as though to make sure it was really his own flesh and blood.

"Can you come outside a few minutes, son? There're some friends of mine I'd like you to meet," he said at last.

So Johnnie buttoned his shirt pocket and followed along. When they got to the car where the moneyed kings were sitting, with fat, rich cigars between their teeth, Old Man Stephens led Johnnie up to the door and then stepped back so the other guys could get a square look at him.

"My son John, gentlemen," he announced with a wave of his hand.

And while Johnnie was answering their questions like a regular soldier, his father walked round and round, sizing him up from all angles, and grinning like a kid. I stuck in the neighborhood just to see what would come off; and, honest Injun, I thought the old man was going to weep! And when they said good-by he made a beeline for headquarters to fall on the colonel's neck and tell him what a debt he owed. They say the old man wanted to offer a cup for competition among the companies too; but they haven't announced anything about it yet.

If he did we'd win it easily. This isn't mere bragging. I haven't talked to a man in our barracks who doesn't say that this is the crack company in camp.

There're hundreds of Johnnie Stephenses in the training camps, Uncle Bill.

The sergeant yelled "Fall in!" there. I'm beginning to dislike that man.

At lecture this afternoon the captain mentioned that only one man was killed for every two thousand shots fired. Frantic cheers!

But a guy behind me kept glum.

"Number One would get me," he said; "and then there'd be nineteen hundred and ninety-nine wasted."

The conferences, or lectures, are held in the company streets between the barracks. To-day it was hot; so we

gathered under the rear end in the shade, and the captain stood on a box. He told us how to take care of our rifles and explained what the different parts were for. All cleaning is done from the breech and not from the muzzle. If you stick a ramrod down the muzzle it will soon ruin your rifle for accurate fire.

I hate to brag on ourselves, but you never saw such progress as the men in the training camp are making. They call it intensive training; and, believe me, it is so!

We're further along right now than troops usually get in months of severe work. A guy who was along the Border last year, and saw about all the National Guard down there, told us yesterday that we did what we had been taught of drill better than any other militia organization he had seen. He said the training they did there was a joke compared to this. I believe him too; in fact, we're as good as regulars in some of the stuff we've learned. Go ahead and laugh! But it's the truth.

If you don't want to take my word for it, here's the testimony of an experienced officer of the regular army—Captain R. J. Maxey. He took a company of us recruits for a march, and, before starting, emphasized the need of preserving distance by regulating our stride.

Perhaps the matter of stride seems a trivial thing to you. It did to me a week ago; then they began telling us about it. And now we watch our step and the man ahead. I tell you, a few inches a man makes a whale of a difference in a regiment, Uncle Bill.

When the Column Strings Out

IN FACT, carelessness along these lines can ball up an entire army—simply play the mischief! Suppose a division of infantry starts out for battle and the battle ground is twenty miles distant. Of course you don't know what a division is. Your little nephew does—now. There are about sixteen thousand men in a division; and, closed up, the infantry alone would take two hours to pass a given point. Think of that when you try to picture a million men flowing through Belgium!

In other words, it takes the last man of the infantry two hours to reach a point already passed by the leaders.

But it is a not infrequent happening for the infantry of a division to string out too far—perhaps double their proper distance—say ten miles. They call it elongation. In that event the men bringing up the rear would not reach the battle until four hours later than the first companies; and, with the general counting on them being there at a certain time, that might prove disastrous.

It works out the same way going over a hill. For if, after climbing to the top, the leaders don't slow their stride on the down grade, the troops toiling upward far behind will have to run like jack rabbits to catch up.

That's why the instructors keep harping on the importance of maintaining proper distance by regulating stride. Cap Maxey drove that home to us before we started, and we didn't miss a word of what he said. Later I heard him tell a correspondent:

"I didn't have to pound it in. They were up on their toes to learn. Well, I took them over toward some hills. The ground was rough and it was a fairly severe test. But those men did amazingly! I halted them several times and dressed them, just to see how they had preserved distance. And my opinion is that you could not take at random an equal number of men from the regular army who could have done it as well."

How about that, Uncle Bill? And we had been drilling less than a week!

The sergeant yelled "Fall in!" there—that was yesterday. This afternoon we've been practicing how to make up the packs. The pack consists of blankets and shelter-half, and poncho and socks; there's a haversack goes with it, containing tins for three days' rations, plate, knife, fork and spoon. The canteen is a bird! It fits into a cup that has a folding handle, so you can make a stewpan out of it if you want to; very light, and covered with a canvas jacket, which is wetted in order to keep the water cool.

With rations and cartridges and trenching tools and rifle, the complete kit weighs about seventy pounds.

The man who can lug all that on a twenty-mile hike is some man! But we'll all be doing it soon. They're starting us off easily and will gradually lengthen the marches until we are fit to tackle all-day hikes.

The marches are the most enjoyable part of the work, I think. They start us out in early morning, before it is hot, and we go swinging along in column of squads, singing and whistling. The officers encourage music. It heartens the men and makes them forget they're tired. They tell me that soldiers who are all in from a long hike will buck up and do another five miles on their nerve if a band starts to play.

There's a boy named Levy in our company—by the way, there are quite a number of his race in the camp, and they are going at it in earnest. This kid has a pretty fair tenor and knows every ragtime and sentimental song ever written. When we've gone about a couple of miles somebody sets up a yell: "Hit 'er up, Levy!" And we all join in the chorus. It doesn't sound so rotten, at that; and the cadence of the music helps the cadence of the march.

They call frequent halts to rest, and allow us to fall out or sit down. And sometime during the hike we have to take off our leggins, shoes and socks for feet inspection. Then the captain and lieutenants and sergeants pass along the lines. If they see a red spot or signs of chafing, they hand out adhesive tape. We also use a lot of foot powder.

This matter of the care of the feet is a regular obsession in the army. They peg at it all the time. If your sock gets twisted, or lumped at the toes, fix it at the first opportunity. Never wear a sock that is worn thin anywhere or has a hole in it. They won't even let us wear darned socks. Did you know that no darned socks are permitted in the army? It's a new one on me. The minute a hole appears, or even the suggestion of one when the sock is held up to the light, away it goes! Wouldn't that break Aunt Sarah's heart?

Our practice marches the first week were without arms; but now we carry a light kit, and next week we shall carry the full march kit.

The officers tell us that the preliminary work we are on now is the drudgery of the course, and that the really interesting part will come later. For a while it did puzzle some of us why they should be so particular about little things that struck us as unimportant. But we're beginning to see.

It's all a part of the scheme of discipline. The whole aim of our work is to build up a habit of mind. They want to train us so thoroughly that we shall do things like machines when called upon, whatever the circumstances. And when we have mastered that we shall be soldiers and fit to fight for our country.

Take the matter of saluting. It seems petty to a layman; and, to tell the truth, it went against the grain the other day when I had to salute that Perkins boy who used to work for you in the bank. But he's an officer; so I gave him the high sign like a little man.

The next one I ran into happened to be a captain of cavalry in the regulars. "Wow!" he said. "That's a lazy salute."

I apologized and explained that I hadn't learned it very well.

"You don't need to apologize," he answered. "Personally I'd rather you gentlemen didn't salute me. But, since it's in the regulations, you ought to know how to do it. Now, see here—in three months you'll probably have command of a hundred and fifty men. You'll have to instruct them—tell them exactly how to do things. So wouldn't you rather have everything perfect? Wouldn't you like to stand out there in front and know you could deliver the goods?"

Force of Habit Under Fire

THAT sounded pretty reasonable to me, Uncle Bill, and I warmed up to him. It ended by the cap and I going off behind a tree and practicing the dashed salute for ten minutes; and now I can hand out one that would knock you cold.

Colonel Scott said something of the same kind.

"If an officer is slack his men will be just that way too," he remarked.

Making a soldier consists of drilling, drilling and drilling a thing into a man until it becomes second nature for him to do the right thing at the right time. At least, that's the way I have doped it out from the training here.

You see, if a fellow has to stop to think what to do in a pinch the trained enemy gets the bulge on him; for he can act just that much faster. And the soldier with only slight training is bound to go up in the air when the business gets hot and bullets are dropping all round him. On the other hand, a well-drilled guy will sit tight and work his old rifle until the cows come home. They have taught him to do that until it is automatic with him—a habit he can perform mechanically, no matter how scared he may be.

Lieutenant Colonel Martin, who has charge of instruction here, told us about that feature of firing.

"Don't delude yourselves with the idea that a man won't be frightened under fire," he said; "because he will be. He'll be badly frightened if he is a normal human being.

"Now if a man can be made to bring his rifle up to his shoulder in battle and fire, it is conceded by military authorities that a soldier has been made out of him.

"But if you succeed in teaching men not only to bring the weapon to their shoulders but to take a proper sight—if hard training accomplishes this triumph over their natural fears—then you have troops that are unbeatable."

I guess that's right too. Did you ever see Mexicans fight? The majority shut their eyes and let fly from the hip, or any old way at all. They seem to think that if the rifle goes off with a loud bang they're fighting like fiends.

The sergeant yelled "Fall in!" there, and we've been at it again, practicing semaphore and flag signaling.

A few of these chaps are a bit slow in catching on, Uncle Bill, and I expect they'll be shaking them down in a few days and getting rid of the discards. Commands don't seem to register on their tympanums; nobody home. Soldiering is like any other profession—there has to be something between the ears.

And a small percentage don't show the interest in it that they ought. That's partly because they're sore. Quite a number of the recruits had previous military experience; and when the commanding officer asked that all those in this class step out they shoved up to the front and were put in charge of platoons and squads.

Then the real work started, and it was soon discovered that many of these bold boys were as rusty as a mud nail. They had military experience—sure!—back in reconstruction days, or with a battalion of militia when it turned out to welcome Congressman Porkbarrel to the home town.

Well, it didn't take the captain twenty-four hours to size up the misfits. He set them back in the ranks and they're learning the trade from the start. Naturally it goes hard.

Still, we have a leaven of fellows with military training at school, in last year's camps, and in the National Guard. And they help us beginners.

What the Canadians Did

THE bulk of the camp students are go-getters. The way they work is a shame! When I grab a few minutes each day to write a letter I feel all the time that my chances of earning a commission are slipping. For all about me the industrious hounds are nosing manuals and rehearsing one another in signals, or putting friends through the manual of arms. It's fierce!

These chaps not only do a day of physical work that would tire a seasoned harvest hand, but they study like papa's pride plugging for exams. They surely don't need a Sherman Law in the training camps. Competition is so keen that they're more likely to crack under the strain than neglect anything.

In fact, the daily schedule is so strenuous that I hear talk of some modification for the Southern camps during the hottest weeks. Probably something of the sort will be arranged. Men could not keep up this pace with a temperature ranging from ninety to one hundred degrees, which we may expect soon.

To watch the boys at drill would make you proud of your country, Uncle Bill. I didn't dream that raw recruits could get the knack of it so fast. It's the difference between intelligent and educated men, all anxious to learn, and men you have to teach by steady pounding.

Some famous English general remarked not long ago that this was a war of subalterns. Every time I think of that I gloat. For if there was ever a live-wire set of subalterns in the making it is right in Uncle Sam's training camps to-day.

You have only to see them take hold to have your hopes and your faith and your courage grow. This country will provide some surprises before the thing is over.

To my notion, the nearest approach, in the way of fighting men, to the material we have in the United States is the Canadian oversea forces. Their young men are much like ours. They have the same mental attitude and start out with the same fine scorn of discipline and restraint; they have the same natural aptitude for picking up quickly anything to which they apply their energies. And they possess the same vigor, similar initiative, the same aggressiveness, and an equal degree of pluck. So far as courage goes, no race has a monopoly. This war has proved that.

And what have the Canadians done in France? Smashed the everlasting daylights out of the Germans three or four times—that's all they've done!

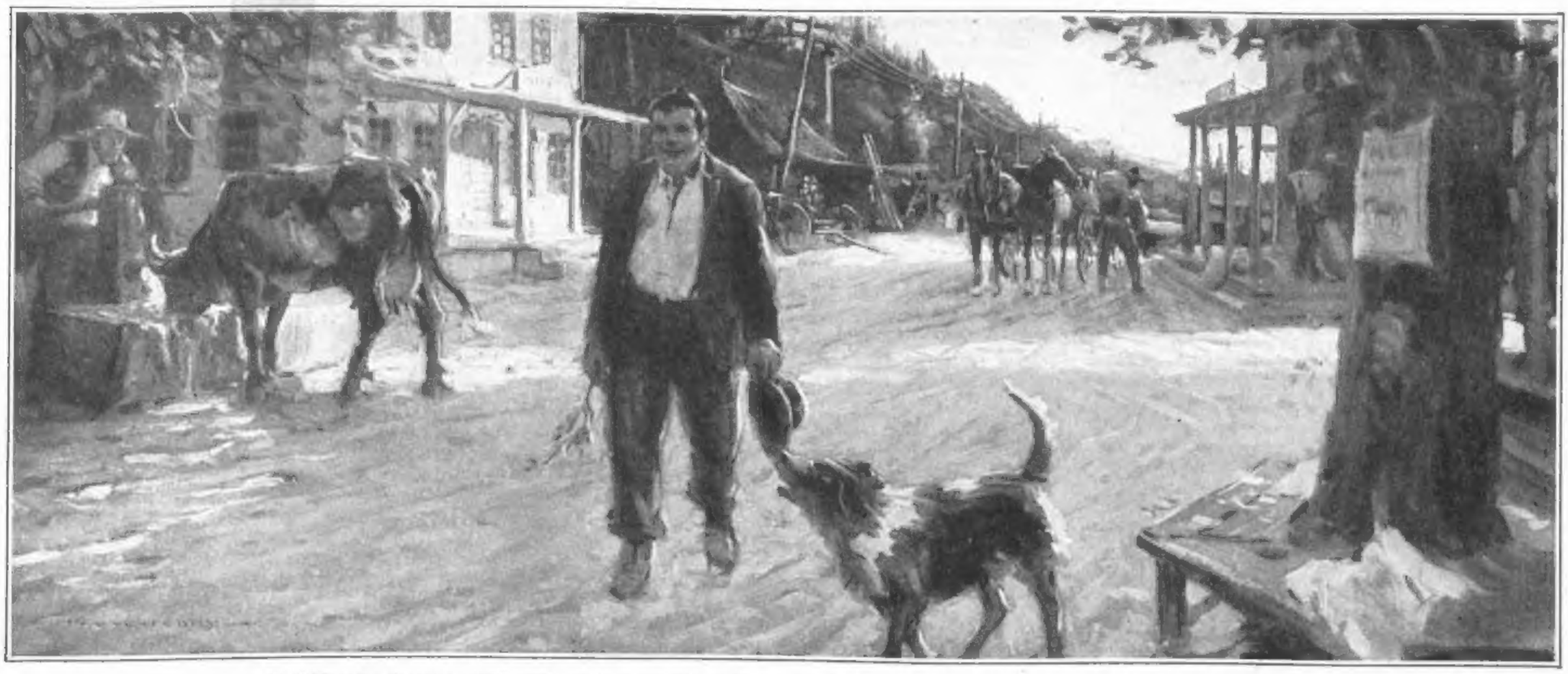
If the Canadians can do it, so can we. Before winter sets in you'll see things happen that'll lop ten years off your age, Uncle Bill—I'm telling you!

The sergeant yelled "Fall in!" there, and we've been listening to a lecture on interior guard duty.

There's a whole lot to this soldiering business. The further you go, the more there is to learn. It develops new angles every day. And that's not so surprising when you come to think of it, because the science of war is changing every year,

(Continued on Page 81)

Scattergood Baines—Invader



Next Morning Scattergood Was About Early, Padding Slowly Up and Down the Crossed Streets Which Made Up the Village

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

THE entrance of Scattergood Baines into Coldriver Valley and the manner of his first taking root in its soil are legendary. This much is clear even past disputing in the post office at mail time, or evenings in the grocery—he walked in, perspiring profusely, for he was very fat.

It is asserted that he walked the full twenty-four miles from the railroad, subsisting on the country, as it were, and sagged down on the porch of Locker's grocery just before sundown. It is not implied that he walked all of the twenty-four miles in that single day. Huge bodies move deliberately.

He sagged down on Locker's porch, and it is reported the corner of the porch sagged with him. George Peddie has it from his grandfather, who was an eyewitness, that Scattergood did not so much as turn his head to look at the assembled manhood of the vicinity, but with infinite pains and audible grunts succeeded in bringing first one foot, then the other, within reach of his hands, and removed his shoes. Following this he sighed with a great contentment and twiddled his bare toes openly and flagrantly in the eyes of all Coldriver.

He is said then to have uttered the first words to all from his mouth in the town where were to lie his life's unfoldings and fulfillments. They were significant—in the light of subsequent activities.

"One of them railroads runnin' up here," said he to the mountain just across the road from him, "would have spared me close to a dozen blisters."

Conversation had expired on Scattergood's arrival, and the group on the porch converted itself into an audience. It was an audience that got its money's worth. Not for an instant did the attention of a single member of it stray away from this godsend come to furnish them with their first real topic of conversation since Crazy French stole a box of Paris green, mistaking it for a new sort of pancake flour.

Scattergood arose ponderously and limped out into the middle of the dusty road. From this vantage point he slowly and conscientiously studied the village.

"Uh-huh," he said. "'Twouldn't pay to do all that walkin' just for a visit. Calc'late I'll have to settle."

He walked directly back to the absorbed group of leading citizens, his shoes dangling one in each hand, and addressed them genially.

"Your town," said he, "is growin'. Its population jest increased by me."

"Sizable growth," said Old Man Penny dryly, letting his eye rove over Scattergood's bulk.

"My line," said Scattergood, "is anythin' needful. Outside of a railroad, what you figger you need most?"

Nobody answered.

"Is it a grocery store?" asked Scattergood.

Locker stiffened in his chair.

"Me and Sam Kettleman calc'lates to sell all the groceries this town needs," he said.

"How about dry goods?" said Scattergood.

Old Man Penny and Wade Lumley stirred to life at this.

"Lumley and me takes care of the dry goods," said the old man.

"Uh-huh. How about a clothin' store?"

"We got all the clothin' stores there's room for," said Lafe Atwell. "I run it."

"Kind of got the business of this town sewed up, hain't you?" Scattergood asked admiringly. "Wouldn't look with favor on any more stores?"

"We calc'late to keep what business we got," said Old Man Penny. "A outsider would have a hard time makin' a go of it here."

"Quite likely," said Scattergood. "Still, you never can tell. Let some feller come in here with a gen'ral store, sellin' for cash—and cuttin' prices, eh? How would an outsider git along if he done that? Up-to-date store. Fresh goods. Low prices. Eh? Calc'late some of you fellers would have to discharge a clerk."

"You hain't got money enough to start a store," Old Man Penny squawked. "Why, you hain't even got a satchel. You come walkin' in like a tramp."

"There's tramps—and tramps," said Scattergood placidly.

He reached far down into a trousers pocket and tugged to the light of day a roll that his fingers could not encircle. He looked at it fondly, tossed it up in the air a couple of times and caught it, and then held it between thumb and forefinger until the eyes of his audience had assured themselves that the outside bill was yellow and its denomination twenty dollars. The audience gulped.

"Meals to the tavern perty good?" Coldriver's new citizen asked.

"Say!" demanded Locker. "Be you really thinkin' about startin' a cash store here?"

"Neighbor," said Scattergood, "never give a valuable information without gittin' somethin' for it. How much money would a complete and careful account of my intentions be worth to you?"

Locker snorted.

"Bet that wad of bills is a dummy with a counterfeit twenty outside of it," he said.

Scattergood smiled tantalizingly. Locker had not, fortunately for Scattergood, the least idea how close to the truth he had been. On one point only had he been mistaken. The twenty outside was not counterfeit. However, except for three fives, four twos and ninety cents in silver, it represented Scattergood's total cash capital.

"I'm goin'," said Scattergood, "to order me two suppers. Two! From bean soup to apple pie. It's my birthday. Twenty-six to-day, and I always eat two suppers on my birthdays. Glad you leadin' citizens see fit to give me such a hearty welcome to your town. Right kind and generous of you!"

He turned and ambled down the road toward the tavern, planting his bare feet with evident pleasure in the deepest of the warm sand and flirting up little clouds of it behind him. The audience saw him seat himself on the tavern steps and pull on his shoes. They were too far to hear him say speculatively to himself:

"I never heard tell of a man gittin' a start in life jest that way—but that hain't any reason it can't be done. I'm going to do this town good, and this valley. Hain't no more'n fair them leadin' citizens should give me what help they feel they kin."

Scattergood ate with ease and pleasure two complete suppers—to the openly expressed admiration of Emma, the waitress. Very shortly afterward he retired to his room, where, not trusting to the sturdiness of the bed slats provided, he dragged mattress and bedding to the floor, and was soon emitting snores that Landlord Coombs assured his wife was the beat of anybody ever slept in the house, not countin' that travelin' man from Boston.

Next morning Scattergood was about early, padding slowly up and down the crossed streets which made up the village. He was studying the ground for immediate strategic purposes, just as he had been studying the valley on his long trudge up from the railroad for purposes related to distant campaigns. Though Scattergood's arrival in Coldriver may have seemed impromptu, as his adoption of the town for a permanent location seemed abrupt, not to say impulsive, neither really was so. Scattergood rarely acted without reason or before reflection.

True, he had but a moment's glimpse of Coldriver before he decided he had moved there, but the glimpse showed him the location was the one he had been searching for. Scattergood's specialty—his hobby—was valleys. Valleys down which splashed and roared sizable streams, whose mountain sides were covered with timber, and whose flats were comfortable farms—such valleys interested him with an especial interest. But the valley he had been looking for was one with but a single possible outlet. He wanted a valley whose timber and produce and products could not go climbing off across the hills, over a number of easy roads, to market. His valley must be hemmed in. The only way to market must lie down the valley, with the river. And the river that flowed down his valley must be swift, with sufficient volume all twelve months of the year to turn possible mill wheels. As yet he thought only of the direct application of power. He had not dreamed yet of great turbine generators that should transport thousands of horsepower, written in terms of electricity, hundreds of miles across country, there to light cities and turn the wheels of huge manufactories.

Coldriver Valley was that valley! He felt it as soon as he turned into it; certainty increased as he progressed between those gigantic walls, black with tall, straight, beautiful spruce. So when he sat shoeless, resting his blistered feet, on Locker's porch, he was ready to make his decision. The mere making of it was a negligible detail.

The Sign, When Completed, Read: Cash and Cut Prices Is My Motto

So Scattergood Baines found his valley. He entered it consciously as an invader, determined to conquer. Pitiful as were the resources of Cortez as he adventured against the power of Montezuma, or of Pizarro as he clambered over the Andes, they were gigantic compared with Scattergood's. He was starting to make his conquest backed by one twenty, three fives, four twos and ninety cents in silver. It was obvious to him the country to be conquered must supply the sinews of war for its own conquest.

Every village has its ramshackle, disused store building. Coldriver had one, especially well located and not so ramshackle as it might have been. It was big; its front was crossed by a broad porch; its show windows were not show windows at all, but were put there solely to give light. Coldriver did not know there was such a thing as inviting patronage by skillful display.

"Sonny," said Scattergood to a boy digging worms in the shade of the building, "who owns this here ruin?"

"Old Tom Plummer," said the boy, and was even able to disclose where Old Tom was to be found. Scattergood found him feeding a dozen White Orpingtons.

"Best layers a man can keep," said Scattergood sincerely. "Man's got to have brains to even raise chickens."

"I git more eggs to the hen than anybody else in town," said Old Tom. "But nobody listens to me."

"Own a store buildin' downtown, don't you?"

"Calc'late to."

"If you was to git a chance to rent it, how much would it be a month?"

"Repairs or no repairs?"

"No repairs."

"Twenty dollars."

"G'mornin'," said Scattergood, and turned away.

"What's your hurry, mister?"

"Can't bear to stay near a man that mentions so much money in a breath," said Scattergood with his most ingratiating grin.

"How much could you stay and hear?"

"Not over ten."

"Huh! Seein' the buildin's in poor shape I'll call it fifteen."

"Twelve-fifty's as far's I'll go—on a five-year lease," said Scattergood. It will be seen he fully intended to become permanent.

"What you figger on usin' it fur?"

"Maybe a opry house, maybe a dime museum, maybe a carpenter shop, and maybe somethin' else. I hain't mentionin' jest what, but it's law-abidin' and respectable."

"Five-year lease, eh? Twelve-fifty."

"Two months' rent in advance," said Scattergood.

"Squire Hastings'll draw the papers," said Old Tom, heading for the gate.

Scattergood followed, and in half an hour was the lessee of a store building, bound to pay rent for five years, with more than half his capital vanished—with no stock of goods or wherewith to procure one, with not even a day's experience in any sort of merchandising to his credit.

His next step was to buy ten yards of white cloth, a small paintbrush and a can of paint. Ostentatiously he borrowed a stepladder and stretched the cloth across the front of his store, from post to post. Then, equally ostentatiously, he mounted the stepladder and began to paint the sign.

He was not unskilled in the business of lettering. The sign, when completed, read:

CASH AND CUT PRICES IS MY MOTTO

Having completed this, he bought a pail, a mop and a broom, and proceeded to a thorough housecleaning of his premises.

Old Man Penny and Locker and the rest of the merchants were far from oblivious to Scattergood's movements. No sooner had his sign appeared than every merchant in town—except Junkin, the druggist, who sold wall paper and farm machinery as side lines—went into executive session in the back room of Locker's store.

"He means business," said Locker.

"Leased that store for five year," said Old Man Penny.

"Cash and Cut Prices," quoted Atwell, "and you fellers know our folks would pass by their own brothers to save a penny. He'll force us to cut too."

"Me—I won't do it," asserted Kettleman.

"Then you'll eat your stock," growled Locker.

"Fellers," said Atwell, "if this man gits started it's goin' to cost all of us money. He'll draw some trade, even if he don't cut prices. Safe to figger he'll git a sixth of it. And a sixth of the business in this region is a perty fair livin'. If he goes slashin' right and left nobody kin tell how much trade he'll draw."

"We should 'a' leased that store between us. Then nobody could 'a' come in."

"But we didn't. And it's goin' to cost us money. If he puts in clothing it'll cost me five hundred dollars a year in profits anyhow, maybe more. And you other fellers clost to as much."

"But we can't do nothin'."

"We can buy him off," said Atwell.

The meeting at that moment became noisy. Epithets were applied with freedom to Scattergood, and even to Atwell, for these were not men who loved to part with their money. However, Atwell showed them the economy of it. It was for them either to suffer one sharp pang now or to endure a greater dragging misery. They went in a body to call upon Scattergood.

"Howdy, neighbors," Scattergood said genially.

"We're the merchants of this town," said Old Man Penny shortly.

"So I judged," said Scattergood.

"There's merchants enough here," the old man roared on. "Too many. We don't want any more. We don't want you should start up any business here."

"You're too late. It's started. I've leased these premises."

"But you hain't no stock in."

"I calc'late on havin' one shortly," said Scattergood with a twinkle in his eye the meaning of which was kindly concealed from the five.

"What'll you take not to order any stock?" said Atwell abruptly.

"Figger on buyin' me off, eh? Now, neighbors, I've been lookin' for a place like this, and I calc'late on stayin'. I'm goin' to become all-fired permanent here."

"Give you a hundred dollars," said Old Man Penny.

"Apiece?" asked Scattergood, and laughed jovially. "It's my busy day, neighbors. Better call in again."

"What's your figger to pull out now—'fore you're started?"

"Hain't got no figger, but if I had I calc'late it would be about a thousand dollars."

"Give you two hundred," said Old Man Penny.

Scattergood picked up his mop.

"If you fellers really mean business, talk business. I've figgered my profits in this store, countin' in low prices, wouldn't be a cent under a couple of thousand the first year. And you know it. That's what you're fussin' round here for. Now fish, or git to bait cuttin'."

"Five hundred dollars," said Atwell, and Old Man Penny moaned.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Scattergood. "You men git back here inside of an hour with seven hundred and fifty cash, and lay it in my hand, and I'll agree not to sell groceries, dry goods, notions, millinery or men's or women's clothes in this town for a term of twenty years."

They drew off and scolded each other and glowered at Scattergood, but came to scratch.

"It's jest like robbery," said Old Man Penny tremulously.

"Keep your money," retorted Scattergood. "I'm satisfied the way things is at present."

Within the hour they were back with seven hundred and fifty dollars in bills, a lawyer and an agreement, which Scattergood read with minute attention. It bound him not to sell, barter, trade, exchange, deal in or in any way to derive a profit from the handling of groceries, dry goods, notions, millinery, clothing and gents' furnishings. It contained no hidden pitfalls, and Scattergood was satisfied. He signed his name and thrust the roll of bills into his pocket. Then he picked up his mop and went to work as hard as ever.

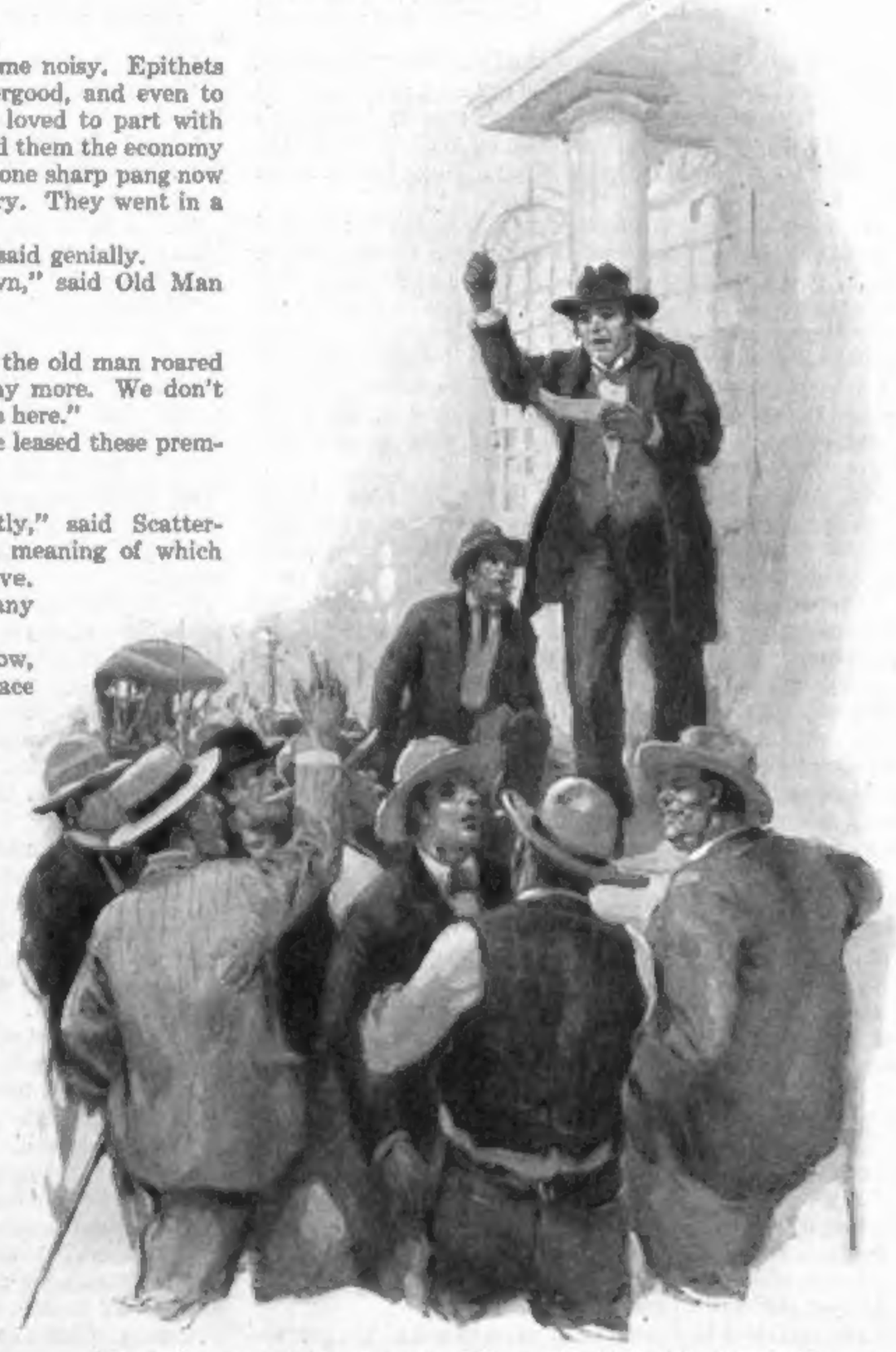
"Say," Old Man Penny said, "what you goin' ahead for? You jest agreed not to."

"There wasn't nothin' said about moppin'," grinned Scattergood; "and there wasn't nothin' said about hardware and harness and farm implements neither. If you don't believe me, jest read the agreement. What I'm doin', neighbors, is git this place cleaned out to put in the finest cash, cut-price, up-to-date hardware store in the state. And thank you, neighbors. You've done right kindly by a stranger."

II

TO THIS point the history of Scattergood Baines has been for the most part legendary; now we begin to encounter him in the public records, for deeds, mortgages and the like begin to appear with his name upon them. His history becomes authentic.

Seven hundred and fifty dollars is not much when put into hardware, but Scattergood had no intention of putting even that into a stock of goods. He had a notion that the right kind of man, with five hundred dollars, could get credit for twice that amount, and as for farm machinery he could sell by catalogue or on commission. His suspicion was proved to be fact. But it was not in Scattergood to sit idle while he waited for his stock to arrive.



"Ten Thousand Six Hundred I'm Offered," Said the Sheriff Loudly. "Do I Hear Seven Hundred?"

Coldriver doubtless thought him idle, but he was studying the locality and the river with the eye of a commander who knew this was to be his battlefield. What Scattergood wanted now was to place himself astride Coldriver Valley somewhere below the village so that he could control the upper reaches of the stream. It was not difficult to find such a location. It lay three miles below town at the juncture of the North and South branches of Coldriver. The juncture was a big marshy, untillable flat from which hills rose abruptly. From the easterly end of the flat the augmented river squeezed in a roaring rapids through a sort of bottle neck.

Scattergood stood on the hillside and looked upon this with satisfied eye

"A dam across that bottle neck," he said to himself, "will flood that flat. Reg'lar reservoy. Mill pond. Git a twenty-foot fall here easy, maybe more. Calc'late that'll run about any mill folks'll want to build. And"—he scratched his head as a sort of congratulation to it for its efficiency—"I can't study out how anybody's agoin' to git logs past here without dickerin' with the man who owns the dam."

Plenty of water twelve months a year to give free power; a flat made to order for reservoir or log pond; a complete and effective blockade of both branches of the river which came down from the country richly timbered. It was one of the spots Scattergood had dreamed of.

Scattergood knew perfectly well he could not stop a log from passing his dam. Nor could he shut off the stream. Any dam he built must have a sluice which could be opened for the passage of timber, and all timber was entitled to "natural water." But, as he well knew, natural water was not always enough. A dam at this point would raise the level on the bars of the flat so that logs would not jam, and a log which used the high water caused by the dam must pay for it. What Scattergood had in mind was a dam and boom company. It was his project to improve the river, to boom backwaters, to dynamite ledges, to make the river passable to logs in spring and fall. It was his idea that such a company, in addition to demanding pay for the use of improvements, could contract with lumbermen up the river to drive their logs. And a mill at this point! Scattergood fairly licked his lips as he thought of the millions upon millions of feet of spruce to be sawed into lumber.

The firm foundation that Scattergood's strategy rested upon was that lumbering had not really started in the valley. The valley had not opened up, but lay undeveloped, waiting to be stirred to life. Scattergood's strength lay in that he could see ahead of to-day and was patient to wait for the developments that to-morrow must bring. To-day his foresight could get for him what would be impossible to-morrow. If he stepped softly he could obtain a charter from the state to develop that river, which, when lumbering interests became actually engaged, would be fought by them to the last penny. And he felt in his bones that day would not long be delayed.

The land Scattergood required was owned by three individuals. All of it was worthless—except to a man of vision; so, treading lightly, Scattergood went about acquiring what he needed. His method was not direct approach. He went to the owners of that land with proffers to sell, not to buy. To Landers, who owned the marsh on both shores of the river, he tried to sell the newest development in mowing machines, and his manner of doing so was to hitch to the newly arrived machine, haul it to Landers' meadow, where the owner was haying, drag it through the gate and unhitch.

"Here," he said, "try this here machine. Won't cost you nothin' to try it, and I'm curious to see if it works as good as they say."

Landers was willing. It worked better. Landers regarded the machine longingly and spoke of price. Scattergood disclosed it. "Hain't got it, and can't afford it," said Landers.

"Might afford a swap?"

"Might. What you got in mind?"

"Say," said Scattergood, changing the subject, "ever try drainin' that marsh in the fork? Looks like it could be done. Might make a good medder."

Landers laughed.

"If you want to try," he chuckled, "I'll trade it to you for this here mowin' machine."

"Hum-m-m," grunted Scattergood, and higgled and argued, but ended by accepting a deed for the land and turning over the machine to Landers. Scattergood himself had sixty days to pay for it. It cost him something like half a dollar an acre, and Landers considered he had robbed the hardware merchant of a machine.

He Held It Until the Eyes of His Audience Had Assured Themselves That the Outside Bill Was Yellow and Its Denomination Twenty Dollars

One side of the bottle neck Scattergood took in exchange for a kitchen stove and a double harness; the third parcel of land came to him for a keg of nails, five gallons of paint, sundry kitchen utensils and twelve dollars and fifty cents in money. And when Coldriver heard of the deals it chuckled derisively and regarded its hardware merchant with pitying scorn.

Then Scattergood left a youth in charge of his store and went softly to the state capital. In after years his skill in handling legislatures was often remarked upon with displeasure. His young manhood held prophecy of this future ability, for he came home acquainted with nine-tenths of the legislators, laughed at by half of them as a harmless oddity, and with a state charter for his river company in his pocket. When folks heard of that charter they held their sides and roared.

Scattergood returned to selling hardware, and waited. He had an idea he would hear something stirring on his trail before long, and he fancied he could guess who and what that something would be. He judged he would hear from two gentlemen named Crane and Keith. Crane owned some twenty thousand acres of timber along the North Branch; Keith owned slightly lesser limits along the South Branch. Both gentlemen were lumbering and operating mills in another state; their Coldriver holdings they had acquired and, as the saying is, forgotten, until the time should come when they would desire to move into Coldriver Valley.

Now these holdings were recalled sharply to memory, and both owners took train to Coldriver. Scattergood had not worried about it. He had simply gone along selling hardware in his own way—and selling a good deal of it. His store had a new front; his stock was augmented. It was his business to sell goods, and he sold them.

For instance, Lem Jones stopped and hitched his team before the store one chilly day. His horses he covered with old burlap, lacking blankets. While Lem was buying groceries, Scattergood selected two excellent blankets, carried them out and put them on the horses. Then he went back into the store to attend to other matters. Presently Lem came in.

"Where'd them blankets come from?" he asked

"Hosses looked a mite chilly," said Scattergood without interest, "so I covered 'em."

"'Bleeged," said Lem. Then, awkwardly: "I calc'late I need a pair of blankets, but I can't afford 'em this year. Wife's been sick ——"

"Sure," said Scattergood. "I know. If you want them blankets take 'em along. Pay me when you kin. Jest give me a sort of note for a memorandum."

So Scattergood marketed his blankets, taking in exchange a perfectly good interest-bearing note. Also, he made a friend, for Lem could not be convinced but that Scattergood had done him a notable favor.

Scattergood now had money in the bank. No longer did he have to stretch his credit for stock. He was established—and all in less than a year. Hardware, it seemed, had been a commodity much needed in that locality, yet no one had handled it in sufficient stock because of the twenty-four-mile haul. That had been too costly. It cost Scattergood just as much, but his customers paid for it. The difference between him and the other merchants was that he sold goods while they allowed folks to buy.

So, wisely, he kept on building up in a small way while waiting for bigger things to develop. And as he waited he studied the valley until he could recite every inch of it, and he studied the future until he knew what the future would require of that valley. He knew it before the future knew it, and before the valley knew it, and was laying his plans to be ready with pails to catch the sap when others, taken by surprise, would be running wildly about seeking for buckets.

Then Crane and Keith arrived in Coldriver. That day marked Scattergood's emergence from the ranks of country merchants, though he retained his hardware store to the last. That day marked distinctly Scattergood's launching on a greater body of water. For forty years he sailed it with varying success, meeting failures sometimes, scoring victories, but interesting, characteristic in every phase—a genius in his way and a man who never took the commonplace course when the unusual was open to him.

III

"I SUPPOSE you've looked this man Baines up," said Crane to Keith when they met in the Coldriver Tavern.

"I know how much he weighs and how many teeth he's had filled," Keith replied.

"He ought not to be so difficult to handle. He hasn't capital enough to put this company of his through, and his business experience doesn't amount to much."

"For monkeying with our buzz saw," said Keith, "we ought to let him lose a couple of fingers."

"How's this for an idea, then?" Crane said, and for fifteen minutes he outlined his theory of how best to eliminate Scattergood Baines from being an obstruction to the free flowage of their schemes for Coldriver Valley.

"It's got others by the hundred," agreed Keith. "This jayhawker'll welcome it with tears of joy."

Whereupon they went gladly on their way to Scattergood's store, not as enemies, but as business men who recognized his abilities, and preferred to have him with them from the start, that they might profit by his canniness and energy, rather than to array themselves against him in an effort to take away from him what he had obtained.

Only by the exercise of notable will power could Crane keep his face straight as he shook hands with ungainly Scattergood, and saw with his own eyes what a perfect bumpkin he had to deal with.

(Concluded on Page 43)

THE CHEER-UP ADMIRAL

By Henry Reuterdahl

A LITTLE while ago ex-President Taft said to a friend of his: "The ways of history are curious. When I was President I reprimanded a naval officer for saying the very thing he is doing just now. That officer was Commander Sims, now Vice Admiral."

On December 3, 1910, Sims, as commander of the battleship Minnesota, during a banquet at the Guildhall given by the Lord Mayor of London to the visiting American Squadron, made a speech and remarked: "If the time ever comes when the British Empire is seriously menaced by an external enemy, it is my opinion that you may count upon every man, every dollar, every drop of blood of your kindred across the seas."

A hundred years ago and more, Americans fought the British in high-sea duels. They were clean, manly fights; officers in cocked hats and gold lace; men stripped to the buff. To-day American tars and British seamen are fighting side by side, like a band of brothers; fighting the common enemy for world democracy and the freedom of the seas; fighting for decency and civilization.

Canadian-born, William Sowden Sims, Vice Admiral in the United States Navy, leads our fight "over there"—the first naval officer to get on the job. In the cabin of the U. S. S. Melville, or from a desk ashore, he directs the tactics of the new slayers of the U-boat, American fighting craft patrolling the Atlantic, searching for the U-boat sea wolf. His destroyer officers and crews, doctrinated by Sims himself in thinking in "flotilla" terms, carry out the identical ideas that Sims formulated recently when in command of the American Torpedo Flotilla. His motto, "Cheer up and get busy!" made practicable what he is doing to-day. He added to what his predecessor had begun.

Now every navy has its newspaper heroes. Every navy has its gallery men—able, maybe, but somehow in the limelight, getting the applause of the multitude. Often it is a wrong guess. The names of the silent ones, the doers, the real fellows, never appear. To the public they are mostly unknown; keep in the dark.

Sims belongs to the silent workers, the midnight oil burners, the great constructors of big things. So far as the public is concerned, he is the *x* of our navy, known to his confrères only; but, of course, well known to the British Admiralty, and heretofore almost unknown to the man in the street, whether in New York or London.

When war broke out, and the Navy Department laid out the strategy and the tactics for the operations of the United States Navy in this war, it is safe to assume that orders were drawn for Sims to proceed abroad and confer with the allied Admiralties, and later to command our first naval force in British waters. With wisdom Mr. Daniels picked the right man. Because of the admiral's high professional standing and his close affiliation with the British Admiralty, he is the logical choice.

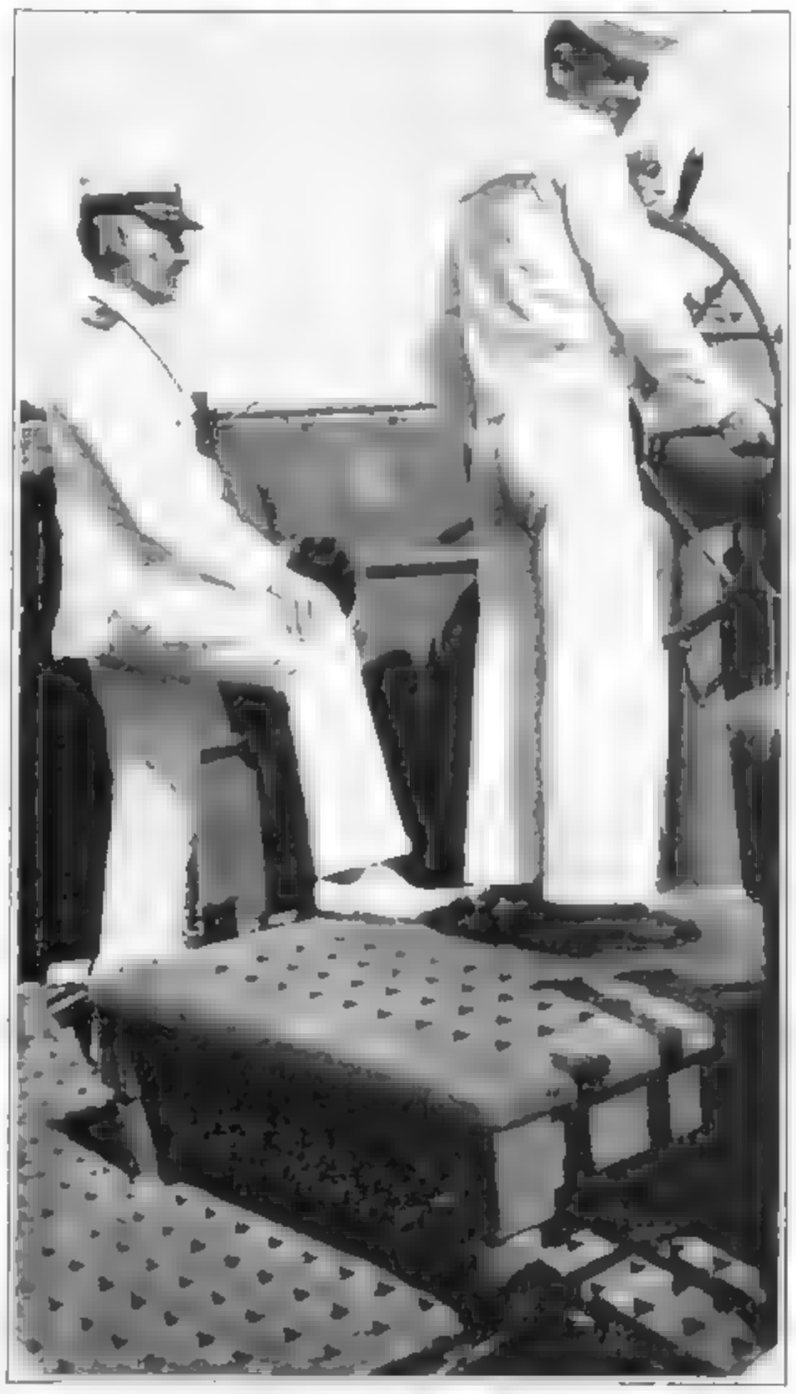
But, save for the bare announcement that the Admiral was to head our naval mission in Europe, the American press had little to say about Sims, for the simple reason that they knew hardly anything about him. Naval officers do not talk for publication—Sims never.

With sincere affection I state that all I know, or the little I know, of matters naval I have learned from him. In the process he has laid me out and, with a gentle smile, told me things; told me that, because of my measly handwriting, "written language which cannot be translated is of course no good; take a course in night school, or buy a typewriter. I can tell you, but I can't give you the power to understand; nevertheless, cheer up!"

Sharp Constructive Criticism

ON THE side lines I have tried to carry his message for a better navy. I have joined the cheer-up-and-get-busy gang. But whenever I wanted to tell his story he came down on me with both feet. I could put nothing over on his modesty. I refuse to be silent any longer, and before I enter the naval service I must have my say. Having known Vice Admiral Sims quite intimately for seventeen years I shall tell on him. I shall take a chance of another shower of adjectives. I shall reveal the greatness of a man known only to the silent men of his own profession.

Yarns of the great captains of industry have been spun; statesmen and clever politicians have had their laurels. But even the sketchiest story of the biggest man the modern American Navy has produced is, as yet, untold. Fancy America's most distinguished naval officer's incognito to his own people! Few outside army circles knew much of General Goethals until he built the Canal. In peace we mildly ignore our military and naval men; in war we build them arches of honor and anoint them as heroes, so that sculptors may make monuments and spoil perfectly good



To a Man, Naval Officers Believe That Vice Admiral Sims Laid the Foundation of the Navy's Efficiency

scenery. That is because we are unmilitary; we are not a seafaring people. Imagine Schwab, Hoover, Vanderlip, or any of our leaders in civil life, being practically unknown!

To a man, naval officers believe that Sims laid the foundation of the navy's efficiency. He put the new American Navy upon the seas. He made it efficient. He laid down the formula. To revert to slang, he put "gun in gunnery"; he made the ships hit the target; and he tore the honest but old-fashioned bureaucracy of yesterday to tatters. He destroyed; but he built up.

In the old days there were beautiful high-sparred ships as graceful spots in the landscape; coiled ropes, lovely white decks, shining brass, skipper running a "taut" ship, with everybody scared to death of the "Old Man"; the quarter-deck often roped off so as not to disturb the slumbers of that worthy; the crew, when on liberty, more or less "half-seas over." "Spit and polish." Nobody thought of war. Target practice just dirtied things up. "Chuck the blooming things overboard! Why mess the decks?" Such was the atmosphere of the American Navy when Sims became a midshipman; no better and no worse than that of any other navy. When Sims, as a youngster, served in the Tennessee, a fine old wooden tub, he found the steerage, the quarters of the midshipmen, reeking foul air from bad ventilation. He complained to the captain.

"As humans, we are each entitled to so many cubic feet of pure air," quoth young Sims, looking the old sea dog squarely in the face.

"The devil you say! Get to your quarters; and remember, young squirt, that there ain't anything human about a midshipman," bellowed his superior.

But Midshipman Sims wrote an official letter to the Department. His recommendation was, of course, disapproved by the skipper. But in due course of time the Navy Department saw the justice of the complaint, and the steerage was made larger and properly ventilated.

As a junior he performed his duties well, his shipmates said, but without any particular distinction. Like most American officers of those days, he knew little of the great navies, and, with many, believed that our navy was as good as or even better than any. He was an instructor in navigation on a Philadelphia school ship. But he woke up. As naval attaché in Paris during the Spanish War he got the inside touch of what the big navies were doing. He saw a great light.

In 1900 a "young" lieutenant—forty-two years old—reported for duty on board the Kentucky at "Gib.," bound for the Far East. It was Sims, tall, spare and black, with an Henri Quatre beard, looking more French than United States. For three years, as a naval attaché, he had sent hundreds of reports to the Office of Naval Intelligence. He had seen with his own eyes the superiority of foreign ships. His reports were truthful, but not nice reading for the conservatives at home. The reports landed mostly in the pigeonholes. "Don't mind a young squirt!"

This was natural. Our naval success in the Spanish War over an enemy already defeated by his own weakness inoculated all hands with extraordinary conceit. Before it rose a great Fourth of July shout of prowess and invincibility. And the naval decay that followed the Civil War was repeated in a smaller measure after Santiago. With it came a contagion of self-admiration, to which all hands fell victims. Fore and aft the halos shone brighter than any bright work. The press took up the chorus, and all at once we were made to understand that at sea we could conquer the world.

Teaching the Navy to Shoot

THE Kentucky's captain thought she was a fine ship. She was the pride of the navy. Sims felt otherwise and unlashed his typewriter. With two fingers—the admiral is still a two-finger artist on the machine—he hammered the Kentucky to bits. He pointed out that, aside from floating, she was no ship at all. Cataloguing the battleship's defects, the report reached the Department. Sims argued over the wardroom table: "We should have shed tears when we launched her instead of sprinkling her with champagne."

He became unpopular; was called an anarchist. As being representative of American home comforts, of up-to-date plumbing and a fine ventilation system, of the magnificent way in which we house our man-of-war's men, the Kentucky was excellent; but as a fighting ship, designed on military principles, she was not so excellent. In his opinion that five-million-dollar battleship was only a disguised monitor, with unprotected guns and open turrets.

When Sampson's fleet returned to New York, and the boom of guns and the shriek of whistles and the hurrahs rising over the arches of honor welcomed the heroes of Santiago, few were aware that only four per cent of our shots fired against Cervera's fleet hit; and that no heavy projectiles struck home.

The late Professor Alger, then the navy's recognized authority on gunnery, wrote: "At the distance of twenty-eight hundred yards nearly half the shots fired at Santiago went one hundred feet to one side or another." Such poor shooting was not the fault of the man behind the gun. He did the best he knew, and that he failed to do better was due to the workings of an inferior system. Guns improperly installed and gun sights far from accurate were part of it.

Our naval renaissance began in the Far East. One of the keenest naval minds, Captain, now Vice Admiral, Sir Percy Scott, commanding the British cruiser Terrible, was the godfather. Sims spelled the baptism on his trusty typewriter—two fingers, please.

Scott had originated a method of target practice where only actual hits on the target counted. The American way then was firing at a small triangular target, and imaginary hits were plotted on the profile of a ship. It was farcical, wrong in principle, and did not establish the mechanical skill of the individual gun pointer. Then our bluejackets took no more interest in gunnery than in scrubbing decks. It was throwing ammunition overboard. It was a five-million-dollar ship making five dollars' worth of hits, firing away thousands of dollars' worth of shells.

About that particular time one of our vessels, during her annual fighting-efficiency practice, fired twelve shots with her eight-inch guns, with no hits; one hundred and sixty-six from the four-inch guns, with four hits; two hundred and sixty-nine with the six-pounders, hitting three times—in all, firing four hundred and forty-seven aimed shots, of which seven hit the mark.

Again Lieutenant Sims hammered the typewriter. He showed that the Scott system of target practice was based upon the individual sporting instinct of the bluejacket; upon competition. He proved that the British could shoot and that we could not. In 1901 the Terrible, commanded by Scott, established the world's record, making eight hits with eight six-inch shells.

Night after night Sims worked his typewriter machine. A few of his pals helped to copy his reports and spread the

gospel of straight shooting. The work was done after the day's duty, mostly on the quiet. In the Far East he wrote eleven papers. These were passed from ship to ship. The "anarchy" of "hits and holes" and "continuous aim" spread, and the thumb-marked pages of these reports were the beginning of the new era.

But the Bureau system would not budge. It was its own judge as well as jury, and always acquitted itself. Sims' reports were again pigeonholed.

Sims said before the House Naval Committee: "I used rather unofficial language because I wanted to tear something loose. I saw later that it was a failure. So, over the head of the Commander in Chief, I wrote direct to the President. It was the rankest insubordination; but, according to my ideas, when a situation like this arises, where you know you are absolutely right, and where there is nothing doing, complete military subordination becomes cowardice."

Every chance was against him. The Bureau system was heavily intrenched. Roosevelt's own brother-in-law was a Bureau chief. The popular impression then was that our ships were the best and that the man behind the gun was O. K. Why be disturbed?

But, to find out for himself, Roosevelt ordered five battleships of the Atlantic Fleet to target practice. These ships fired two broadsides at a condemned lightship. They hit the target three times. There was no answer. The Bureau system collapsed, so far as gunnery and self-laudation went; and T. R. called Sims back from China and put him in charge of the navy's shooting. He became the navy's first Inspector of Target Practice. Result, fifty per cent of hits at the first practice—fifteen hundred yards, at a stationary target—this distance about that time being supposed to be the minimum fighting range.

By infusing the same friendly competition that exists between football teams, and fostering the individual sporting desire to excel, Sims transformed the American Navy's target practice from a monotonous drill to a contest where each man's work counted, and where everyone took pride in his effort and did his best to beat the next fellow. Money distributions, trophies and other prizes have made an *esprit de corps* in training our gun pointers. They kept their guns on the target and learned that only hits counted. It became ship competing against ship, turret against turret, division against division, gun against gun. It was cheer up and get busy!

Last year I was permitted to announce that during the winter's battle practice in Cuban waters the American Fleet excelled in remarkable shooting. At 16,800 yards, the first leg at long range, all ships made 8.4 per cent of hits; at 13,000 yards, 18.5 per cent. The dreadnoughts, at 17,155 yards, made 8 per cent; at 13,000 yards, 20.28 per cent of hits—all on a moving target! This year, again, the fleet has bettered its own record, and beyond the expectations of our gunnery sharps. Let that be enough. And future naval historians will have to state that this probably unequaled performance occurred while Mr. Daniels was Secretary of the Navy.

The Big Stick backed Sims. The "young squirts" overcame the "old stiffs." The navy's renaissance began.

In the only interview on naval matters that T. R. gave as President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt stated to the author: "Commander Sims has done more for target practice than any other man in the United States. It is chiefly due to him that we shoot as well as we do. It is humiliating to think what poor shots we were during the Spanish War!"

Captain Bradley A. Fiske, now Rear Admiral, retired, wrote in the United States Naval Institute:

"In regard to the officer who was instrumental in introducing this excellent target practice of ours, he was not an ignorant crank, but a lieutenant commander in the navy, of excellent reputation. He proposed not a fantastic, highly expensive and extremely scientific experiment, but simply that our navy improve its gunnery. Did the navy see? Not at all. Did any naval officer of high rank help? Not one. Who did? A civilian—President Roosevelt.

"The writer [Fiske] does not believe that he ought to write what he thinks about this episode; but he feels that every naval officer ought to regret that we failed so clearly to manage our own business, and that a reform of purely naval character, so simple and so good, should have had to be forced on us by a civilian."

That was not all. During the period of our early White Navy we built ships with turrets where you could toss a baseball from the turret into the handling room, round which were the powder magazines. As a matter of safety, ships of other navies long before had their gun turrets separated from the magazines. An explosion above would not spread to the magazines below. Ours were not separated; and because of this shortcoming, Sims predicted disaster. *(Concluded on Page 36)*

Neutrality and Siamese Cats

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

AFTER a few years' stay, John Terhune, consul, turned his back on the Island City with mixed feelings. He was sorry to go, but glad to leave his job. For almost a year the local internment camp, with its eight hundred Germans and half a dozen Austrians, had made his days long, his nights short, and turned his hair gray in two patches over his temples. He was neither neutral nor a hypocrite, but he was a stickler for duty, and the combination let him in for acrobatic feats on the thin edge of a dividing fence.

On one side he had his private life to lead, and in the intimacy of his own house and friendly conversation he was a rabid anti-*kulturist*. But when he faced the other way he put his personal feelings behind him, held the scales of justice in a rigid hand, and fixed his eyes steadfastly on the wobbly needle of the arbitrary neutrality decreed by his superiors.

The seismic record of that needle was not an easy one to read. It was subject to an inconstant variation which had to be computed on the tables of honor; but, on the whole, Terhune felt that he had laid a true course. He regretted no decision, although he suffered qualms in connection with a single incident which had exposed his cold but unswerving justice to suspicion.

Complaints had come from the family of one Berend Burg, Prisoner of War No. 697, to the effect that they had heard nothing from him for a long time. Terhune promptly wrote a letter to Mr. Burg, had it stamped by the chief of staff for direct delivery, and presented it at the camp in person. Whereupon a number of things transpired: First, it was revealed that the roll call had heretofore been a lenient, *pro-forma* affair; and, second, it appeared that Mr. Burg had absented himself from the camp at some date in the dim past, taking with him all his personal effects. Collusion had been on the job in force, and some of the collusionists refused to give Terhune's intervention the benefit of the doubt and call it a friendly act. They seemed to think he had smelt a rat and deliberately led the cat to it.

However, Terhune's conscience was clear, and as he looked back from the steamer rail on the fast-diminishing coast line he should have been wholly glad of the widening water and quite content with his present lot; but he was not. There was a fly in the ointment. Almost at the very moment of sailing he had received a commission by wire from a British colleague, an old friend who had never before shown him anything but kindness, putting him in sole charge of his sister, a Mrs. Watt-Dilling by name.

Mrs. Watt-Dilling had been both married and widowed in six months by the fortunes of war. She stood five-feet-one in her stockinged feet and five-feet-four when she had on her shoes. Though dark of eye and hair, she was exceedingly fair to look upon, and was possessed of a vague personality which had been struck off just once in the mint of Nature before the die was lost. She was as lazy as an idle moment when it came to doing anything that bored her, but once aroused she was capable of lightning.

Terhune was witness to one illuminating instance—so trifling in itself that he failed to give it due weight. A fly alighted on Mrs. Watt-Dilling's nose at the moment when she was settling down to one of her eternal naps. It didn't stay long, but it showed an inclination to continue buzzing round. The little lady's body grew tense and her eyes very large; her hand flew out in a movement almost too quick for the eye to follow. She caught her tormentor on the wing, destroyed it, and immediately relaxed to a small heap of nothing at all.

Like most slight women who are forever lying round on cushions, she was astoundingly healthy. She had a good appetite, beautiful clothes, a well-made body, and two of the most adorable little feet that ever laughed blissfully at modern faddists and the athletic woman. Her mind was a variable quantity. Sometimes she seemed to value it highly and keep it in a double-locked jewel case, but more often she left it lying round on her dressing table amid hairpins and powder puffs.

Terhune was thirty-eight years old, attractive, sound of limb and head, and a bachelor through luck rather than by choice, for he revered woman in the abstract and trembled before her in lots of one. He looked upon Mrs. Watt-Dilling with complete disfavor. He never gave her mind credit for wandering two inches from what he called a mirror atmosphere. He was tired of wards anyway, and he would gladly have sold this new responsibility for a lead shilling.

"My Parasol!" She Gasped. "I Left It in the Other Shop."

He knew little of women. He knew so little, God help him! that he thought if you avoided one she would leave you alone. He avoided Mrs. Watt-Dilling. At first she was so astonished that she did leave him alone; but, once her startled faculties were collected, she yawned, stretched, drew herself together, and snuggled into her cushions in exact imitation of a kitten going into ambush for a paper ball on the end of a string. With half an eye Terhune might have seen that his apparently lazy lady had suddenly turned alert as a cat inside.

He didn't see it. He never knew when it was that he first lighted her cigarette, fetched her book, tied her shoelace, picked up her handkerchief, peeled her peach, showed her how to eat a mango at table, or asked her if she was cold or hot or had a headache. After he had done most of these things a number of times their cumulative weight suddenly struck him, stunned him, and brought him to his senses all at once. He sat down beside Mrs. Watt-Dilling and stared at her. She stared back with a soft, translucent gaze that started to reveal all and ended up by giving away nothing.

He decided that he couldn't put back the clock of their relations, but he could certainly slow it down, and he would.

"Singapore to-morrow," he said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Watt-Dilling. "I particularly look forward to it."

"Were you thinking of going ashore?" asked Terhune, and added: "Unfortunately I've got a bit of business to tend to there."

"So have I," said Mrs. Watt-Dilling evenly. "What's yours?"

"My—what?" stammered Terhune to gain time, as though he thought she might be offering him a drink.

"Business," said the lady.

"Oh," said Terhune, "I've got to see a man. I could come back for you later on perhaps."

"Office or house?" asked Mrs. Watt-Dilling.

"What?" said Terhune.

"Are you going to call at his office or his private house?"

"Office, of course," said Terhune, and then saw the trap. "I mean ——" He stammered, and stopped. What was the use?

"Since we get in about five in the evening your business will have to wait," concluded Mrs. Watt-Dilling. "They close early in Singapore. We can tend to mine first."

Terhune was too crestfallen at the fiasco of his first step toward liberty to feign any interest whatever in the nature of the business that was to precede his, but he pricked up his ears when its nature was divulged spontaneously.

"Singapore," said Mrs. Watt-Dilling, "is the best place outside of Bangkok for Siamese cats. I want two, a male and a female."

"It's a long way from home," said Terhune vaguely. "Couldn't you pick cats up later on?"

Mrs. Watt-Dilling turned a listless eye on him.

"I said Siamese cats. Siam isn't a suburb of Paris."

"No, of course not," said Terhune. "What is a Siamese cat?" For once Mrs. Watt-Dilling left her cushions and leaned forward, her hands clasped round her knees.

"They are the gentlest, loveliest cats in the world," she said. "They're dun-colored on top, and instead of shading off white on their tummies they shade off almost black, and all down their legs too. Their tails are all funny shapes—bent, you know—and their ears are quite black and their eyes are blue. Now you see why I just must have a pair."

For a person who did so little running about Mrs. Watt-Dilling kept herself remarkably well informed. The ship drew up to the dock at exactly five o'clock of the next afternoon, and ten minutes later Terhune saw his ward emerge, looking more futile but lovelier than ever before. She carried a slim green parasol and wore a Dolly Varden hat, green straw with pink roses, a white cascading muslin frock, each flounce piped with a thin line of green, white silk stockings and white shoes mounted on three-inch heels. That last touch was too much for Terhune. Even as his eyes drank in the picture that she made his lips condemned her footwear. "Haven't you a pair of—er—brogues?" he asked. "Something you can use if you have to?"

She glanced down and her lips trembled as though she could cry for the assault on her dainty shoes; then she raised her eyes to his face. He started to avoid them, changed his mind, and deliberately gazed into them in a vain effort to catch a gleam, a promise of a soul at work somewhere down behind the frivolity.

She met his gaze for a long moment, played with it, teased it and showed it nothing. Her lips parted as though about to say something vital, something that he could label intelligent and tuck away in his mind for remembrance in moments when she should appear more dull than lovely; but all she said was "We'll go now."

As they started out Terhune felt no premonition that this was to be the greatest evening of his life. Up to and including dinner nothing of moment happened. Upon landing they had taken a motor car and passed the modern town in review. They had even done a bit of the country, riding out through endless rubber trees and back through Flame of the Forest, aligned to make a cavernous alley, through pineapple patches and occasional pools dotted with straight-stalked lotus blooms. At eight o'clock they had turned up at Raffles' for dinner, as have half the travelers in the world on one night or another.

Dinner done with, they sat in the great bay of the balcony and sipped coffee in silence. Terhune's thoughts were extremely prosaic. He was thinking that Singapore, the Crossways of the World, was a distinctly overrated junction, and that he was drowsy enough to sleep on board even if they were coaling. Mrs. Watt-Dilling, as usual, seemed to be thinking of nothing, but suddenly she sat up.

"Cats!" she panted. "I've forgotten my Siamese cats, and we sail at six in the morning!"

Terhune felt like saying "Damn your silly cats!" But instead he called for the porter. "Don't worry," he said. "We'll see what can be done."

"What are you doing?" asked Mrs. Watt-Dilling, rising. "Who wants cats bought from a hall porter?"

She led the way off the balcony and Terhune followed. There were no double 'rikishas, so they took two single ones, after Terhune had made a fool of himself by suggesting a motor car.

"We are not," said Mrs. Watt-Dilling, "going to parade up and down the boulevards again."

They started off to the left, Mrs. Watt-Dilling in the lead. A turn or two beyond the Alhambra Theater she tapped her human steed on the right shoulder with her parasol, and the two 'rikishas swerved from the broad thoroughfare into one of the narrowest, filthiest and most interesting streets Terhune had ever stumbled upon.

Suddenly he realized a number of things: First, that there were more things in Singapore than he had dreamed of in his philosophy of two hours in the back seat of a motor car. Second, that he was being plunged without a guide into a strange world innocent of a Cook's branch office. Third, that Mrs. Watt-Dilling was still in the lead and intent on getting to a definite destination by the old rule of following her nose.

He looked ahead and to right and left, and the panorama that met his gaze was as startling as it was confusing. The eye is a wonderful organ; it can take in a lot. But, once you overstep its capacity, impressions lose their individuality and all becomes a kaleidoscopic blur. Terhune found himself in such a case. He was dazed by the number and variety of things undreamed of into which he and his companion had been suddenly plunged. By an effort he began to concentrate on single features, cataloguing each for future reference.

Terhune Took Out a Cigarette to Gain Time, and Calmly Lit It

The street itself was a smear of black slime, padded by the feet of countless coolies and creased by the wheels of innumerable 'rikishas loaded with passengers of such a diversity of race and dress that he abandoned at once any attempt at placing them and turned his attention to the sights on either side.

First came a jumble of stalls that encroached on the roadway, forcing the traffic into a devious and seething channel. Some displayed civilized wares, such as tobacco or sweets; but most of them were night restaurants for the lowest classes, boards laid in a rectangle on trestles, lighted by lanterns or acetylene torches, covered by greasy awnings and laden with mysterious masses in great bowls and platters that would have turned the stomachs of any but the half-naked chopstick fraternity that crowded round them.

Beyond the stalls came the interminable high arches that line almost every street in Singapore. They are built flush with the curb and provide shade for the shopper, incidentally. Their real business is to form second-story balconies. Through their pillared interstices Terhune caught glimpses of shadowy caverns illumined every now and then by bursts of light. A lounging crowd swayed this way and that on the narrow sidewalk before the shops. Dark shops and dim shops seemed to predominate, the dim ones sometimes making a mystery of their gloom behind a gate of two-inch wooden bars.

These gates or monster grilles were the first of the many impressions crowding upon Terhune to make an indelible imprint. The reason was not far to seek. In a momentary jam his 'rikisha came to a halt just before an arch which framed the square entrance to a windowless room. Terhune peered within. He saw no wares—only a dark floor of beaten mud losing itself in deep shadows. But there were shadows against shadows, and gradually he perceived three figures seated cross-legged and immobile on the ground. Between them stood a charcoal burner—a small dish of fire. Then, as he watched, silently, weirdly, a ponderous grille seemed to grow out of one door jamb. In the twinkling of an eye the square entrance was barred from top to bottom. Shadows disappeared in complete darkness, emphasized by the red glow of a single coal of fire.

A shiver went through Terhune, as though someone had walked across his grave. He felt three pairs of eyes eating into him from behind those perpendicular and absurdly heavy bars, so greasy with age that they looked black, like iron. He prodded his coolie in the back, and the 'rikisha shot forward for a pace or two into a flood of light and stopped again.

Terhune felt vaguely relieved until he followed the stream of light to its source. It came from a shrine that took up the entire back wall of a room in which was seated, tailor fashion upon smooth benches, an array of painted women. If they had been Japs they would have waved to him, called to him to come in; but they were Chinese. They sat like graven images, neophytes aligned before some god.

His eyes flew across the street to another burst of light, and then back in memory through the impressions that had crowded too fast for perception. He suddenly realized that every burst of light in the length of the street had come from just such a shrine. With horror he turned his glance on Mrs. Watt-Dilling, sitting just in front of him, daintiness personified, precariously perched in a sea of slime.

"May," he cried, using her given name quite unconsciously, "we'll get out of this street at once, please."

After a pause so slight that it was almost no pause at all, her voice came back to him, clear and cool like a breath of clean air.

"Of course," it said calmly. "You see, we're at the end anyway."

She bent over toward her coolie and Terhune began to hear strange noises, noises that he was vaguely aware he had been hearing for some time. For a moment he was puzzled; then light dawned. Mrs. Watt-Dilling was mewing in all the tones and inflections known to the world of cats. The coolie had turned in his shafts and was gazing into her face in solemn wonder.

"Oh, blockhead!" she wailed at last. "Fool man, can't you understand? Cats. Siamese cats! Will nobody tell him?"

Immediately a suave Oriental stepped out from the sidewalk, bowed three times to Mrs. Watt-Dilling and said two words to the coolie, whose face promptly broke into a vast grin. He started off at a good pace, making guttural noises of a great variety in his throat and stomach as he ran.

To Terhune's relief they soon swung into a wide street with tramcars on it and other signs of civilization. It was evidently one of the back arteries of the town, for it seemed interminable and swarmed with 'rikishas as well as with funny-looking gharris and occasional motor cars. It was uninteresting, but unquestionably proper—so proper that he settled back with a sigh and tried to doze.

The first turn his 'rikisha made in pursuit of Mrs. Watt-Dilling's was so wide and gradual that it did not arouse him; but the second was quite another matter: it almost landed him in the mud. He looked up and round a little petulantly. From a smudged street name plate he gathered that they were in Ruchor Road. No trams here and not many lights, but plenty of smells. He was clearing his throat preparatory to hailing the 'rikisha dodging along ahead, when it suddenly swerved to the side of the street and stopped before a shop that looked like a concentration of barnyards.

Mrs. Watt-Dilling took one look at the black paste underfoot and another at her dainty shoes; then her parasol came into action.

By judicious tapping she headed her coolie directly at the wide-open shop front, and prodded him till with many grunts and protests he made the 'rikisha jump the curb and deposited the shafts at the very feet of the barnyard proprietor, a runt of a Chinaman dressed in European shirt and trousers.

When Terhune caught up to her, in conjunction with crates and cages packed full of everything feathered, she was blocking the only channel of thoroughfare on her side of Ruchor Road. The motley, shuffling crowd of pedestrians surged up to the obstruction from two sides, stopped and backed up, as once did the waters of the Red Sea. To Terhune's amazement no one appeared surprised or especially interested, and Mrs. Watt-Dilling herself seemed as calm as Moses in the lead of the Israelites.

"You got him two-piece Siamese cats?" she demanded of the proprietor.

The runt of a Chinaman was quite a linguist, through dealings with chief stewards catering for ships.

"Glot him hornbill, cockatoo, turtle-dlove, ricebird, mlonkey, Egyptian goose, fowl and duck plenty; no got Siamese cat. War no good. Stop him ship from Blankok. You buy one-piece mlonkey?"

Mrs. Watt-Dilling shook her head and gave the proprietor a long steady look. At the end of it she took two half crowns from her bag and held them up:

"You tell 'rikisha boy place get him Siamese cat sure, I give you five bob."

The Chinaman scratched his head with a puzzled air even as he looked greedily at the five shillings. Then somebody spoke one word to him from the crowd. His face cleared. He rattled off directions to the coolie, and with a grin held out his hand for the money.

"All-light," he jabbered. "I tell him all-light. You no see him cat, you clum back get money."

Shouting "Heh!" and "Hoh!" and "Hah!" Mrs. Watt-Dilling's coolie forced his way along the sidewalk for a few yards, turned, bumped down into the street, and was away, with Terhune's 'rikisha in dogged pursuit.

Terhune drew a deep sigh of resignation, settled back comfortably, and gave himself up to a few reflections. He could not help but smile at the memory of Mrs. Watt-Dilling enthroned amid that sea of durians, fowls, monkeys, smells, Europeans, Eurasians, Asiatics and Malays. She became to his mind a thing more ephemeral than ever, an essence of womanhood swathed in dainty fabrics and wafted like the fluff of a winged seed into a grotesque setting. But no, that wouldn't do, for she wasn't being carried by any vagrant breeze; she was following her straight and adorable nose, and apparently to some purpose. He remembered that he had caught a glimpse of her face beneath the gable of her Dolly Varden hat, and that it was transformed flushed and eager.

"Even a small mind, intent on a single goal, becomes a force," he soliloquized, and immediately felt annoyed with himself. To his surprise it angered him to think of Mrs. Watt-Dilling as brainless. He asked himself boldly how he would like to surrender his ward to some other man's keeping just now, to-night, when she had cut herself off from all the props and defenses of conventional surroundings, and the answer was such a protective swelling of his heart as never comes to a man in full possession of his reasoning faculties.

Terhune fidgeted, leaned forward and gazed at Mrs. Watt-Dilling bobbing along in front, with a sudden sinking feeling in his breast.

"Old man," he said solemnly to himself, "there's only one way to safety first: Put her on board and miss the boat yourself!"

He was vaguely aware of a quite new kind of street, of bigger crowds than ever, more diverse, if that were indeed possible, than any he had yet seen. For instance, there was a group of loitering jack-tars and a dot of khaki here and there. The ground floors of all the houses were dark, but one flight up they were a blaze of lanterns that made the balconies look like a long stretch of hanging gardens. It was Smith Street, the street of Chinese tea rooms.

Suddenly Mrs. Watt-Dilling disappeared from view, and a moment later Terhune's 'rikisha turned at right angles and plunged after her through the crowd into a long dark alley. The coolie put on a spurt in spite of jolts that almost unseated his passenger, and caught up to his companion, who had slowed down. They proceeded for two blocks down the dark alley and then turned into a street that was almost as gloomy. It was quite deserted, but from a square doorway not far off issued a dull glow, broken by the pillars of the inevitable arches. Before this doorway both 'rikishas came to a final halt.

The Houses Were a Blaze of Lanterns That Made the Balconies Look Like a Long Stretch of Hanging Gardens

It was an animal shop without a doubt, for an unmistakable odor permeated the atmosphere, but no obsequious proprietor hurried out to meet Mrs. Watt-Dilling. Here, however, the mud film of the road had not been worked into a mush, and after the slightest of calculating pauses the lady stepped from the 'rikisha and tottered on her heels under the arch and across the narrow sidewalk.

Terhune caught up with her and they entered the shop together. It was a small place, quite windowless, mud-floored and dimly lighted. It was more like a cavern than a room, but the ceiling was very high, and down one side an alley hallway stretched interminably into the back premises. The entire wall space of the room was stacked with tiers of cages, and the cages were packed with every variety of furred and feathered creature comprising the fauna of the Malay Peninsula and adjoining states. At left center stood a short counter, blocked at one end, opening on the alley at the other.

Behind the counter a European and a Chinese boy were dozing—at least the European appeared to be dozing. There was something about him that immediately caught Terhune's attention. He knew him; he knew that European. It seemed to him that the man's eyes were not closed but hooded, and that their gaze was fixed on Mrs. Watt-Dilling's surprising feet.

Only for an instant did Terhune's eyes study the European, for in that instant he felt an admonitory shiver run up his spine. He immediately gave his body a half turn and fixed his attention on a cage full of monkeys. Like a flash had come to him the saying of a great detective:

"Nine times out of ten a man recognizes you when he sees you recognize him."

He was just in time, for more quickly than words can tell it Mrs. Watt-Dilling coughed, the man woke with a well-feigned start, and Terhune knew that two blue eyes were boring into his back—the eyes of Mr. Berend Burg, sometime Prisoner of War No. 697.

Terhune was only vaguely aware of Mrs. Watt-Dilling's well-modulated voice saying "Oh, have you any Siamese cats?" and of an answer in the affirmative. He was troubled—troubled as he had never been even at the height of his responsibilities as a guardian of interned subjects. In a British possession, he was a sworn official of a still neutral state, under special injunction to uphold its neutrality. On the surface it would seem that to a man of honor there was but one course to follow—keep out of the game.

But one consideration after another raced through his mind. He glanced over the cages, and his knowledge was sufficient to place several of the animals. This man Burg was a genius: not for getting a false passport that would pass muster—that was merely elementary—but for his choice of a mask. The diversity of his menagerie was an eloquent index to the vast region he held at his fingers' ends. As a matter of business he could send his runners to any point within a thousand miles of Singapore, the Crossways of the World.

Mrs. Watt-Dilling's voice, raised and sharp with disappointment, broke in on his thoughts:

"Those—Siamese cats? Why —"

Terhune hurried to her, for he was afraid she would speak his name. As he moved he caught sight of another occupant of the room, a Chinaman who sat crouched on his haunches close to the wall beside the entrance to the shop.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Watt-Dilling, apparently on the verge of tears. "He says those are Siamese cats!"

Terhune's mind was still working on its own tangent. Suddenly he remembered a bit of news which had caught his eye that afternoon from a placard. Two liners had been sunk by mysterious explosions off Ceylon and gone down with all hands on board. So! That must have been Burg's work—a murderer if there ever was one. But war was war. His eyes turned on Mrs. Watt-Dilling and measured her; his lips straightened into a thin line. She was the only representative of the British present. He would manage to put it up to her, give her intelligence a fighting chance. So much would he yield of neutrality—no more.

"What? Where?" he asked. "Which are the cats?"

"These," said Mrs. Watt-Dilling, sticking out her chin at a cage.

Terhune looked at its inmates—scrawny gray things, long-legged and long-tailed, but with big blue eyes peculiarly gentle and winning.

"Well," he said deliberately, his heart beating fast at finding so quickly a cue, "I don't know much about cats, but personally I would take every blue-eyed one to come from Siam, just as one takes every blue-eyed towhead, wherever found, to be a German until he proves he isn't."

"Oh, would you?" said Mrs. Watt-Dilling. She was standing half facing the doorway. Suddenly a light flamed in her eyes. Her dull face became animated and shrewd. "My parasol!" she gasped. "I left it in the other shop!" and bolted.

Terhune almost cried out to tell her she had left it in the 'rikisha, but he held his tongue in the nick of time, turned on an impulse to follow her, and saw that he was too late. The crouching Chinaman had risen to an enormous height. He was the tallest and thinnest Chinaman Terhune had ever seen. There was something inexplicably menacing in the wooden passivity of his face and in the flail-like arms now dangling at his sides.

They had not been dangling long, for blocking the doorway was a massive grille with thick, perpendicular bars, aged to a shiny, greasy black. Pinched between the grille and the jamb of the door fluttered a torn bit of Mrs. Watt-Dilling's muslin frock. She had just nipped through.

Terhune stood as one stunned. He was dumfounded, not so much by the theatrical play of the tall Chinaman as by the sudden realization that he himself had underestimated Mrs. Watt-Dilling's brains by one hundred per cent plus. He had only begun to cook the situation for her when she had swallowed it raw and whole, and bolted!

He turned to Burg as naturally as a man does turn to another in such cases, and remarked:

"Well, what do you think of that?"

(Concluded on Page 33)

THE GRAY MAILED FIST

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

IN A PREVIOUS article, very sketchily, we have followed our great battleship through its day, of preparation, of orderly discipline, of occasional relaxations, to its night, when the ship would seem to sleep, did not the constant flashing of its searchlights, the yardarm blinkers winking in pairs, and the swinging of lighted semaphore arms reveal the unconquerable garrulity of naval insomnia. Then of course to the bugle, which sounds tattoo, followed in five minutes by "taps," our soldier-sailors hang up their hammocks, put their uniforms under the mattresses, and sleep and sleep and sleep and sleep.

So we have seen our battleship as a home. We are going before long to see it as a hospital. But what of its real *raison d'être?* What of the battleship as a fighting quantity?

Who am I, incorrigible inlander that I am, to try even casually to depict the fighting strength of our floating fortresses? All I can do, again, is to try to tell how these things impressed me; and if now and then I do it lightly, it is because the real feeling one must have lies too deep for easy expression; because we are living under those guns to-day; because their sinister gray bodies have at last become articulate and speak with no uncertain voice.

Just as I had to reassort all my ideas as to conning towers and fighting tops, I was obliged to begin all over again with the gun turrets. I find I cannot be humorous about gun turrets or the big guns. They are too majestic, too terrible, those great guns that move at a touch; the huge steel turrets that swing, silently and grimly, with so much more ease than the wheel turns a motor car.

My first feeling was respect. Then I felt strangled, smothered. There was too much steel. It was too vast. And it was too cut away from God's sunlight. Because, though it was quiet enough in that great metal room, I was seeing it as before long it may be—its hoists bringing up ammunition; its crew sweating, laboring, perhaps dying; its forced draft clearing the air and sweeping out the great barrels. And then perhaps the hideous impact of hostile shells; the crash of breaking metal! And through it all that smothering sense of being shut away. There is no daylight. The narrow steel door at the top of the iron ladders is closed and fastened. So long as the ship's dynamos remain intact there is light. But should that go ——

The Men in the Plotting Room

I WENT down underneath the guns, crawling on my hands and knees. There were stations there, seats like the saddles of bicycles, and a fire-control station. The guns were over me then. At a touch they raised and lowered, swung right and left as the turret revolved. Tons on tons of metal, they hung above, frightful and menacing. Men sit there beneath the guns when they are fired, sit there with their eyes glued to the telescope sights with their intersecting lines. When the point of intersection is on the target, hell breaks loose a foot, two feet, over their heads. That is what it is to be a gunner in the navy.

But the firing of the great guns of a battleship is not so simple as this sounds. There is much more than the simple placing of that intersecting point on the target.

The officer in charge of the turret is at another fire-control station, a tiny boxed-in place. And far below, in the most sheltered part of the great ship, is the plotting room—a quiet spot, brightly lighted, and with tables at which men sit waiting, plotting boards before them. All about, on the padded and sound-proof walls, are instruments, speaking tubes, telephones, range indicators—a confusion only to the outsider. During action "spotters," far above in the fighting tops, report the result of each broadside by telephone or tube to the plotting room.

Corrections are hastily figured out and telephoned to the proper stations. In an incredibly few seconds the guns fire again.

It is frightful tension. For a battleship not only gives, it must take. And now and then, to the men in the quiet plotting rooms of battleships, come the crash and rocking of a bad hit. Some of the signaling apparatus goes out of commission. Perhaps a turret is silent. The work goes on. New lines of communication take up the work of the destroyed ones. But somewhere overhead tragedy has put its mark on the great ship.

As I have said, I had always reversed the fighting top and the conning tower. And I had had a hazy idea that during an engagement the captain of the ship was in the top of one of those two vastly high towers which rise, fore and aft, on a foundation of interlaced steel, of which it is said that three-quarters may be shot away and the great masts will still stand; because I had felt that the captain should be able to see all round, and from a fighting top one can see almost over the edge of the world.

But I was wrong. During an engagement the captain of the ship, who is an infinitely precious possession and impossible to duplicate—the captain is behind armor from a foot to a foot and a half thick, looking out through openings perhaps three inches high. All round him are tubes, telephones and telegraphs, and all the multitude of things of which captains know the use and which mean nothing to the landsman. And here he stands during the action.

It is a difficult place to get to, the conning tower. And a terrible place to get out of, I fancy, under certain circumstances. But, after going round a battleship for a few days, it becomes clear that there are no places easy to get to. It is also understandable why officers and men do not get muscularly stale aboard ships. Also, this in passing—a battleship is no place for a fat man. There is just enough room—round the guns in the turrets, for instance, or through hatchways below decks, or into and out of engine rooms.

Once I went down into a destroyer. The deck hatch was the exact shape and size of a kit of salt mackerel.

But a battleship is not only a great floating fortress as well as a floating hotel. The time comes, in these days of war, when it becomes a hospital too. How does this great mass of steel care for its wounded?

In normal times the "sick bay" takes care of the ship's sick sailors. There are always small ailments and minor injuries.

Even in peace the vast machinery of the ship exacts its toll—crushed fingers; powder burns. And, because Jackie is so young generally, there are mumps and chicken pox, and even measles—childish diseases that, with seasickness, lay our boyish defenders very flat indeed.

So the sick bay is generally fairly full; a bright place on the Pennsylvania, with its double tier of white berths, its white refrigerator, its quiet and decorum and hospital order.

But what of its wounded in action?

One of the first things I had learned about a battleship was that it is in many ways two ships in one. Everything is duplicated except the officers. Fire-control systems, means of intercommunication, wireless rooms, engine rooms—all are so arranged that if one part is destroyed another may take up its function. The hospital arrangement is likewise on a double footing for peace and the quiet intervals of war there is the sick bay and the doctor's offices, and a white-tiled operating room, above the water line and equipped with everything that is necessary, trays of instruments in white cabinets, the instruments coated with cocoa butter against rust; a gleaming electric sterilizer; a most modern operating table. In an adjoining room are the records of the men, of which one is made out for each enlisted man and follows him through the service, wherever he may be transferred. His history, his marks and scars on a chart, even his teeth, are carefully noted on this record. It rather does away with one's conviction that women are essential to operating rooms and hospitals, to see the beautiful order of it all.

The U. S. S. Chester

In times of action things change immediately and according to a carefully prearranged plan. The sick bay is abandoned and its patients are taken below. The operating room I have described is also too high up for absolute safety. What happens is this: Two dressing stations there are, behind armor plate and below the steel deck. In these dressing stations are huge electric sterilizers. From separate tanks, so that nothing can interfere with the supply, comes boiled water. As all the water of the ship is distilled, this water is thus boiled-distilled and surely sterile. The operating room above has been stripped and is set up in one of these dressing stations, which has, opening from it, a supply room containing everything needful—gauze, cotton, bandages, adhesive, and so on.

Opening from the dressing stations is a long space, to be utilized for the wounded as a ward.

The Machinery of Mercy

NOW the problem of carrying many extra beds on a battleship is a real one. To house more than a thousand men, supplies, ammunition, engines, all the complicated machinery of war, is great enough. So the wounded, temporarily, are to be cared for in this manner: When the supply of cots is exhausted the mess tables will be taken below, and by means of hooks and rope loops will be hung from the girders overhead. Hammock mattresses laid on them provide such comfort as is possible.

As fast as the wounded are dressed they will be carried into this securely protected ward.

But the problem is not simple, at that. They must be brought below. And a battleship is infinitely divided. There are steel partitions, water-tight doors. It is a maze of passageways. The stretcher bearers must know how to find the battle dressing stations.

To simplify this are red crosses and arrows painted on the walls. The bearers are the ship's bandsmen, carefully trained in handling wounded. They are permanently detailed to this duty, a certain number of bandsmen to certain parts of the ship.

All hatches on a battleship are closed during action; and as the operating-room force is limited, and instructed to conserve itself, the bearers must wait until there is a lull in the fighting before going up for the wounded. Then the hatches above the forward and after dressing stations are opened and the work of mercy commences.

To carry the men there are stretchers of woven wire, very easy to handle and with closed heads and feet, so that the wounded may be lowered safely down the hatchways. The dressing-station hatches are constructed to open easily. The stretcher men, drilled and routed, go up, gather in the wounded and go below with them, all in prescribed order and by specified routes.

But what of the battle with the hatches closed and the machinery of mercy forced to wait below? It is much like land fighting. The men must care for themselves and for each other. Round the deck are scattered emergency bags, each with its tourniquet; its wound dressings all prepared and ready by the bursting of a stitch; its iodine; its bandages; its shears to cut away clothing.

The men are instructed in the use of these first-aid dressings. The doctors lecture to the men, and also to the division officers, who, in turn, become instructors.

The wound dressing is standardized. I have one before me now, in its unbleached muslin wrappings, and stamped "Large wound dressing." It consists of a two-yard strip of muslin about ten inches wide. To the center is sewed a square gauze dressing, the width of the muslin, and four folds of gauze thick. The two ends of muslin, beyond the dressing pad, are split in two, and by these ends the bluejacket is instructed to "tie it on." It was found that to tell him to bandage it on confused him. So he is instructed to tie it; and he does it well.

This form of dressing has been found adaptable to the largest possible variety of wounds, and is now standard. In preparing it for distribution it is fastened with a stitch instead of a pin, lest the curiosity of the young sailor should get the better of him and he investigate its carefully sterilized interior!

It is only after the battle is over that the white operating room comes into its own again.

(Continued on Page 33)

The Huge Black One-Eyed Man

III

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Don't Come Out!" She Panted. "They Might See You. Watch the South Side of the Castle for a Signal"

THE solid little cottage in the wood, with walls two feet through, had sagged in the course of ages. Its roof had been added to in the repairs of successive generations until the thatch was nearly three feet thick. Its one window on each of two sides was not more than two feet square, and the dusty panes were lozenged and leaded. Its front door was two inches out of true, but the old oak was as solid as were the long rusted hinges. Its bending oak lintel projected above and it was on this little shelf that Charles Conant found a rusted key as long as his forearm and weighing half a pound. He took possession with an extraordinary pleasure, for the room was a composite picture from every English story he had ever read: an old oak table, scarred and notched; heavy old oak chairs; pewter mugs and plates, which he knew were worth their weight in silver to a collector; a great fireplace, in which he could stand and look up at the sky.

Everything was dust-covered and there was no soap. He went out and inspected the wire-netted garden. Rabbits had broken through in one place, but potatoes and cabbages were growing; the moss on the well bucket was as thick as he had hoped. He collected armfuls of wood and built a roaring fire; then beat the coarse brown blankets he found on the bed in the loft and hung them before the blaze. He suspended the big iron pot from the crane, heated water, and washed utensils and dishes as best he could. He set them to dry in the declining sun, along the west wall of the cottage. He picked up from a shelf some fine wire and some wooden pegs, and hustled out for his dinner. He had camped out in the Sierras, in the Thousand Isles, in the Yellowstone Park; and he had snared many a rabbit. He was astonished as he wandered through the woods that so small an island could hold so lonely a place. He found himself on the edge of a cleared grass-covered acre, sloping toward the south, and he thought he could have honey, even if there was no bread to put it on; but he saw that the dozens of supposed hives were little wooden coops, and he rightly assumed that they had been used for the rearing of pheasants.

Along the edge of the little clearing he found some rabbit runs, set his snares, and went back to the cottage for a spade; for he had heard a mysterious moaning almost beneath his feet. On his return a gyrating bundle of fur told him that already his dinner was found. He killed the rabbit; then dug for nearly an hour, and finally lifted out an emaciated fox terrier, trapped by a root in a rabbit burrow. He carried it to the stream and bathed its swollen tongue until it could lap. Then he took it home and laid it before the fire.

A large basket had been left on the table in his absence, and a gun and some cartridges; and his suitcase and his coat and vest were also there. There were some penciled lines:

"Sir," it read: "Shoot quists. Every one you kill saves more than a bushel of wheat. Keep down the rabbits. There's nobody to hear your shots. I'll be up long before this basket is empty. . . . Good luck to you!—BINNER."

Soap? Yes; and cigarettes.

"Good old Binner!" he cried. "Quists? What are they?"

But he dismissed that question for two others. As he lifted half a boiled ham and a chunk of cheese from the basket he asked aloud why she did all this for him and whether she would come to the wood. He eyed the emaciated terrier; if only the dog should chance to be hers! If so, what luck! He fed it spoonfuls of rabbit gravy as he cooked, and the stump of a tail wagged harder with each spoonful.

At nine o'clock, his supper ended and his dishes washed, the keeper's dark lantern in his pocket, he crossed the wood, following the wall, and came out, as he expected, above the village. He waited until it was quite dark, went down to the road, searched for a bent milestone, and disinterred two handkerchiefs. He perceived the symbolism and, as he fingered the smaller of the two, smiled at the resurrection of romance. On reentering the wood he heard distant mysterious noises. Mindful of his duties as a gamekeeper and secure in the moral power of his newly acquired pronunciation, he waited by the cart track, and finally called out:

"If you have any pheasants bring them to me."

"I be varry sorry, sir," came in humble tones.

He flung his dim light toward the approaching footsteps and saw a hand holding a great bunch of rabbits hanging from a stick by their crossed hind legs, and one pheasant.

"Fawncy that!" he said with lofty indignation. "Takin' pheasants in June! . . . I meant to leave you the rabbits."

"A last year's bird, sur; and he fell into my 'and, like." Fur and feathers were humbly laid at his feet.

Conant lifted his lamp and saw the abashed and anxious face of Murr, the cottager, who must be fined for "'arboring" him. He hastily pushed the slide, lest he be recognized.

"You may keep the rabbits this time," he said in the relenting voice of an appeased judge; "and I shall not prosecute."

He picked up the pheasant and went on his way to the sound of astonished and broken cries of gratitude. He reflected, with disappointment, on the degeneracy of the modern poacher, and could not know that he would have had a stiff fight but for the paralyzing effect of his intonation. No villager would dare to raise a sacrilegious hand to the chief constable. At the cottage he met a great disappointment. The small handkerchief, reverently placed before the terrier's nose, awoke no enthusiasm. Still, earth burial killed scent; the dog might still be hers. He put the handkerchief in his pocketbook.

By six the next morning Conant was scrubbing his floor. By noon the steaming room offensively proclaimed its cleanliness. By three it had achieved Conant's ideal. "Lifted right out of Fielding," he cried proudly; "the home of a humble but self-respecting cottager." He laughed as he looked at the honeysuckle he had gathered, so festooned on the table as to hide the copper pan that held it. He cocked his head sidewise and crowed with pleasure. The room surpassed the setting of any scene in any English play he had ever seen. "The prodigal son," he cried, elated, "pops his head in the door at the end of the first act and says 'Mother, I have come home!'"

He went shooting; then guessed that quists were wild pigeons, and came back in the dusk with thirteen of these for sixteen cartridges. This pleased him, for quists are not too easy to shoot. The rabbits were too easy; he did not count them.

His dinner that night, he knew well, would have as completely cut him off from English society as if he had shot a fox. It consisted of a pheasant that had not been "hung at least a fortnight." It was the close season for pheasants, and the bird was boiled. Three crimes committed on one bird; but he ate with gusto, and the terrier made no complaint. He was up at dawn, and did his shooting then; for he had thought of other scenes to set. Novelists might write novels; playwrights might write plays; but no one, he reflected, had deliberately tried to live novels and plays. An Englishman, reading cowboy stories, might conceivably still go West in high-heeled boots and a red shirt—that was only funny. An American, who knew nothing of English life, but who came and lived it as books said it was lived—that was an artistic achievement. So he recalled chapters from fiction and prepared for afternoon tea. If Lady Joan Templar came at all she would come then; and she should not find anything lacking except milk—that lack was inevitable.

At half past four that afternoon he sat in a chair beneath the beech that fronted his door, and admired his work. An improvised table; a cloth from the basket over it; a tin can banked with moss and filled with moon daisies; hedge roses trailing along the cloth; some thin slices of bread and butter; a pewter teapot, one cup and saucer, one plate, and the one chair he sat in—he was satisfied. He had put on his new clothes. They had been bought at Bath to be worn beneath the shadow of a castle and to be worthy of its chatelaine. That is how the new gamekeeper came to sit down at his outdoor table, dressed in white flannels and a mauve silk shirt that matched his socks. He liked his one-cup, one-saucer, one-chair touch.

"What! You!" he would say. "So pleased, Lady Joan! Do have a cup of tea." And then he would run for the other cup and saucer. He would drink cup for cup with her, too—yes, as he had in the hayfield; but he did not bind himself to drink if she did not come.

The terrier, whose ribs were still like a toast rack, barked and tottered away. Conant's heart beat quicker as he lifted his head and listened. He muttered improper words as he heard voices. He bolted into his cottage, up the steep stairs—bumping his head—and peeped through a round unglassed hole, like an eye, beneath the peak of the thatch. Three ladies—young, one in a nurse's dress—came and stood and admired the tea table beneath the spreading beech in surprised silence. A stately sallow girl, with a high-arched nose, called "Gamekeeper!" several times with decorous loudness. Another looked into the house, turned, and grasped the teapot.

"There's a fire," she cried; "how jolly!"

"This gamekeeper person does himself well," said the sallow girl.

"I Will Have No Prince Consort Who Buys Me With His Birthright"

"He's 'keeping company,'" the nurse said with a laugh; "he's gone for his sweetheart."

"I hope he brings her," called the girl with the teapot. "She shall cut bread and butter for us. I'm simply ravenous."

They took possession, made tea, cut bread and buttered it, and looked so hard for milk that the angry listener feared they would search the attic.

"Here's a lemon; fancy that!" cried the teapot girl in a metallic voice; and she brought out the only one the basket had contained and cut it up. Conant gritted his teeth.

"It's sweetly pretty," the nurse said as she sipped and looked about.

"Frightfully jolly!" the metallic voice agreed.

"Simply ripping!" the sallow girl corroborated. "Naughty," she added, turning to the terrier, "hunting on your own! I shall tell your mistress. . . . Yes; it's Joan's. Ears set on smartly, aren't they? She's had a lot of Firsts with him."

"He's out of condition," the nurse criticized.

"A trifle underfed, that's all; a good fault. Joan keeps everybody and everything about her fit."

"Herself included," said the metallic girl. "She's wonderful! How she does it all I can't think; and always in the pink."

"She puts her worries in a bag, hangs it up, forgets it, and runs out to play."

"She plays for all she's worth," said the sallow girl; "I think that all her pretending is real to her at the moment."

"She has a new name for George," said the metallic girl with a laugh. "She calls him the huge black one-eyed man."

"George is large and dark, but he has two very good eyes," protested the nurse. "I don't quite see."

"Oh, 'one-eyed' is figurative, Joan explains. It's one of those American slang words. I don't quite know what it means."

"She collects those weird sayings out of newspapers," said the girl with the hawk nose. "She spoke once of a two-eyed fish and said it meant a beefsteak in Washington. Oh, no; let me see: what was it? A two-eyed steak—that was it; and it meant a codfish in Boston."

"But why?" asked the nurse.

"I don't know. She calls it American humor, and laughs. She's laughing at George now about some horrid horse attendant that she gave a tip to ——"

"Oh, I heard about that," said the metallic voice. "I'm told the man was a most suspicious person."

The hawk-nosed lady smiled.

"George is quite angry," she said. "That man quite impudently deceived her, he says, and he has it in for him. He's so annoyed with her that I don't believe he's made his usual weekly proposal."

"He'll get her yet—mark my words!" said the metallic voice. "He's an armored motor car that never turns a hair. . . . Oh, you may laugh; but it's right. He has hair—and it never turns; and he is triple-armor-plated, and rolls on and on like destiny."

"He bores poor Joan to distraction," the nurse said; "he's as jealous of her ——"

"Absurd!" the sallow girl interrupted. "He is only a bundle of red tape. He has no emotions."

But the two others scouted this judgment of George. He adored Joan and was blackly jealous; everybody knew that.

They got more hot water. They made more tea. They cut more bread and buttered it. Conant heard an appalling number of references to friends and connections wounded, imprisoned, dead. He perceived the tacit conspiracy to touch these subjects lightly. He felt a high respect for these reticent, self-contained, arrogant English gentlewomen, who forced gayety and were too proud to admit, even to one another, that they bore burdens.

"We'd better be going," said the metallic girl at length; "Joan must be back by this time."

"I'm glad we found this lovely spot," the hawk-nosed one said as she rose.

"A real rest for me," said the nurse with a sigh. "I suppose a shilling apiece ——"

"Eighteen pence," the metallic one thought. "We've eaten all the man's butter and most of his bread."

There was a jingle of coins.

"Come, Spot!" the sallow girl said; but the terrier only wagged his stump.

Conant's first act when the wood was again his own was to stroke the terrier.

"Good old Spot!" he cried. "You're a prize winner, all right! She'll come now, sure."

He collected his tips, cleared away cheerfully and washed dishes, whistling blithely. From time to time he listened. News of a resurrected Spot might perhaps bring her flying. But his supper and his evening were undisturbed. He roasted his rabbit that night and, though it was larded with bacon, it was very dry. The roaring wood fire was so hot that he could not baste it often, as it hung on a chain before the blaze. But the ribs of Spot became less conspicuous; and the next day Spot was so nearly himself that he surprised a young pheasant asleep in the sun. One neat precise snap and the dreadful deed was done. Conant knew that pheasants were sacred, and that by all the game laws of English fiction the keeper's instant duty was to shoot the dog. He looked guiltily round in the infinite silences, and then patted the terrier. Her dog could do no wrong.

He prepared afternoon tea as well as his larder would permit; then locked himself in the cottage. If Lady Joan did not drink, none else should.

He heard the terrier. It came running, whining, scratching at the door. He held his breath and listened, keeping out of range of the window. And presently he heard Lady Joan's voice, calling: "Mr. Conant."

Elated, he put on the kettle; then ran to the window.

She was standing, just as he had hoped and planned, looking at his tea table from laughing eyes. She was bareheaded, and the sun, through the leaves, made a golden dancing checkerboard of her white blouse and set twinkling stars in her hair. He stood a long instant, absorbed in the sheer vital beauty of her. Then he unlocked the door and went to her side. He thought that his face was as subdued as his voice, and that neither showed the joy in his heart as he followed the proper formula of fiction.

"Will you honor me, Lady Joan?" he said. "I was just about to have a cup of tea."

"Oh!" she cried in a voice that thrilled him. "Where did you find my dog?"

"Please sit down. I'll tell you all about it in a minute."

He ran backward and forward for the second chair, the second cup and saucer, the hot water.

"Please pour, Lady Joan!" he cried. "You are not supposed really to drink it, for there is no milk. You cannot eat, for there is no butter. But there is a lot in the ritual. It is necessary to conversation. 'Poising her spoon meditatively'; 'arresting the cup halfway to her lips'; 'glancing at him as she sipped'; 'making play with her slender hands as she poured'—all your novels say things like that."

Instantly she fell into her part with joyous abandon.

"'Having heard that he had had unexpected company,'" she said in her voice of distant sleigh bells, "'she guessed that his cupboard was empty, and so hastened to his aid.'" Whereupon she produced milk and butter and a fresh loaf from a basket. "My friends were full of wonder," she said.

His laughter rang as she told how they had embroidered the tale; but she was elusive, as always, about explanations. She did not say what the servants had heard or might think; or whether Lady Dartridge knew; or whether detection might follow. She was only serious when he told her of the exhuming of Spot. He was wily and brief about this and forced her to questions; and he hid his exultation at her gratitude beneath a becoming veil of modesty.

"He's fit already," he said, "and lives on murdered pheasant. You rescue a poor muleteer from a dock. He digs your dog from a pit. In small part he pays his great debt"

But she would be serious—her special pet, she declared; and her eyes looked grave thankfulness.

"Predestined!" he cried lightly. "I was brought across the Atlantic to save Spot."

"He would have died but for you," she said. "Nobody comes here."

"They came yesterday."

"Most unusual; strolling visitors. It will not happen again. I am keeping the door in the wall locked. You came to save Spot, of course; but why did you think you came?" She set down her teacup and looked frankly curious. "You said something about a crime—about writing a book. May I know about it?"

He was only too eager to respond to her interest.

"My father said 'Make money!' I answered that we were some millions too rich already; that I wanted to do some real work, which could not possibly pay. 'Put up a trust fund,' I said, 'that will give me two thousand dollars a year for life, independent of your cranks and caprices.' He nearly fell into a trance; but I stuck out. I won in the end; but, of course, there had to be a condition: I must 'make good,' he said."

"Like all American fathers," Lady Joan laughed.

"That's it, Lady Joan; it's the regulation idea. Making good means making a living. Did anybody ever hear of an American in good health starving to death? Anybody can make a living. I'm wasting a year of trained and educated brains. My father put up freak conditions because he thought I wouldn't stand for them. I was to stroll out of the hotel and stay away for a year. I was to support myself with my hands, without appealing to influence or friends. I showed him the absurdity of it, for I am harder than he ever was in his life—for all he's self-made. I said it was like putting a skilled engineer to blowing the bellows in a blacksmith's shop. But he said if I was determined to be an idler I must eat my peck of dirt first."

"You have done that already, I think," she said.

Conant nodded.

"Ridiculous, isn't it? Anybody will eat dirt if he's hungry enough. I ate more than a peck coming over. I am no better off for it. But I'm going to eat a whole bushel. I'm cabling to him from London the day after to-morrow."

"Oh," she broke in, "you are going —— Why?"

"Because ——" He stopped short, a little embarrassed; he flushed a little as he met inquiring eyes.

"Because," she quietly finished for him, "I am in it."

He nodded. "You leave me in autos and I sit quiet. You bury me in hay and I lie still. You bring me to fairyland and I dream. And dreams must stop."

Dinner Came With a Basket of Lunch and Conant Learned Why He Had Been Hidden in the Tower

Lady Joan hummed a tune. By chance he knew it, and he flushed again as he recalled the words: "Dream on, young heart; dream on, dream on—but dream of all things gay." He did not relish being treated as an irresponsible boy.

"The huge black one-eyed man," she said gayly, "has frightened you about me. Don't you see that the only thing that can bring me into it is your capture? Didn't you hear him say that you have broken whole pages of laws? Your father can't save you from the penalties or keep me out of it." She looked with a pleasantly malicious triumph at him as she added: "If the Castle Wood is fairyland to you, you are a prisoner in it."

He straightened and looked at her from anxious eyes

"I never dreamed that the interior of the country was all tied up!" he said humbly. "I never thought that they would follow up an insignificant muleteer. I've learned now. My plan is to leave here to-night, to get as far away as I can, to hide in the daytime, to reach London, cable, and go to my Embassy."

She smiled, shook her head in good-humored derision, and handed to him a printed paper from her bag. He read this police bill with a heavy frown. It contained an extraordinarily accurate and minute description of him, highly flattering as to face and figure. He gasped as he read of a slight thickening of one of the left ribs, and of a small mark on the right thigh above the knee. It was clear that even the observant shampooer at the Turkish Bath had contributed to this brochure, and had noted the honorable scars of football.

"And still," he cried savagely, crumpling the bill, "it is less dangerous for you that I go."

"Dangerous?" she repeated, a little haughtily.

"I am too insignificant to be that," he corrected "annoying, vexatious."

"And you are going?"

Two heads flung back a little; two pairs of eyes meeting in a contest of wills. Then he said slowly:

"I have heard, Lady Joan, that you are all alone; that you have great responsibilities; that there is no one to advise you. I must not add to your troubles. I shall go to-night."

Lady Joan drooped her eyes. After an instant she spoke, and her manner made her words almost an appeal.

"You think that if you are captured you will not be brought back here; but you will be."

"The Embassy will help," he said. "My father is an important man—really important."

Lady Joan reflected and a tinge of pink came to her cheeks.

"What were the last words you overheard when you were hidden under the hay?" she asked with a pretty hesitation. He tried to look vague, but his embarrassment betrayed him.

"Say it," she encouraged.

He stammered out the last utterance of George. In his confusion he said it in the accent and manner of George:

"'Lady Joan, you need a bit of a lesson, yourself. The Yankee blood in you needs tamin'.'"

Lady Joan laughed at mimicry so ludicrously perfect. She leaned her head back, closed her eyes, and said:

"'And thereupon the maiden came to Peredur with such arms as pleased him; and he fought with the black man and forced him to crave mercy. "Who art thou?" asked Peredur; and the black man answered: "The Black Oppressor am I called, and there is not a single man round me whom I have not oppressed, and justice have I done unto none." "Since thou hast indeed been an oppressor so long," said Peredur, "I will cause that thou continue so no longer." So he slew him.'" Lady Joan glanced sidewise at a dazzled young man, who sat staring. "You see," she added as she rose to her feet, "there are copies of the Welsh Tales in the Castle."

Conant leaped up.

"The Black Oppressor," he cried, "has flung down his gauntlet!"

Lady Joan raised her head with a sudden haughty dignity, and there were sparks in her eyes.

"To me! Oh, Peredur!" she said, and then she laughed, and no longer held her chin drawn in. "Come, Spot!"

"I will pick up the glove, lady," Conant said as he walked by her side.

"George is So Annoyed With Her That I Don't Believe He's Made His Usual Weekly Proposal"

In silence she gave him a rose from her belt. At the door in the wall she said:

"Don't slay him. It's not so simple as that. Just wait."

"I wear your favor, Lady Joan. Your word is my law."

Farmer Binner came that night with a second basket in his light spring cart. The hay was all in, the swedes and mangel-wurzels nearly all thinned and weeded, and occasional hours were to spare until the grain harvest came on; so he stayed and supped. He was surprised, pleased, at Conant's success with the gun, and his admiration for so good a shot made him more than ever friendly. His stay was one long jolly laugh at this huge joke on the chief constable. He talked much of Lady Joan. It seemed a matter of course that she should take so much trouble for a wandering American muleteer. She was very original. She did what she fancied. Her fancies were good ones. She was not one "to be put upon"; but very kind and just. She never let herself be "sorry nor sick." Conant listened with an eager attention. The uninvited tea drinkers had aided him to some faint understanding of Lady Joan, and here was further help.

When at last the farmer went he took a surprising load of rabbits and quists, a list of Conant's needs, taken by Lady Joan's orders, and a parcel for the laundry.

"You more than earn your keep," were his last words at the edge of the wood. "I must bring more cartridges."

The next morning early, Conant, shooting in the cart track that led to the fields above the village, brought down a brace of wild pigeons with a right and left. He heard a cry: "'Ware, people!" He looked down the track and then ran, for Lady Joan's horse was "all over the road." His heart was in his mouth, for his shots, though high, had been in that direction. She had her horse in hand by the time he reached her side.

"Good morning!" she cried, rosy red and panting. "Two jolly good shots."

"I startled your horse. I am sorry."

"Stray pellets. They rained on my hat. It often happens." He looked up into her eyes, thinking what horror one pellet might have achieved there. She laughed at his silent dismay. "We duck at a shot in a wood in this small country," she said. "No accidents occur."

He walked by her side, his hand on the withers. Once, when the horse slipped in a rut, her stirruped foot kicked him lightly in the side.

"You are 'making good,'" she said as he picked up his birds. "I've just seen Binner, early afield. He tells of your bag."

"An idler in fairyland," he said, shaking his bare head. "And in the middle of a busy world too." He was a little troubled about that and he showed it.

She checked her horse.

"Listen," she said. She bent a little toward him and he looked up; and their eyes were fixed on each other's as the coolings of many pigeons came to them through the golden morning air. "This wood is their chosen retreat," she said after a long pause. "They go in great flocks to the ripening fields. Every grain of wheat is precious this year, and the two men who keep the pigeons down are at the Front. The rabbits are invading the cottagers' gardens."

As she rode on slowly, his face so constantly upturned that twice he withdrew a foot from beneath that of the horse just in time, she convinced him, with eager sincerity, that he was really useful. He had pleased her, as he had Binner, by being a good shot, and she let him see it.

When they passed the cottage he had a sudden brilliant idea. "Of course," he cried, "you have come to breakfast?"

She gave a little start, glanced at the inviting shade of the beech, clearly was tempted; but she said, and her reluctance to say it was undisguised, that that day's hours were full.

"To-morrow, then?" he asked, breathless; and she promised.

He walked by her side down a green lane of soft grass, with a green wall of hazel trees on each side and sometimes tall beeches meeting overhead, to the gate to which she had brought him in the car.

"Sequoias!" he cried with intense pleasure, as he saw two stately evergreens. "I didn't notice them the other day."

"We call them Wellingtonia," she answered.

"They grow only on the Sierras in all the world," he protested. "The seeds of these must have come from there. Some in the Big Tree groves were old when Christianity began. And you name them after a British duke who never saw California!"

She laughed at his ardor. As she rode away in the lonely sunk lane, she turned and called:

"Sequoia cones make a jolly crackle in the fire."

He watched her out of sight; how well she sat, and how light her bridle hand! He shot badly after breakfast, until

he pulled himself together and concentrated thought and eyes on the sights of the gun.

That night he sat before a fire. Though he had found no cones beneath the sequoias, those from other conifers crackled cheerfully. He smoked and, like the huge black one-eyed man, "pondered a while."

A Midsummer Night's Dream—he was living it, not dreaming it; with one great immense difference: No Puck had laid the juice of love-in-idleness on sleeping eyelids; nor would he have the chance, for Titania, so frank and friendly, so cheerfully impersonal, so delightfully unconventional, was always very wide awake, and never idle. The young man felt the tip of his ear and, when he realized what he was doing, jumped up with a laugh.

"I must not grow an ass' head!" he cried, and went to bed and slept dreamlessly.

The next morning he saw her come "riding down the glade." He stood and watched her from the tiny window; then suddenly he clapped a hand to each ear and muttered with a groan: "Too late—it's there!" That is how his guest came to dismount without help and was forced to call out. He pretended to be basting pigeon breasts, which hung before the fire, and thus gained a minute in which to veil his new-grown ass' head.

She brought peaches from the south wall of the kitchen garden, and cream, fresh-ground coffee and some eggs; and she refused to sit and be waited on. She browned the toast and ruddied her face, while he boiled eggs and chilled his emotions. She seemed a boy at a picnic in her joyous comradeship, unmarred by self-consciousness. He seemed more gayly irresponsible even than she. She looked her part, in her derby hat, her stiff collar, her habit coat, her high boots. He looked a well-set-up young gamekeeper, for laundry difficulties with white flannels had forced him in the mornings to the gamekeeper's velveteens. She was just herself; he acted every instant, guarded every look, every utterance, every intonation of his voice.

Under such stress, and because he was a novice at pretending, he surpassed himself in being natural. There was a new force in him, the result of keyed-up emotion, which must be checked. He dominated her; he was leader that morning for the first time; but he did not know that. He knew his head was whirling, that he was intoxicated, and that somehow he was concealing this from her.

When, after an hour that had gone like a minute, she was parting from him at the gate, she told him that arrangements had been made for selling the game in the town. Binner's milk cart would take it in to the dealers.

"Poor people," she said, "who cannot now afford beef or mutton can buy a rabbit or a pigeon, and the money all goes to my Canteen at the docks. So every shot you fire helps many."

He must have slackened but for these accidental parting words; but all day he was busy, and that says something for his strength of will. That evening, before the crackling cones, he had his reward; for a day in the open, and an honest fatigue banished by a stout meal, conduce to plain thinking. He called suddenly to Spot, who had slipped over to visit him.

"Literature," he cried, "is not life, and A Midsummer Night's Dream is no guide to living. Not to love her is to have an ass' head; to love her is to lose it. Yes, I've lost my head; and it's going to stay lost."

The terrier put both paws on his knee and cocked ears to praises of his mistress. Would she come next day? Spot wagged his stump.

She did not come, and it rained, and Conant washed clothes, chopped wood and shot between showers. The farmer came in the evening, bringing cartridges. He dropped a word that cheered Conant. He said the estate was impoverished. As Lady Joan was and had everything else that was worth being and having, it was a consolation to know that she was not rich. In just one respect, then, she was not high above him, inaccessible, a star in the heavens.

She came to tea the next day, and he was almost late, for he had become a greedy pot-shot earning money for her Canteen. He was more intoxicated after a day's abstinence, and showed it by a restrained and friendly gayety. He was as utterly and perfectly offhand and innocent as she herself, being in terror all the time lest she suspect the truth. A muleteer-gamekeeper who dared to lift his eyes too high would promptly find himself staring at nothing if detected. He knew that; so he looked at her from the level and pretended to himself she was only a girl; and if only a girl—well, to be won, perhaps.

And so through the days and evenings he pondered and shot, and he shot and pondered. His gun was true, but his thoughts were uncertain. If she did not come he was in the depths. If she came—well, he analyzed afterward her every word, her looks, her gestures, her manner. He believed that he did, at any rate. If he was miserable because her frank camaraderie never altered, he was relieved because he was not found out. If he was miserable because he was not found out, he was relieved because she would come again. It sounds chaotic, but the account is not such chaos as was his mind; and that chaos was not so vast as he thought. You cannot each day surpass yesterday's bag of pigeons, shot for your ladylove's charity, if you let yourself worry all the time. You cannot daily meet an unsuspecting ladylove with a guileless face and respectful friendliness if you let your pulse go pounding too hard.

(Continued on Page 57)

THE HIGH HEART

By BASIL KING

XIII

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I WAS relieved of some of my embarrassment by the fact that Mr. Grainger took command.

Having bowed over Mrs. Brokenshire's hand with an *empressement* he made no attempt to conceal, he murmured the words: "I'm delighted to see you again." After this greeting, which might have been commonplace and was not, he turned to me: "Perhaps Miss Adare will give me some tea."

I could carry out this request, listen to their scraps of conversation, and think my own thoughts all at the same time.

Thinking my own thoughts was the least easy of the three for the reason that thought stunned me. The facts knocked me on the head. Since before my engagement as Mr. Grainger's librarian this situation had been planned! Mrs. Brokenshire had chosen me for my part in it! She had given Mr. Grainger my address, which she could have learned from her mother, and recommended me as one with whom they would be safe!

Their talk was only of superficial things; but it was not the clew to their emotions. That was in the way they talked—haltingly, falteringly, with glances that met and shifted and fell, or that rested on each other with long mute looks, and then turned away hurriedly as if something in the spirit reeled. As she gave him bits of information concerning the summer at Newport, she stumbled in her words because there was no correlation between the sentences she formed and her fundamental thought. The same was true of his account of yachting off the coast of Maine, off Gloucester, Islesboro and Bar Harbor. He stuttered and stammered and repeated himself. It was like one of those old Italian duets in which stupid words are sung to a passionate, heart-breaking melody. Nevertheless I had enough sympathy with love, even with a guilty love, to have some mercy in my judgments.

There Was More Color in Lady Cissie's Personality Than in Anyone I Have Ever Looked At

Not that I believed it to be a guilty love—as yet. That, too, I was obliged to think over and form my opinion about it. It was not a guilty love as yet; but it might easily become a guilty love. I remembered that Larry Strangways, with all his admiration for his employer, had refused him a place in his list of whole-hearted, clean-hearted men because he had a weakness; and I reflected that on the part of Mrs. Billing's daughter there might be no rigorous concept of the moralities. What I saw, therefore, was a man and a woman so consumed with longing for each other that guilt would be chiefly a matter of opportunity. To create that opportunity I had been brought upon the scene.

I could see, of course, how admirably I was suited to the purpose I was meant to serve. In the first place, I was young, and might but dimly perceive—might not perceive at all—what was being done with me. In the next place, I was presumably too inexperienced to take a line of my own even if I suspected what was not for me to know. Then, I was poor and a stranger, and too glad of the easy work for which I was liberally paid not to be willing to take its bitter with its sweet. Lastly, I too was in love; and I too was a victim of Howard Brokenshire. If I couldn't approve of what I might see and hear, at least I might be reckoned on not to speak of it. Once more I was made to feel that, though I might play a subordinate rôle of some importance, my own wishes and personality didn't count.

It was obviously a minute at which to bring my maxim into operation. I had to do what was Right—with a capital. For that I must wait for inspiration, and presently I got it.

That is, I got it by degrees. I got it first by noting in a puzzled way the glances which both my companions sent in my direction. They were sidelong glances, singularly alike whether they came from Stacy Grainger's melancholy brown eyes or Mrs. Brokenshire's sweet misty ones. They asked what words wouldn't dare to ask, and what I was too dense to understand. I sat sipping my tea, running hot and cold as the odiousness of my position struck me from the various points of view; but I made no attempt to move.

They were still talking of people of whom I knew nothing, but talking brokenly, futilely, for the sake of hearing each other's voices and yet stifling the things which it would have been fatal to them both to say, when Mr. Grainger got up and brought me his cup.

"May I have another?"

I looked up to take the cup, but he held it in his hands. He held it in his hands and gazed down at me. He gazed down at me with an expression such as I have never seen in any eyes but a dog's. As I write I blush to remember that, with such a mingling of hints and entreaties and commands, I didn't know what he was trying to convey to me. I took the cup, poured out his tea, handed the cup back to him—and sat.

But after he had reached his seat the truth flashed on me. I was in the way; I was *de trop*. I had done part of my work in being the pretext for Mrs. Brokenshire's visit; now I ought tactfully to absent myself. I needn't go far; I needn't go for long. There was an alcove at the end of the room where one could be out of sight; there was also the corridor leading to the house. I could easily make an excuse; I could get up and move without an excuse of any kind. But I sat.

I hated myself; I despised myself; but I sat. I drank my tea without knowing it; I ate my cake without tasting it; and I sat.

The talk between my companions grew more fitful. Silence was easier for them—silence and that dumb interchange of looks which had the sympathy of something within myself. I knew that in their eyes I was a nuisance, a thing to be got rid of—I was so in my own; but I went on eating and drinking stolidly—and sat.

It was in my mind that this was my chance to be avenged on Howard Brokenshire; but I didn't want my vengeance that way. I have to confess that I was so poor-spirited as to have little or no animosity against him. I could see how easy it was for him to think of me as an adventuress. I wanted to convince and convert him, but not to make him suffer. If in any sense I could be called the guardian of his interests I would rather have been true to the trust than not. As I sat, therefore, gulping down my tea as if I relished it, it was partly because of my protective instinct toward the exquisite creature before me who might not know how to protect herself—and partly because I couldn't help it.

Mr. Grainger could order me to go, but until he did I meant to go on eating.

Probably because of the insistence of my presence Mrs. Brokenshire felt obliged to begin to talk again. I did my best not to listen, but fragments of her sentences came to me:

"My mother spent a few weeks with us in August. I—I don't think she and—and Mr. Brokenshire get on so well."

Almost for the first time he was interested in what she said rather than in her.

"What's the trouble?"

"Oh, I don't know the whole thing." A long pause ensued, during which their eyes rested on each other in mute questioning. "She's changed, mamma is."

"Changed in what way?"

"Oh, I don't know—I—I suppose she sees that she—she—miscalculated."

It was his turn to ruminate silently, and when he spoke at last it was as if throwing up to the surface but one of a deep undercurrent of thoughts. "After the pounding I got three years ago she didn't believe I'd come back."

She accepted this without comment. Before speaking again she sent me another of her frightened, pleading looks.

"She always liked you better than anyone else."

He seconded the glance in my direction as he said with a grim smile:

"Which didn't prevent her going to the highest bidder."

She colored and sighed.

"You wouldn't be so hard on her if you knew what a fight she had to make during papa's lifetime. We were always in debt. You knew that, didn't you? Poor mamma used to say she'd save me from that if she never ——"

I lost the rest of the sentence by deliberately rattling the tea things in pouring myself a third or a fourth cup of tea. Nothing but disconnected words reached me after that, but I caught the name of Madeline Pyne. I knew who she was, having heard her story day by day as it unfolded itself during my first weeks with Mrs. Rossiter. It was a simple tale as tales go in the twentieth century. Mrs. Pyne had been Mrs. Grimshaw. While she was Mrs. Grimshaw she had spent three days at a seaside resort with Mr. Pyne. The law having been invoked, she had changed her residence from the house of Mr. Grimshaw in Seventy-fifth Street to that of Mr. Pyne in Seventy-seventh Street and likewise changed her name. Only a very discerning eye could now have told that in the opinion of society there was a difference between her and Cæsar's wife. The drama was sufficiently recent to make the topic a natural one for an interchange of confidences. That confidences were being interchanged I could see; that from those confidences certain terrifying, passionate deductions were being drawn silently I could also see. I could see without hearing; I didn't need to hear. I could tell by her pallor and his embarrassment how each read the mind of the other, how each was tempted and how each recoiled. I knew that neither pointed the moral of the parable for the reason that it stared them in the face.

Because that subject, too, was exhausted, or because they had come to a place where they could say no more, they sat silent again. They looked at each other; they looked at me; neither would take the responsibility of giving me a further hint to go. Much as they desired my going I was sure they were both afraid of it. I might be a nuisance and yet I was a safeguard. They were too near the brink of danger not to feel that, after all, there was something in having the safeguard there. A few minutes later Mrs. Brokenshire flew to shelter herself behind this protection. She fluttered softly to my side, beginning again to talk of Hugh. Knowing by this time that her interest in him was only a blind for her frightened essays in passion, I took up the subject but half-heartedly.

"I've the money here," she confided to me, "if you'll only take charge of it."

When I had declined to do this, for the reasons I had already given, her face brightened.

"Then we can talk it over again." She rose as she spoke. "I can't stay any longer now—but we'll talk it over again. Let me see! This is Tuesday. If I came ——"

"I'm always at the Hotel Mary Chilton after six," I said significantly.

I smiled inwardly at the way in which she took this information.

"Oh, I'll come before that—and I shan't keep you—just to talk about Hugh—and to see if he won't take the money—perhaps on—on Thursday."

As nominally she had come to see me nominally it was my place to accompany her to the door. In this at least I got my cue, walking the few paces with her while she held my hand. I gathered that the minutes of temptation being past she bore me some gratitude for having helped her over them. At any rate she pressed my fingers and gave me wistful, teary smiles, till at last she was out in the lighted street and I had closed the door behind her.

"I Will Give You Twice as Much as Your Salary for the Next Five Years if You Go Back to Where You Came From"

It was only half-past five, and I had still thirty minutes to fill in. As I turned back into the room I found Mr. Grainger walking aimlessly up and down, inspecting a bit of lustrous faïence or the backs of a row of books, and making me feel that there was something he wished to say. His movements were exactly those of a man screwing up his courage or trying to find words.

The simplest thing I could do was to sit down at my desk and make a feint at writing. I seemed to be ignoring my employer's presence, but in reality as I watched him from under my lids I was getting a better impression of him than on any previous occasion.

There was nothing Olympian about him as there was about Howard Brokenshire. He was too young to be Olympian, being not more than thirty-eight. He struck me indeed as just a big, sinewy man of the type which fights and hunts and races and loves, and has dumb uncomprehended longings which none of these pursuits can satisfy. In this he was English more than American, and Scottish more than English. He was certainly not the American business man as seen in hotel lobbies and on the stage. He might have been classed as the American romantic—an explorer, a missionary, or a shooter of big game, according to taste and income. Larry Strangways said that among Americans you most frequently met his like in East Africa, Manchuria or Brazil. That he was in business in New York was an accident of tradition and inheritance. Just as an Englishman who might have been a soldier or a solicitor is a country gentleman because his father has left him landed estates, so Stacy Grainger had become a financier.

As a financier, I understood he helped to furnish the money in undertakings in which other men did the work. In this respect the direction his interests took was what might have been expected of so virile a character—steel, iron, gunpowder, shells, the founding of cannon, the building of warships, the forceful, the destructive. I gathered from Mr. Strangways that he was forever making journeys to Washington, to Pittsburgh, to Cape Breton, wherever money could be invested in mighty conquering things. It was these projects that Howard Brokenshire had attacked so savagely as almost to bring him to ruin, though he had now reestablished himself as strongly as before.

Being as terrified of him as of his rival I prayed inwardly that he would go away. Once or twice in marching up and down he paused before my desk, and the pen almost dropped from my hand. I knew he was trying to formulate a hint that when Mrs. Brokenshire came again —— But even on my part the thought would not go into words. Words made it gross, and it was what he must have discovered each time he approached me. Each time he approached me I fancied that his poetic eyes grew apologetic, that his shoulders sagged, and that his hard, strong mouth became weak before syllables that would not pass the lips. Then he would veer away, searching doubtless some easier phrase, some more delicate suggestion, only to fail again.

It was a relief when, after a last attempt, he passed into the corridor leading to the house. I could breathe, I could think: I could look back over the last half hour and examine my conduct. I was not satisfied with it, because I had frustrated love—even that kind of love; and yet I asked myself how I could have acted differently.

In substance I asked the same of Larry Strangways when he came to dine with me next day. Hugh being in Philadelphia on one of his pathetic cruises after work, I had invited Mr. Strangways by telephone, begging him to come on the ground that having got me into this trouble he must advise me as to getting out. "I didn't get you into the trouble," he smiled across the table. "I only helped to get you the job."

"But when you got me the job, as you call it ——"

"I knew you would be able to do the work."

"And did you think the work would be—this?"

"I couldn't tell anything about that. I simply knew you could do the work—from all the points of view."

"And do you think I've done it?"

"I know you've done it. You couldn't do anything else."

If my heart gave a sudden leap at these words it was because of the tone. It betrayed that quality behind the tone to which I had been responding, and of which I had been afraid, ever since I knew the man. By a great effort I kept my words on the casual, friendly plane as I said:

"Your confidence is flattering, but it doesn't help me. What I want to know is this: Assuming that they love each other, should I allow myself to be used as the pretext for their meetings?"

"Does it do you any harm?"

"Does it do them any good?"

"Couldn't you let that be their affair?"

"How can I, when I'm dragged into it?"

"If you're only dragged into it to the extent of this afternoon ——"

"Only! You can use that word of a situation ——"

"In which you played propriety."

"Oh, it wasn't playing."

"Yes, it was; it was playing the game—as they only play it who aren't quitters but real sports."

"But I'm not a sport. I've the quitter in me. I'm even thinking of flinging up the position —"

"And leaving them to their fate?"

I smiled. "Couldn't I let that be their affair?"

He, too, smiled, his head thrown back, his white teeth gleaming.

"You think you've caught me, don't you? But you've got the shoe on the wrong foot. I said just now that it might be their affair as to whether or not it did them any good to have you as the pretext of their meetings; but it's surely your affair when you say they shan't. Their meetings will be one thing so long as they have you; whereas without you ——"

"To Begin With You've Got to Put That Fellow Strangways in His Place"

"Then you think they'll keep meeting in any case?"

"I've nothing to say about that. I limit myself to believing that in any situation that requires skillful handling your first name is resourcefulness."

I shifted my ground.

"Oh, but when it's such an odious situation!"

"No situation is odious in which you're a participant, just as no view is ugly where there's a garden full of flowers."

He went on with his dinner as complacently as if he had not thrown me into a state of violent inward confusion. All I could do was to summon Hugh's image from the shades of memory into which it had withdrawn, and beg it to keep me true to him. The thought of being false to the man to whom I had actually owned my love outraged in me every sentiment akin to single-heartedness. In a kind of desperation I dragged Hugh's name into the conversation, and yet in doing so I merely laid myself open to another shock.

"You can't be in love with him!"

The words were the same as Mrs. Billing's; the emphasis was similar.

"I am," I declared bluntly, not so much to contradict the speaker as to fortify myself.

"You may think you are ——"

"Well, if I think I am isn't it the same thing as ——"

"Lord, no; not with love! Love is the most deceptive of the emotions—to people who haven't had much experience of its tricks."

"Have you?"

He met this frankly.

"No; nor you. That's why you can so easily take yourself in."

I grew cold and dignified.

"If you think I'm taking myself in when I say that I'm in love with Hugh Brokenshire ——"

"That's certainly it."

Though I knew my cheeks were flaming a dahlia red, I forced myself to look him in the eyes.

"Then I'm afraid it would be useless to try to convince you ——"

He nodded.

"Quite!"

"So that we can only let the subject drop."

He looked at me with mock gravity.

"I don't see that. It's an interesting topic."

"Possibly; but as it doesn't lead us any further ——"

"But it does. It leads us to where we see straighter."

"Yes, but if I don't need to see straighter than I do?"

"We all need to see as straight as we can."

"I'm seeing as straight as I can when I say ——"

"Oh, but not as straight as I can. I can see that a noble character doesn't always distinguish clearly between love and kindness, or between kindness and loyalty, or between loyalty and self-sacrifice, and that the higher the heart, the more likely it is to impose on itself. No one is so easily deceived as to love and loving as the man or the woman who's truly generous."

"If I was truly generous ——"

"I know what you are," he said shortly.

"Then, if you know what I am, you must know, too, that I couldn't do other than care for a man who's given up so much for my sake."

"You couldn't do other than admire him. You couldn't do other than be grateful to him. You probably couldn't do other than want to stand by him through thick and thin ——"

"Well, then?"

"But that's not love."

"If it isn't love it's so near to it ——"

"Exactly—which is what I'm saying. It's so near to it that you don't know the difference, and won't know the difference till—till the real thing affords you the contrast."

I did my best to be scornful. "Really! You speak like an expert."

"Yes; an expert by intuition."

I was still scornful. "Only that?"

"Only that. You see," he smiled, "the expert by experience has learnt a little; but the expert by intuition knows it all."

"Then, when I need information on the subject, I'll come to you."

"And I'll promise to give it to you frankly."

"Thanks," I said sweetly. "But you'll wait till I come, won't you? And in the meantime you'll not say any more about it."

"Does that mean that I'm not to say any more about it ever—or only for to-night?"

I knew suddenly what the question meant to me. I took time to see that I was shutting a door which my heart cried out to have left open. But I answered still sweetly and with a smile:

"Suppose we make it that you won't say any more about it—ever!"

He gazed at me; I gazed at him. A long half-minute went by before he uttered the words, very slowly and deliberately:

"I won't say any more about it—for to-night."

XIV

ON THURSDAY Mr. Grainger came to the library to tea, but notwithstanding her suggestion Mrs. Brokenshire did not. She came, however, on Friday when he did not. For some time after that he came daily.

Toward me his manner had little variation; he was courteous and distant.

I cannot say that he ever had tea with me, for even if he accepted a cup, which he did from time to time, as if keeping up a rôle, he carried it to some distant corner of the room where he was either examining the objects or making their acquaintance. He came about half-past four and went about half-past five, always appearing from the house and retiring by the same way. In the house itself, as I understood from Mrs. Daly, he displayed an interest he had not shown for years.

"It's out of wan room and into another, and raisin' the shades and pushin' the furniture about, till you'd swear he was goin' to be married."

I thought of Mr. Pyne, wondering if, before his trip to the seaside with Mrs. Grimshaw, he too had wandered about his house, appraising its possibilities from the point of view of a new mistress.

On the Friday when Mrs. Brokenshire came and Mr. Grainger did not she made no comment on his non-appearance. She even sustained with some success the fiction that her visit was on my account. Only her soft eyes turned with a quick light toward the door leading to the house at every sound that might have been a footstep.

When she talked it was chiefly about Mr. Brokenshire.

"It's telling on him—all this trouble about Hugh."

I was curious.

"Telling on him in what way?"

"It's made him older—and grayer—and the trouble with his eye comes oftener."

It seemed to me that I saw an opportunity.

"Then why doesn't he give in?"

"Give in? Mr. Brokenshire? Why, he never gave in in his life."

"But if he suffers?"

"He'd rather suffer than give in. He's not an unkind man, not really, so long as he has his own way; but once he's thwarted ——"

"Everyone has to be thwarted sometime."

"He'd agree to that; but he'd say everyone but him. That's why, when he first met—met me—and my mother at that time meant to have me—to have me marry someone else—— You knew that, didn't you?"

I reminded her that she had told me so among the rocks at Newport.

"Did I? Perhaps I did. It's—it's rather on my mind. I had to change so—so suddenly. But what I was going to say was that when Mr. Brokenshire saw that mamma meant me to marry someone else, and that I—that I wanted to, there was nothing he didn't do. It was in the papers—and everything. But nothing would stop him till he'd got what he wanted."

I pumped up my courage to say:

"You mean till you gave it to him."

She bit her lip.

"Mamma gave it to him. I had to do as I was told. You'd say, I suppose, that I needn't have done it, but you don't know." She hesitated before going on. "It—it was money. We—we had to have it. Mamma thought that Mr.—the man I was to have married first—would never have any more. It was all sorts of things on the Stock Exchange—and bulls and bears and things like that. There was a whole week of it—and everyone knew it was about me. I nearly died; but mamma didn't mind. She enjoyed it. It's the sort of thing she would enjoy. She made me go with her to the opera every night. Someone always asked us to sit in their box. She put me in the front where the audience watched me through their opera-glasses more than they did the stage—and I was a kind of spectacle. There was one night—they were singing the Meistersinger—when I felt just like Eva, put up as a prize for whoever could win me. But I was talking of Mr. Brokenshire, wasn't I? Do you think his eye will ever be any better?"

She asked the question without change of tone. I could only reply that I didn't know.

"The doctor says—that is, he's told me—that in a way it's mental. It's the result of the strain he's put upon his nerves by overwork and awful tempers. Of course his responsibilities have been heavy, though of late years he's been able to shift some of them to other people's shoulders. And then," she went on in her sweet, even voice, "what happened about me—coming to him so late in life—and—and tearing him to pieces more violently than if he'd been a younger man—young men get over things—that made it worse. Don't you see it would?"

I said I could understand that that might be the effect.

"Of course if I could really be a wife to him ——"

"Well, can't you?"

She shuddered.

"He terrifies me. When he's there I'm not a woman any more; I'm a captive."

"But since you've married him ——"

"I didn't marry him; he married me. I was as much a bargain as if I had been bought. And now mamma sees that—that she might have got a better price."

I thought it enough to say:

"That must make it hard for her."

A sigh bubbled up, like that of a child who has been crying.

"It makes it hard for me." She eyed me with a long, oblique regard. "Don't you think it's awful when an elderly man falls in love with a young girl, who herself is in love with someone else?"

I could only dodge that question.

"All unhappiness is awful."

"Ah, but this! An elderly man!—in love! Madly in love! It's not natural; it's frightful; and when it's with yourself ——"

She moved away from me and began to inspect the room. In spite of her agitation she did this more in detail than when she had been there before, making the round of the bookshelves much as Mr. Grainger himself was in the habit of doing, and gazing without comment on the Persian

and Italian potteries. It was easy to place her as one of those women who live surrounded by beautiful things to which they pay no attention. Mr. Brokenshire's richly Italianate dwelling was to her just a house. It would have been equally just a house had it been Jacobean or Louis Quinze or in the fashion of the Brothers Adam, and she would have seen little or no difference in periods and styles. The books she now looked at were mere backs. They were bindings and titles. Since they belonged to Stacy Grainger she could look at them with soft, unseeing eyes, thinking of him. That was all. Without comment of my own I accompanied her, watching the quick, birdlike turnings of her head whenever she thought she heard a step.

"It's nice for you here," she said, when at last she gave signs of going. "I—I love it. It's so quiet—and—and safe. Nobody knows I come to—to see you."

Her stammering emboldened me to take a liberty.

"But suppose they found out?" She was as innocent as a child as she glanced up at me and said:

"It would still be to see you. There's no harm in that."

"Even so, Mr. Brokenshire wouldn't approve of it."

"But he'll never know. It's not the sort of thing anyone would think of. I leave the motor down there at Sixth Avenue, and this time of year it's so dark. As soon as I heard Miss Davis was leaving I thought how nice the place would be for you."

Since it was useless to make the obvious correction here I thanked her for her kindness, going on to add:

"But I don't want to get into any trouble."

"No, of course not." She began moving toward the door. "What kind of trouble were you thinking of?"

I wondered whether or not, having taken one liberty, I could take another.

"When I see my boat being caught in the rapids I'm afraid there's a cataract ahead."

It took her some thirty seconds to seize the force of this. Having got it her eyes fell.

"Oh, I see! And does that mean," she went on, her bosom heaving, "that you're afraid of the cataract on your own account—or on mine?"

I paused in our slow drifting toward the door. She was a great lady in the land, and I was nobody. I had much to risk, and I risked it. "Should I offend you," I asked deferentially, "if I said—on yours?"

For an instant she became as haughty as so sweet a nature knew how to be, but the prompting passed.

"No; you don't offend me," she said after a brief pause. "We're friends, aren't we, in spite of ——"

As she hesitated I filled in the phrase.

"In spite of the difference between us."

Because she was pursuing her own thoughts she allowed that to pass.

"People have gone over cataracts—and still lived."

"Ah, but there's more to existence than life," I exclaimed promptly.

"There was a friend of my own," she continued, without immediate reference to my observation; "at least she was a friend—I suppose she is still—her name was Madeline Grimshaw——"

"Yes, Mrs. Pyne; but she wasn't Mrs. Brokenshire."

"No; she never was so unhappy." She pressed her handkerchief against the two great tears that rolled down her cheeks. "She did love Mr. Grimshaw at one time, whereas I ——"

"But you say he's kind."

"Oh, yes. It isn't that. He's more than kind. He'd smother me with things I'd like to have. It's—it's when he comes near me—when he touches me—and—and his eye!"

I knew what physical repulsion was. There was a man at Gibraltar, a handsome man, too but I needn't go into that. It is sufficient to say that I knew enough of physical repulsion to be able to change my line of appeal. "But do you think you'd gain anything if you made him unhappy now?"

She looked at me wonderingly.

"I shouldn't think you'd plead for him."

I had ventured so far that I could go a little farther.

"I don't think I'm pleading for him so much as for you."

"Why do you plead for me? Do you think I should be—sorry?"

"If you did what I imagine you're contemplating—yes."

She surprised me by admitting my implication.

"Even if I did, I couldn't be sorrier than I am."

"Oh, but existence is more than joy and sorrow."

"You said just now that it was more than life. I suppose you mean that it's love."

"I should say that it's more than love."

"Why, what can it be?"

I smiled apologetically. "Mightn't it be—right?"

She studied me with an air of angelic sweetness.

"Oh, no, I could never believe that."

And she went more resolutely toward the door.

Hugh returned in good spirits from Philadelphia. He had been well received. His name had secured him much the same welcome as that accorded him on his first excursions into Wall Street. I didn't tell him I feared that the results would be similar, for I saw that he was cheered.

To verify the love I had acknowledged to him more than once, I was eager to look at him again. I found a man thinner and older and shabbier than the Hugh who first attracted my attention by being kind to me. I could have borne with his being thinner and older; but that he should be shabbier wrung my heart.

I considered myself engaged to him. That as yet I had not spoken the final word was a detail, in my mind, considering that I had so often rested in his arms and pillowed my head on his shoulder. The fact, too, that when I had first allowed myself those privileges I had taken him to be a strong character—the shadow of a rock in a thirsty land. I had called him—and that I now saw he was a weak one, bound me to him the more closely. I had gone to him because I needed him; but now that I saw he needed me I was sure I could never break away from him.

He dined with me at the Mary Chilton on the evening of his return, sitting where Larry Strangways had sat only forty-eight hours previously. I was sorry then that I had not changed the table. To be face to face with two men, on exactly the same spot, on occasions so near together, in conditions so alike, gave me a sense of faithlessness. Though I wanted nothing so much as to be honest with them both, I was afraid of being so with neither; and yet for this I hardly knew where to place the blame. I suffered for Hugh because of Larry Strangways, and I suffered for Larry Strangways because of Hugh. If I suffered for myself I was scarcely aware of it, having to give so much thought to them.

Nevertheless, I regretted that I had not chosen another table, and all the more when Hugh brought the matter up. He had finished telling me of his experiences in Philadelphia. "Now what have you been doing?" he demanded, a smile lighting up his tired face.

"Oh, nothing much—the same old thing."

"Seen anybody in particular?"

I weighed my answer carefully.

"Nobody in particular, except Mr. Strangways."

He frowned.

"Where did you see that fellow?"

"Right here."

"Right here? What do you mean by that?"

"He came to dine with me."

"Dine with you! And sat where I'm sitting now?"

I tried to take this pleasantly. "It's the only place I've got to ask anyone I want to talk to."

"But why should you want to talk to—to"—I saw him struggling with the word but it came out—"to that bounder?"

"He's a friend of mine, Hugh. I've asked you already to remember that he's a gentleman."

"Gentleman! Oh, Lord!" He became kindly and coaxing, leaning across the table with an ingratiating smile. "Look here, little Alix! Don't you think that for my sake it's time you were beginning to drop that lot?"

Though I revolted against the expression I pretended to see nothing amiss.

"You mean just as Libby Jaynes had to drop the barbers and the pages in the hotel when she became Mrs. Tracy Allen."

He laughed nervously.

"Oh, I don't go as far as that. And yet if I did ——"

"It wouldn't be too far." I gave him the impression that I was thinking the question out. "But you see, Hugh dear, I don't see any difference between Mr. Strangways — —"

"And me?"

"I wasn't going to say you, but between Mr. Strangways and the people you'd like me to know. Or rather, if I do see a difference it's that Mr. Strangways is so much more a man of the world than—than ——"

Perceiving my embarrassment, he broke in:

"Than who?"

I took my courage in both hands.

"Than Mr. Rossiter, for example, or your brother, Mr. Jack Brokenshire, or any of the men I met when I was with your sister. If I hadn't seen you—the truest gentleman I ever knew—I shouldn't have supposed that any of them belonged to the real great world at all."

To my relief he took this good-naturedly.

"That's what we call social inexperience, little Alix. It's because you don't know how to distinguish."

"That is, I don't know a good thing when I see it."

"You don't know that sort of good thing—the American who counts. But you can learn. And if you learn you've got to take as a starting point the fact that, just as there are things one does and things one doesn't do, so there are people one knows and people

(Continued on Page 73)

"You Wouldn't be So Hard on Her if You Knew What a Fight She Had to Make. We Were Always in Debt"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 30, 1917

Does Germany Get Your Money?

SMALL investors always want to know what men like Rockefeller and Morgan put their money into. It is possible to satisfy their curiosity. The largest and most conservative investors in the country have been putting their money into the Liberty Loan.

The loan is a good investment for them, and it is even better for the prudent and thrifty American of moderate means. It is safer than the stocking; safer than the bank; safer than the railroad or industrial. And it carries with it both fire and life insurance.

It is hard for most men to visualize the things that will happen to them if certain possibilities become facts. In this war no such difficulties exist. Photographs of these things have already been taken. A visit to a moving-picture theater or a glance through the periodicals and newspapers will show exactly what Germany does to a country she invades. Wanton destruction of life marks her advance, and foul destruction of everything that makes life worth living marks her retreat. Neither youth, nor womanhood, nor age is safe where her armies go.

The Liberty Loan is our insurance against Prussianism. It is our first line of defense against the German armies. It will build the ships, buy the munitions and equip the men that will defeat them.

To every American there is given the choice of subscribing to one of two great loans: One, of which the Liberty Loan was the first installment, will preserve for us and advance through the world that ideal for which our fathers gave freely and fought valiantly. The other, which we shall surely have to raise if we fail in our full duty now, is a German Indemnity Loan.

How to Pay the Bill

FINAL installments on the Liberty Loan will hardly be paid in before another loan is offered; and when that one is fairly out of the way a third will come. The Government will quite certainly be borrowing at the rate of ten billion dollars a year as long as war lasts.

There are those who think we should turn the trick by outright inflation, even to issuing irredeemable paper money. That would certainly involve a further large rise in prices.

It is impossible so to adjust incomes that a great and rapid rise in prices shall fall equitably upon the population. Present prices bear with rank injustice upon numerous classes of people—upon almost all salaried people; upon the great bulk of professional people; upon nearly all unorganized labor—in short, upon those who receive fixed money payments for their labor and are not able to push up their incomes as fast as prices rise.

A further big rise in prices—which extensive inflation would surely involve—would further burden great classes of the population. Every day laborer, clerk, schoolteacher, and so on, would be paying a stiff war tax with every purchase he made.

But, to the extent that war is financed out of savings from current income, no inflation—or only a temporary incidental inflation—need result.

Finally we have got to pay the bill. We ought to pay it in the most economical and the fairest way; which means that you have got to save and invest in war bonds. You should have done it on the first loan.

Peace Terms

WHY the United States is fighting and what it is fighting for are plain as the nose on one's face, and the people so understand it, for mere people always have a way of looking only at the heart of a big problem, untroubled by choplogic and technical polemics.

The United States chose an attitude of strictly legal neutrality. It also chose to exercise its unquestionably legal right to supply England and France with as much foodstuff and munitions as they wished to buy. Germany prohibited commerce between this country and the Allies—or proposed to permit only as much commerce as the German Government sanctioned, which would come to exactly the same thing as a general prohibition.

The German proposal required not only that we should surrender an unquestionable right, but that we should thereby tremendously assist the German effort to defeat the Allies; for if Germany could close our ports as far as European exports were concerned, or put them under strict German regulation, as her proposal contemplated, then her submarine campaign would be two-thirds won without lifting another finger.

Germany compelled us to choose whether we should, in effect, fight for her or against her. We chose the latter, because our own rights were violated and because we profoundly believed that defeat of England and France by Germany would involve the very gravest menace to us and to the cause of democracy throughout the world. We are fighting to vindicate our right to the sea and to prevent Europe from becoming Prussianized, for we believe a Prussianized Europe would be a very ill neighbor for a democratic America.

The people understand it. In simpler phrase they say: "We are fighting to prevent Germany from becoming cock o' the walk in Europe."

There is little point at this moment in attempting to say exactly what terms in a peace treaty would signify the accomplishment of that object, for it seems clear enough that Germany is not ready to accept any terms that would signify it. But those who try to make it appear that the United States does not know what it is fighting for evidently understand Germany more sympathetically than they understand their own country.

The One Certainty

KITCHENER'S three years are nearly up, and the road to peace never looked longer than it looks at this moment. There is not a thing in sight upon which a candid person can hang a rational expectation of an end of hostility. Since the United States declared war Germany's position appears to have improved, because for many months the disorganization of Russia will probably offset any effort of ours.

Germany is not starving. There is no sign of any material weakening of her military power. Nor, on the other hand, is the U-boat campaign winning; and, remembering Verdun, it seems certain the Allies can hold the Western front against Hindenburg. There is nothing in sight upon which to hang rational expectation of an early decision. A belligerent can be certain of only one thing—namely, of its own mind. The war will be won by the side that is most determined to win it.

Germany is anxious for peace—on terms, so far as known, that would leave it preponderant in Europe, with the Prussian military caste in the saddle and crowing; terms that would breed another war. The United States and the Allies can know that they will not consent to peace except upon terms that will give a fair guaranty of the future security of the world from aggressive militarism. They can pledge those who die in this war that, in so far as human foresight can prevent, it shall not happen again.

That is the only certainty—an unalterable determination to get a lasting peace. That determination will win.

Who Serves?

WHEN the United States proposed to borrow two billion dollars at three and a half per cent there were more misgivings than ever found expression in print. It was felt that if the country was to escape the humiliation and injury of starting off on a lame foot an extraordinary effort must be made to arouse interest in the bonds. So five hundred experienced bond salesmen were got together in New York, and the chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank addressed them as follows:

"We cannot establish a military front in France until we have established a financial front at home. You gentlemen will be among the first to fight."

In thinking of that labor which is necessary in order to mobilize the material resources of the country for war one does not usually think of bond salesmen, or of the men who write advertisements of bonds, or of stenographers who transcribe the letters, or of clerks who enter the subscriptions, or of the janitor who puts the office in order. Yet all that labor is necessary.

The labor of a farmer in sowing and harvesting wheat would be largely thrown away unless there was somebody at the railroad station to bill the car, somebody else to do the train dispatching, a teller at the bank to pay the check.

People often talk of "necessary labor" as though that meant only the labor directly engaged in production; but a steel mill requires timekeepers and bookkeepers as much as it does men at the furnaces. Groceries require a grocer and the grocer requires a clerk. Thousands of country editors, in helping on local organization, have performed services as valuable as any farmer's.

You may except a mere handful of flunkies, and so on, as clearly unnecessary. You may also except a handful of extraordinarily capable men. After that, one man's labor is about as necessary as another's. We should be cautious about trying to discriminate in thought or act.

For a National Creed

A PRIZE of one thousand dollars has been offered by the city of Baltimore to the American citizen who before September fourteenth next shall submit the best brief summary, in the form of a creed, of the civic beliefs and duties, based upon the principles and ideals of American citizenship as exhibited in our history, laws and customs. We have declared our will to demand things of ourselves rather than for ourselves in accomplishment of a national purpose, and this is bound to bring about a finer understanding of what the liberty, which was established under our constitution, means to each man and woman who enjoys it. It is but reasonable to suppose that somewhere among us there is a voice to give expression to that understanding in direct, strong and simple words, and the offer of a prize for such an utterance at least should serve as encouragement.

A Petition to Congress

SPEAKING about unnecessary labor, there are the debates in Congress. Unnecessary labor is merely a waste of that labor itself. Its net effect is represented by zero. Congressional debates not only waste the labor involved but they waste national time. They represent a minus sign. The purpose of ninety per cent of all debate in Congress is to get the speeches printed in the Congressional Record, and so sent to constituents free of cost.

Laws are not shaped by debate; votes are not changed by it. The actual necessary processes of law-making go on in committee rooms, caucuses and informal conferences. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the statutory results of any given session of Congress would be just the same if the proceedings of both houses were conducted in the sign language.

Yesterday we glanced over the files for a fortnight of one of the most influential and widely circulated newspapers in the country. They did not contain a solitary syllable of congressional debate.

True, Congress has considerably restricted debate, for which it is entitled to credit. But in view of the press of business it still moves slowly. Instead of the short extraordinary session which everybody hoped for, more than two months have already passed with no mention of an adjournment.

As an important wartime economy Congress ought to cut debate still further.

War and Industry

IN MAY American railroads issued stocks and bonds to the amount of only seven million dollars, as compared with seventy-six millions in the corresponding month last year. Absorption of new capital by street-railway and other public-utility companies amounted to only seventeen million dollars against fifty-seven millions last year. Financing by manufacturing and miscellaneous companies called for only twenty-three millions against fifty-nine millions last year.

This includes only the bigger concerns which Wall Street takes notice of. It shows, of course, that applications for capital for industrial purposes were laid on the shelf in order to give a clear field for the Government's war loan. Government borrowing on a big scale is going to be a standing condition as long as war lasts. Among European belligerents practically all available capital has been diverted to war, and as a consequence there has undoubtedly been a good deal of deterioration of the industrial plant in various particulars.

Government needs in wartime must take precedence over everything else, yet we should like to keep our transportation and manufacturing plants from deteriorating or even from standing still; we should like to furnish them with capital for thrifty expansion. Whether we are able to do that or not, after meeting the war demand, will depend, in the main, upon how energetically we save.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Emerson Hough Himself

By Himself

IN WRITING an autobiography, it becomes one to do so without reserve, and yet with proper modesty. That is to say, without too much modesty; for nothing is more painful to any autobiographer than to think when too late of a lot of other nice things he might have said about himself.

My family is a very old and noble one, dating back in its better recorded history to that Sir Ronald Guy Henri de Montfalcon who was equerry and side-kick to King Edward I of England. The name Falcon was abbreviated in Cromwell's time to Hawk, and various spellings of that name have since been known. Some of our best people spell it H-o-u-g-h, and

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Jefferson Randolph Kean

THE snapshot to the left shows the Director General of Military Relief in the United States, the man who is the tangible connection between the Red Cross and the army. Under Colonel Kean the whole military relief work of the Red Cross in this country is being mobilized. However efficient our army medical service may be, the help of the Red Cross—the only official relief organization of the Government—will always be a necessity in wartime, and the American branch is splendidly equipped to give its help. The people of the United States are demanding for their men who are taking part in the war the very best in sanitary conditions and medical attention. The Government should not be made to carry the whole responsibility. Each individual can do his share by supporting the Red Cross.

Julia Depew

THE Château D'Annel, shown together with its owner, Mrs. Depew, was at the outbreak of the war turned by her into a hospital. Until the recent drive it was only about five miles distant from the lines, nearer than any other private hospital in France, and the only one where men could be brought straight from the trenches without the intervention of a base hospital. It is said that on numerous occasions men were placed on the operating table at the Château D'Annel within an hour of the time they were wounded. Mrs. Depew not only supervises the hospital and supports it with the aid of her friends in America, but she and her daughter help with the nursing. Americans have reason to be proud of the fact that the Stars and Stripes have flown from her hospital since the first days of the war.

Neysa Moran McMein—Herself

By Someone Else

A SIMPLE cover-artist I;
Scant is my versifying skill
Still, if you say I have to, why,
I will.

Scant is my versifying skill.
I write, and no one yells "Oh, boy!"
Well, I was born in Quincy, Ill-
Inois.

And then I tried to learn to draw.
I'm trying still. It's hard enough.
Some like my heads. Some say they're an-
Ful stuff.

And do I love my work? No, no!
And do I love to draw? Nay, nay!
Misdoubt me not, I'd rather go
And play.

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Mending the Russian Railroads

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

ON THE eighth day of last March the Russian railroad system, which had been tottering toward its downfall, collapsed completely; and Russia blew up. For months the right arm of the empire—transportation—had been dying slowly. In Petrograd the situation had long since grown so serious that people stood day after day—for hours each day—waiting for the dole of black bread at the distribution stations. They were glad to get it. They had grown to like black bread. For twenty months, or even more, their bread had been growing grayer all the while—and there was less of it. Finally it was as black as that which the peasants in the fields to the south and to the east of the imperial capital were accustomed to eat.

Nor was that all: In Petrograd were eighty thousand horses. They were fed the same grain that went into the making of black bread for human beings—only, one horse ate enough breadstuffs in a day to keep ten men alive for the same length of time.

To feed Petrograd—and the men and horses of all the other great cities of the empire—the Russian railroad system, burdened with incompetence, and poorly planned and worn-out equipment, for a long time struggled manfully, but against overwhelming odds. Not only was it, like almost every other institution of the Czar's domains, hopelessly wormed with graft, but it was at the foundation inadequate. Russia and Siberia, together many times larger than the United States, possess less than one-fifth of our railroad mileage. To put it definitely: They have but forty-five thousand miles of line as against our two hundred and sixty thousand. To put it in still another way: We have a mile of railroad for every four hundred inhabitants; Russia has a mile for every thirty-nine hundred of the one hundred and seventy-eight million human beings who inhabit her vast domains. It was a hard struggle to maintain these roads even before the days of the great war. Even the renowned Trans-Siberian was but a thin artery through which the blood of traffic—if you please, the very lifeblood of the Czar's domains—ebbed and flowed in a very feeble stream indeed.

The Trans-Siberian Train de Luxe

AND when the war was well advanced the Trans-Siberian was completely dammed—not once, but many, many times. It was given the mighty empire-saving task of bringing munitions, war supplies of every sort, from the workshops of both Japan and North America. In that task it failed completely. Some of the munitions that arrived on the terminal docks of Vladivostok nearly two years ago are still there. Men—competent railroaders each of them, borrowed from the lines of both Canada and Japan—have labored to relieve the congestion, but in vain.

The attenuated railroad—more than five thousand miles from Vladivostok to Moscow and Petrograd—was physically unable to handle more than a tenth of the traffic that was poured in at its eastern terminals. More men from Japan and from Canada were rushed in. They took track and track-laying machines with them. An eleventh-hour attempt was made, not to double-track the Trans-Siberian but to give it adequate passing sidings at something approaching the American single-track standard of a full-length siding each six miles. But this attempt was not successful.

There is in the American mind a tremendous sentiment about the Trans-Siberian. Perhaps it is because we ourselves built the first rail lines to span a whole broad continent. We are used to dealing with big spaces in a thoroughly big way. And those of us who ventured in at the back door of Russia at Vladivostok before the war found the International De Luxe, which was ready to take us west to Petrograd or Moscow, not merely a counterpart but, if anything, more luxurious than our best American trains. Of course not nearly so fast—it takes eight days to traverse the fifty-four hundred lonely miles between Vladivostok and the imperial capital.

But the Russian pins his faith on luxury rather than on speed. His best trains, like his best houses, his best clubs, his best hotels, had a regal luxury that was unsurpassed anywhere else in this broad world. On the International there was a chef de train, whose duties and whose sense of dignity comported with those of the maitre d'hôtel in the great cosmopolitan hotels of Central and Western Europe. One sleeping-car conductor was also the barber, and the other was also a trained nurse. And a physician was available for free service at the principal stops—in case the Russian custom of overeating proved too much for your digestion.

Of course a traveler could not step aboard the Trans-Siberian De Luxe at the last moment as unconcernedly as he may step aboard one of the fast twenty-hour trains between New York and Chicago. In the crowded travel days before the coming of the great war it was generally necessary to make reservations weeks and even months in advance. Tickets and sleeping-car accommodations had to be paid for at the time the space was engaged, and the telegrams asking for reservations were entirely at the cost of the passenger. The company that runs the Trans-Siberian De Luxe bears about the same relation to the line as the Pullman Company bears to the railroads of this country; with one important exception, however—it also maintains the restaurant-car service; and it is a very excellent service indeed. Three meals a day in the dining car cost about four rubles—or two dollars in our own money.

A man I knew who crossed Siberia just before the outbreak of the war found himself unable to get accommodations aboard the De Luxe—at any price. By pure luck, and the forfeiture of accommodations by some other passenger, he gained a berth for himself from Harbin to Moscow in the second-class or *courrier* train. This train, run every day before the war, took only a very few hours longer to make the entire journey. It was a far more typical Russian institution. Its restaurant cars had Russian cooks, not chefs brought up from Alsace or from France.

Being genuine Russian restaurants on wheels, they served four or five meals a day, each of these meals table d'hôte, with few vegetables but with four or five kinds of meat or fish. And foreign travelers were always glad of the long stops at the important stations, where they might alight and purchase from peasant women on the platforms delicious white bread and sweet milk—perhaps the sweetest milk in all the world.

The nobles of the Czar's domains insisted upon the De Luxe; but his merchants and his manufacturers had a great preference for the *courriers*. For what mattered it if they did turn you out of bed at Irkutsk, there beside Lake Baikal, in the middle of a bitter Siberian winter's night, and made you not only change cars but indulge in a free-for-all scrimmage in the cold station for fresh sleeping-car berths? Think of those five meals a day and all that meat! Your real Russian is tremendously fond of his stomach. That is his besetting weakness in these the most critical of all the days of the war for him. Under imperial ukase he has ceased drinking; but he has compensated his stomach for this deprivation by eating more heavily than ever before.

In the days before the war there was still another class of train, not only upon the Trans-Siberian but upon all the other through lines of the Czar's dominions. It was the post train, running daily and corresponding with our local passenger services. On this train, crossing from Vladivostok to Moscow or St. Petersburg, you changed cars at least three times—in Manchuria, at Irkutsk and at Omsk. It was and is a slow train taking under favorable circumstances twelve or fourteen days for the run from the Pacific to the Neva.

To-day this train is still operated after a fashion. It has lost its restaurant cars; but so have the railroads of England and the greater part of Europe also lost their dining cars. The sleeping-car company is still making an effort to operate its De Luxe, including the restaurant car, once each week. It pulls out of Vladivostok each Thursday at ten o'clock in the evening and, if fortune favors, comes into the Nicholas Station in Petrograd at ten o'clock in the evening—Saturday week. Only fortune does not often favor. And it is significant that reservations sought on this train in June or July of this year could be made almost on the exact date requested.

It is in the freight service—probably its most important service to Russia at the present time, unless an extensive movement of Japanese troops should be attempted over its rails—that the Trans-Siberian has failed most pitifully. By the last reports that have come to me—they are reports the accuracy of which I have no reason to doubt—the vaunted Trans-Siberian, pride of the Czar's dominions, was handling between the sharp peaks of the Caucasus and the Pacific eighty-seven freight cars a day.

An Expert In Long Hauls

IF YOU would appreciate how poor a showing that is, consider the fact that the Erie Railroad—a line whose genuine operating efficiency has hardly been appreciated by many folks—in a single day has moved on its thousand miles of main line between Jersey City and Chicago more than eight thousand freight cars. And that was before the Erie had finished its final links of double-track between those two cities.

Soon after the dawn of the present year secret reports of Russia's really critical condition began to filter through to London. Lord Milner, whose task it was to lead a mission to Russia in a last-moment hope of averting a national calamity, with all that it might mean to the Allies, cabled Lloyd George that one of the most serious factors in the entire situation was the gradual breaking down of the back of the Great Bear; which means, being code-translated, that the Russian railroads were going to pieces.

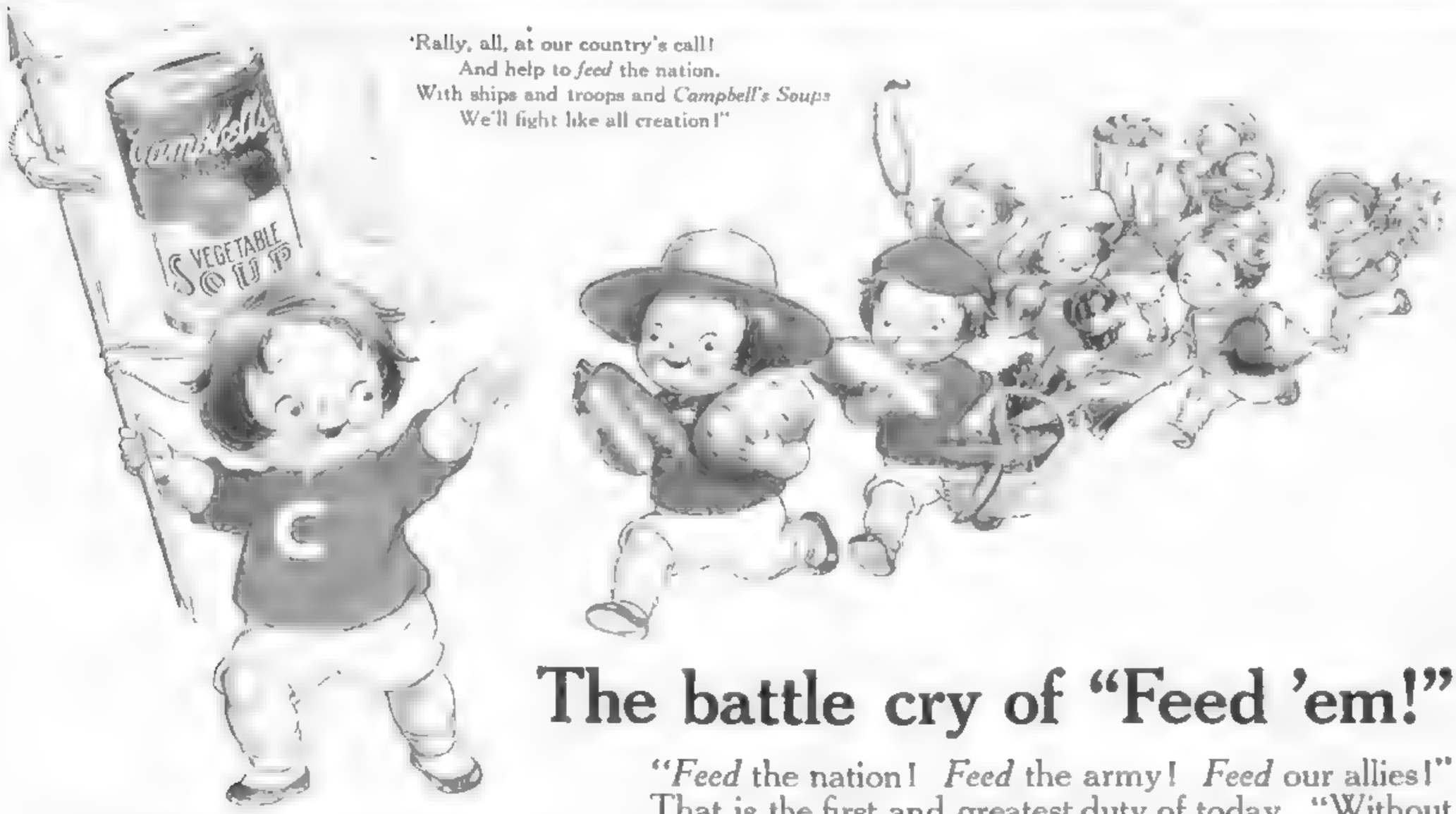
"Send us an expert railroader—at once!" he demanded of London.

And London, with rare judgment and perception, realized that the problem of the Russian railroads was akin to the problem of the railroads upon the North American Continent—long lines and long hauls, which mean specialized types of cars and shops and terminals. It so happens that the Russians have planned most of their roads upon the lines in Germany—short hauls and congested traffic, like unto our own blessed New England. That is a mistake which they can charge to the banking influences that were seated in power in old St. Petersburg while these lines were being planned. It is a mistake that cannot be quickly corrected; and, therefore, we shall give it no further consideration here.

The premier of England thought of long hauls and long distances, and then he thought of the longest and the strongest transportation organization in the British Empire. It can take you in its own boats and trains all the way from Liverpool to Hong-Kong by way of the North American Continent; can board you in its own hotels if you wish to stop over en route. The head of this system—the Canadian Pacific—is Lord Shaughnessy, peer of the realm and one of the ablest men in all England's dominions. And it was to Lord Shaughnessy, at Montreal, that Lloyd George cabled his appeal for an expert railroader—by the next steamer.

Shaughnessy forwarded an expert railroader by the next steamer, which left New York within forty-eight hours after

(Continued on Page 69)


Campbell's
VEGETABLE SOUP
"Rally, all, at our country's call!
And help to *feed* the nation.
With ships and troops and *Campbell's Soups*
We'll fight like all creation!"

The battle cry of "Feed 'em!"

"*Feed* the nation! *Feed* the army! *Feed* our allies!" That is the first and greatest duty of today. "Without abundant food," says President Wilson, "the whole great enterprise upon which we have embarked will break down and fail!" *And we must all do our bit.*

We must make the most of every product and every facility. Above all there must be no extravagance nor waste.

The production and use of *Campbell's Soups* is directly in line with this great national economy program. The principle of food-conservation is applied in the broadest and most practical sense in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It brings to your table the wholesome products of the farm and garden prepared in the most nourishing form. And this is done with no waste of materials, and no cooking cost for you.

We gather choice vegetables in their best condition and make them into soup, with all their natural flavor and wholesomeness retained. And they are blended with a *nourishing stock made from selected beef.*

Many of these products are perishable. And in the ordinary process of several handlings before they reach your home and table, there is inevitably some loss, some waste and other intermediate expense—which you must bear. All this is reduced to a minimum through the completely organized Campbell system of production and supply. There is no spoilage; no loss.

You receive the soup already perfectly cooked and seasoned. You save fuel. You avoid excessive heat and labor. And you have the benefit of what is practically co-operative buying on a large scale—an advantage which no housewife can secure in marketing for a single family.

The regular daily use of these nourishing *Campbell's Soups* is not only a measure of sensible economy but a consistent means of health and vigorous condition.

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

PUTTING THE BIG LOAN OVER

By Albert W. Atwood

WE ARE so accustomed to big figures in this country that they have almost ceased to have any meaning. We get them for a steady diet; are "fed up," as it were. So when the Government and the bankers come along and in a few weeks' time successfully float a two-billion-dollar Liberty Loan it is hard to drive home the truth that here, at last, is a really big achievement.

Putting the big loan over was truly a man's-size job. More than that, it has tapped almost undreamed-of reservoirs of wealth, forces, talent, ability, and powers of coöperation and organization. A crisis, if successfully met, always discloses unknown or unused resources. The Liberty Loan was a crisis for the business and financial forces of America

They never knew their strength until this greatest of emergencies was met and overcome.

All sorts of amazing statistics have been marshaled to show that two billion dollars is a mere trifle. Averaged up among one hundred million people, it looks small. We have been assured by various authorities that we could raise anywhere from ten to seventy-five billion dollars for war purposes. The amount grows with each interview. By mere repetition of vacuous bigness two billion dollars becomes lost in the shuffle. Staggering totals are lightly created by showing what would happen if proportionately the same number of people subscribed for bonds in this country as in Europe, and if the same proportion of our wealth were enlisted. It is said that our national income is fifty billion dollars a year, and that only two weeks' income is needed to make up two billion.

An Unheard-of Amount

BUT most of the national income is eaten up as fast as it is created, or worn out, or consumed as fuel, or dissipated in a thousand other ways. It is not a sum we have to invest, it is what we live on. Two billion dollars is more than all the money in all the banks of the country. It is more than the capital of the largest corporation on earth. To get that much actual money together in any country it would be necessary to suck out from every bank, from every pocket, from every hidden place almost, the last atom of gold, silver and paper money.

And if it be said that bond issues are raised by the use of credit rather than money, the answer is that the machinery has simply never before existed to create so much credit for a single purpose. This may be a vastly wealthy country; but the wealth cannot be transferred from its present employment without tremendous ingenuity, machinery and social pressure.

"No one of us has ever seen such a sum," is the way one banker put it; "nor have we seen anything representing any such sum. No industry, no great public development, nothing that man has ever viewed with his eyes represents so great a sum."

The truth is that bonds in this country have been sold through certain channels, by means of certain machinery, just as lemon drops or silk stockings are sold by means of other machinery. You can no more argue, because the people of the United States possess a given amount of wealth, that they will buy a given amount of bonds, any more than you can apply the same reasoning to lemon drops and stockings. All these commodities have a market whose limits are pretty definitely known to the trade; and the enthusiastic amateur or irresponsible promoter who, with pad and pencil, can prove that an immediate market exists for unheard-of quantities of this or that line of goods, because several hundred million savages in Africa have not yet become purchasers, is a stock joke in business circles.

Two years ago a distinguished commission of Englishmen and Frenchmen, headed by the Lord Chief Justice of England, came to this country to arrange a large loan. A committee was formed of the leading bankers in New York, and those in other cities were consulted. The foreigners asked for a billion dollars. The bankers said it was absolutely impossible to raise more than two hundred and fifty million dollars, because they figured that, if every customer on the lists of every distributing house in America made a purchase, the total could not possibly exceed that sum.

Finally the foreigners, who were wonderfully persuasive, induced the bankers to raise the sum to half a billion dollars. But no such amount could ever have been raised if it had not been for strong-arm work with the munition companies, who were practically compelled to take a very large part of the bonds. And the bonds never were really sold; for they began to come back upon the market at once and dragged down the price for more than a year afterward. It is one thing to say you have sold half a billion dollars of bonds, or any other fancy sum that may be carelessly named, but it is another thing to make the bonds stay sold. Real salesmanship is that which keeps the goods sold.

Now the agencies, the machinery, for selling bonds in this country may not be perfect, but they are the result of long development, and you cannot change them overnight. They are technically known as the distributing houses; and previous to 1915 the largest job ever handled was a Subway loan in New York City for two hundred million dollars. That occurred only a few years ago, and it was considered monumental at the time.

"But," it is objected, "this is a government bond issue; which is different. You have the motive of patriotism, which no ordinary private or even state or city financing can ever employ. All standards of comparison break down at a time like this."

People in this country are not familiar with government bonds. They are not acquainted with them. Practically there have been no government bonds to invest in since the Civil War, nearly sixty years ago. It is true that more than three hundred thousand people subscribed for a government loan during the Spanish-American War. But a great many of them were dummies, acting for financial interests. There were special technical reasons why any and every bond issue, from the Civil War down to the present time, would be taken care of by the banks; reasons that no longer hold.

The fact that Europeans buy vast quantities of war bonds proves nothing. In France and England rich and poor alike have invested in government securities for generations. In France, with hardly more than one-third our population and wealth, there were nearly four million and a half owners of government bonds even before the war broke out. Authorities estimate that the normal number of persons in this country who purchase and own bonds, of all descriptions, cannot exceed three hundred thousand. All such estimates are faulty: but there is no doubt that, as compared with the English and French, only an insignificant fraction of the American people have ever invested in bonds, government or private.

Raising Money by Artificial Means

AS FOR patriotism, there have been no Zeppelin raids to stir people into investment, as in England. Until a few months ago the great mass of the people were opposed to war—and, indeed, had but recently voted to keep the country out of war. To expect them to change their minds overnight and put up their money to prosecute a war three thousand miles away, without a tremendous stimulus, is simply out of the question. Added to these very real but rather broad and general considerations are several very hard specific financial obstacles. These were expressed in a clear-headed matter-of-fact manner by one of the leading financiers of the country, who said, under a pledge of not being quoted by name:

"You can talk all you want about patriotism; but the truth is that no war has ever been financed except by artificial means. In our Civil War they adopted the very ingenious expedient of making government bonds security for bank notes. You can say what you will about Jay Cooke's bond-selling campaigns; but what really financed the Civil War was the adoption of the National Banking System, with its bond-secured notes. As for England and France, they have used the simple and obvious but effective means of paying a higher rate of interest than other first-class investments bear."

European countries have had a further great advantage in that they were not called upon during the war to conduct other extensive financial operations. Germany has been shut off almost entirely, and vast sums that would normally go into shipping and foreign trade have been devoted to government bond issues. Moreover, Germany,

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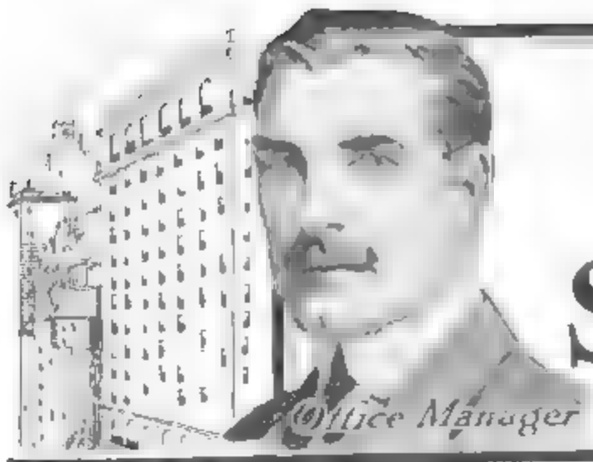
THE LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

Left to Right, Sitting: 1. Charles H. Sabin, President Guaranty Trust Company; 2. William Woodward, President Hanover National Bank; 3. Frank A. Vanderlip, President National City Bank; 4. George F. Baker, Chairman of the Board, First National Bank; 5. Pierre Jay, Chairman of the Board, Federal Reserve Bank of New York; 6. Jacob H. Schiff, Kuhn, Loeb & Company; 7. James J. Alexander, President National Bank of Commerce; 8. Gates W. McGarrah, President Mechanics and Metals National Bank; 9. Thomas W. Lamont, J. P. Morgan & Company; 10. Allan B. Forbes, Harris, Forbes & Company. Left to Right, Standing: 1. Seward Prosser, President Bankers Trust Company; 2. Albert H. Wiggin, President Chase National Bank; 3. James P. Curtis, Secretary Federal Reserve Bank of New York; 4. Ellsworth Gray, Assistant Secretary Liberty Loan Committee.



Why Have Two Standards of Efficiency?

YOUR wife—your *home* manager—is entitled to labor-saving equipment just as much as the manager of a business office, store or factory.

Take efficiency home with you. You are accustomed to every modern time and labor saver in *your* work. Your wife needs modern equipment, too. It will reduce housekeeping expense just as it cuts business costs. It will eliminate drudgery and tedious tasks in the home just as it does in business.

See what electricity will do! Carry the application home. Make the summer work easy to do and the hot weather easy to bear. Provide your wife with

Western Electric
Household Helps

The electric iron, the vacuum cleaner, the washing-machine, the portable electric sewing-machine, the electric dish washer, and the numerous other labor-saving conveniences, will put an end to the drudgery of housework—perhaps even replace one of your servants, and certainly make them more contented in their work.

And remember that when you invest in these devices you help your wife meet the rising cost of living, for, while most necessaries are increasing in price, the cost of current grows steadily less.

As a starter for a square deal to your wife and one single standard of efficiency, send today for a copy of our booklet, "Mrs. Bright's Way." Ask for No. 163-Q.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED
195 Broadway, New York City

Houses in All Principal Cities of the United States and Canada

Why put up with the heat this summer? Get a Western Electric Fan and keep cool. The 6-inch Fan costs only $6.95 (East of the Rockies).

Why put up with the back-breaking, dusty broom? Use the Western Electric Vacuum Cleaner. It saves your carpets, your time and your temper

Why wear yourself out (and your clothes, too) at the washboard? Use the labor-saving Western Electric Washer and Wringer.

Why roast yourself over a hot stove? Use the cool, Western Electric Iron. It saves steps and helps you do the work more quickly.

Why tire yourself at the old-style sewing-machine? Use the Western Electric Portable Sewing Machine. It's no larger than a typewriter

Why strain your eyes with inefficient lighting? Use the proper Western Electric fixtures equipped with Western Electric Sunbeam Lamps

Why endure the inconveniences of the old way of cooking? Use the Western Electric Range, the better way to prepare your meals

Why endure the drudgery of dishwashing? Use the Western Electric Dish Washer. It works quickly, thoroughly.

Western Electric

THIS is a simple request. You will admit that you owe it to your teeth to keep them in the very healthiest condition possible.

Your teeth need the very best protection science can give them. But since "Acid-Mouth" is thought to be the teeth's worst enemy (9 out of every 10 persons are said to suffer from it) how can you hope to give your teeth real protection unless you take active steps to check "Acid-Mouth"?

An important mission of Pebeco is to save your teeth by fighting "Acid-Mouth." Nine chances to one you need Pebeco for this kind of protection.

You—everybody—need Pebeco even if you do not have "Acid-Mouth," because Pebeco polishes teeth beautifully, purifies the mouth and gives a fine feeling of freshness and keenness.

There are many reasons why your teeth *need* Pebeco. Try Pebeco for your teeth's sake. Sold everywhere in extra-large size tubes.

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco and Acid Test Papers

The Test Papers will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts, and the Test Papers will enable you to prove whether you have "Acid-Mouth."

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists, 122 William Street, New York

· OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND ·
Lehn & Fink New York Inc.

(Continued from Page 28)

early in the war, evolved an elaborate system of special loan banks to further its war financing. Though England has financed its allies and purchased supplies abroad, yet it has entirely stopped all ordinary investments. Before the war Englishmen invested great sums in all manner of foreign companies; but as soon as the war started this was forbidden by government decree. Though Americans have invested much abroad, we are expected to take up this work where England left off, at the very time when we must raise huge government loans besides.

Insufficient time was allowed to perfect plans, methods, system and organization to handle this, the first of our great war loans. Practically the whole campaign was conducted in thirty days. When subscription books were thrown open, early in May, there was an enthusiastic rush to buy; and for days the Treasury Department at Washington conveyed the impression, in big newspaper headlines throughout the country, that the loan would be enormously oversubscribed, and that banks, bond houses, corporations and wealthy individuals would practically run away with the offering. It was announced that in New York alone several hundred million dollars of bonds had been taken the first day. In the opinion of many experts, popular interest was chilled at the start by these methods, and people were given the impression that it was not necessary for each one to do his share.

There is not much doubt that the Government could have sold one billion dollars by simply skimming the concentrated, accessible investment cream of the country. This was the opinion of leading bankers from the moment war was declared. I asked one of them, a few days after President Wilson read his war message to Congress, how the war should be financed. The man was entering a room and turned in the doorway abruptly.

How the Selling Forces Organized

"I WOULD sell one billion dollars immediately, quickly, and without any noise. It would go like that!"—snapping his fingers. "Then I would wait a few months and sell another billion dollars. That is the way to do it."

Such a method would be merely calling the roll of the banks, big corporations and wealthy individuals. It would not be a popular loan; and Secretary McAdoo decided in favor of the latter. And there is good sense and sound reason in McAdoo's choice, because popular support for a government bond issue insures the support of the banks; but the support of the banks and corporations alone does not insure general enthusiasm.

But, though McAdoo's main conception was well founded, in the case of some of the details the attitude of the Treasury Department seems to have been "They should worry!" After a week of glowing announcements from the Treasury of how successful the loan would be, came a rapid waning in interest; and, through each of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks of the country, it became necessary to call upon the local bankers to get together and quickly back up the loan.

For it is a fact, which perhaps those unfamiliar with financial details may not have noticed, that to make a big bond issue a success it is necessary that it be more than subscribed for. It must be oversubscribed. Faced with a task of raising two billion dollars in a month's time, the Treasury and the bankers realized that what they really had to do was to induce people to offer to buy three or four billion dollars, or even five billion.

This was a psychological necessity. Nothing so damages the financial standing of a corporation as to have it rumored about that its bonds were only just barely sold; and nothing so enhances its standing as the belief that more people wanted the bonds than there were bonds to go round. It is the same old trait of human nature, which wants what other people want. It is one of the most powerful factors in determining financial credit and standing.

"Let's find out the worst of it," said one of the bankers who was appealed to to make the loan a huge success. "There will be more government bond issues; and if we find out all about it this time, and get the worst of it, the job will be easier next time. It is just like a case of the measles—if you have got to have it you might as well get it over with."

So, in each of the twelve Federal Reserve districts of the country, the bankers settled down to their month of intensive cultivation of the small investor, and the large one as well. It became the object to reach even those who had never before made an investment of any sort; to get the man with the pay envelope; "to put a Liberty bond in every home." There was the inspiring experience of European countries; of Germany, one-third of whose largest loan—that of September, 1915—was taken in amounts of one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, or less. No one has ever doubted that the investment capacity of America is great if it is once stirred and roused.

The Government was fortunate in having the twelve Federal Reserve Banks as centers about which might be built up the necessary organization. The country is too large to direct any such immense piece of financing from a single point. But, on the basis of banking resources, which, roughly speaking, determine the grouping of the Federal Reserve districts, New York would be expected to take the lion's share. It was figured from the start that to make the loan a success New York, which in this case means all of New York State and parts of Connecticut and New Jersey, would be obliged to subscribe for at least half a billion of the bonds, and probably up to a billion and a half.

It is amusing or irritating, according to the point of view, to find, even at times like this, the half-annoyed and half-superior attitude of the typical New York banker at being expected to do the lion's share. He always has an undertone of resentment at being called upon to shoulder the big jobs. But this attitude, so far as it exists, is just as absurd as the jealousy that sometimes crops out in other parts of the country at New York's financial preponderance.

It is not a situation that calls for such a word as fault or blame. It has so developed that larger numbers of big corporations have their main offices in New York than elsewhere. As a result, more big banks are there than anywhere else, and more rich men live there. It is nothing to blame New York for, any more than it reflects upon other sections; but New York has the most money and must put up the most money for any single national purpose. Most of this money stands for concrete wealth—farms, mines, factories and railroads—in other parts of the country; but the money comes to a head in New York. And so inevitably there is the financial center for any great loan operation of national magnitude.

In each of the twelve Federal Reserve districts the chief officer of the Federal Reserve Bank brought together a committee of bankers, with himself as ex-officio chairman. These twelve committees have kept in touch with each other, exchanging ideas, methods and advertising propaganda. As the New York committee was held responsible for from a quarter to a half of the total bond issue, its work may serve as typical of the remarkably extensive and intensive methods adopted throughout the country to put the big loan across.

Always, to those who see beyond dry figures, finance is an absorbing topic, because of the human elements that must be employed. The story of the big loan is not one of figures at all, but of men. This is a story of a conscription of talent, both that of the known leaders in their field and the unsuspected ability of great numbers of almost unknown younger men.

Benjamin Strong, governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, and Pierre Jay, Federal Reserve agent in that city, appointed a committee consisting of the heads of eight of the largest banks and trust companies, together with J. P. Morgan and Jacob H. Schiff, the heads of the two largest private banking firms in the country, and Allen B. Forbes, the active head of one of the largest private distributing bond houses in the country. One of the members, George F. Baker, is now nearly eighty years old; and he took an active part in forming the financial measures of the Civil War, his institution being one of the largest and most conspicuous results of the formation of the national banking system. Mr. Schiff, also, recalls the Civil War financing; and Frank A. Vanderlip, another member of the committee and now president of one of the New York banks, was the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in direct charge of Spanish-American War financing.

The Chief Bond Salesman

BUT it was not supposed that these big bugs would do much actual detail work. So numerous subcommittees were appointed, consisting of bankers and financial experts a few degrees down the scale in conspicuousness and wealth but of the highest degree of importance in their specialized fields. It was recognized at once that the two important things to be done were to make people acquainted with bonds and to make them buy them. Thus, committees on publicity and distribution were first in importance. Technical details of handling the subscriptions could be left for a short time. But persuading the public to buy had to be done at once.

At the head of each subcommittee, however, was placed one of the big bankers, to oversee its activities. Mr. Forbes as the head of a very large bond-distributing agency, with what is said to be the most extensive list of customers in the country, was the logical man to head the Liberty Loan committee on distribution. He has a quiet personality, and has not attracted much publicity; but he has a passion for accuracy and thoroughness in his particular business which seems to be typically Scotch. For his committee he picked out active men from about a dozen of his leading competitors, and for each of these an alternate; so that no contingency might interfere with the complete utilization of all the bond-selling ability the committee represented.

For the committee on publicity six thousand square feet of space was engaged in the office building where the Federal Reserve Bank has its quarters. A door was cut through to the bank, and Guy Emerson, a young vice president of one of the city's banks, who had been chosen to act as secretary, entered this large domain early one morning. The previous tenant had gotten out the night before and Mr. Emerson began his duties sweeping out. He is a young man, with no great pretense of technical banking experience or knowledge. He has been a banker for hardly a year and had no hidebound precedents to prevent his tackling a big job in a fresh way. As a publisher, as a secretary for a commission in Washington, and as a strenuous worker for the presidential cause of Colonel Roosevelt, he was ready to steer his energies where they would do the most good.

Almost alone in his magnificence, and with broom poised in hand, Emerson was accosted by a stranger who said he was an insurance agent and had seen in the paper that morning that a publicity committee had been formed. He would like to help if he could, he said.

"Do you belong to any organization of insurance agents?" asked Emerson, discarding the broom and seizing a pad and pencil.

At once he secured the name of the local association of underwriters to which the man belonged and the national association to which the local one belonged, together with the names and addresses of the president and secretary.

Whereupon the Liberty Loan Committee proceeded, in an incredibly short space of time, to enlist in pushing the loan the services of every conceivable industry, trade, profession, occupation, amusement and human activity—through its particular organization. They simply took advantage of the remarkable development in this country of centralized and specialized organizations. Until Mr. Emerson showed me in detail what had been done I had no conception of the vastness of this national development.

Putting the Machinery in Motion

"THE whole country is a combination of organizations," he said. "If you want to reach laboring men the way to get them is through their unions. If you want to get in touch with persons who are interested in aviation, talk to the officers of the aero clubs. The same is true of the women, through their clubs; of the Boy Scouts; of the moving-picture people; and of hundreds of other interests. They all have high-priced secretaries, and vastly more up-to-date mailing lists than we could possibly get together in a limited period. It took me only a few minutes, for example, to discover that I could reach ninety-five per cent of the motion-picture people in the country by appealing to the president of one of their associations."

Once the newspapers announced that the motion-picture interests, or the underwriters' association, or any other organization, would assist in floating the Liberty Loan, others began to offer their services. Callers came at the rate of nearly four hundred a day. Meantime, of course, Mr. Emerson had obtained a staff of assistants and workers, drafted from the various banks, bond houses, newspapers and other concerns. Within a few days he had built up practically an entire newspaper staff, with a city editor, reporters and a rewrite man.

Never before were so many diverse forms of publicity and advertising appeal resorted to. Jay Cooke's twelve hundred canvassers may have been more zealous, and the English certainly used more posters in their great campaigns; but advertising as now understood was hardly known in the Civil War and has no such ramifications in England, even to-day, as in this country.

First of all, the newspaper publishers were lined up, and each promised to do his part in daily articles, editorials, cartoons and subscription blanks. Then the American Association of Foreign-Language Newspapers was approached. It includes seven hundred and fifty papers published in thirty languages and reaching nearly twenty million people. Many small investors were reached in this way that never could be appealed to by any other agency.

For general propaganda, actors, well-known authors, clergymen, baseball players, women's clubs and moving-picture films were employed. Elaborate speaking programs were gotten up. Not only were well-known bankers and financial experts set at work, but eloquent clergymen, Chautauqua orators, and great popular figures like Colonel Roosevelt were appealed to. That no form of oratorical talent might be neglected, the machinery of the late political campaign committees was quickly resurrected. The game was to get not speakers who knew mere financial technic, but men who could draw a crowd and inspire their listeners to action.

I was taken by a member of the committee to see Colonel Roosevelt dictate a stirring appeal to the American people. He protested that he knew nothing about finance. The committee member quickly explained a few details. Roosevelt looked up from some papers in his eager enthusiastic way and declared with emphasis:

"I believe in making the whole people bondholders. For years I have believed in making the people partners in industry." Colonel Roosevelt had asked some questions about the bonds, and rapidly digested the answers. "Why, every single man in the country is security for these bonds!" he eagerly announced as the fact took hold of him.

That seemed to convince him, more than anything else, of the desirability of doing his part to make the loan a success.

"You say you don't know anything about finance, Colonel," suggested one of the visitors as we got up to leave; "but you handled the situation very well in the panic of 1907, when you were President."

"That didn't take knowledge of finance at all," shot back the ex-President; "it merely required common sense and quick action."

Of singular advantage in the huge job of acquainting this big country with the Liberty Loan was the concentrated advertising talent. The development of advertising clubs and national associations of advertising clubs made it possible quickly to mobilize all the skill and resources of this comparatively new but now large and powerful profession. The skill of these men in simplifying and popularizing facts, and in getting them over, was much needed, because the official government circular, like so many other official documents, seemed designed to conceal rather than reveal thought. To the average man it was so involved and incomprehensible that the only solution appeared to be the employment of a lawyer to untangle its intricacies.

When it came to the actual selling of bonds, perhaps the most important of the new and, in a sense, financially irregular channels employed was that of the corporation. Practically they did not exist in our Civil War; and, in comparison, they do not exist in Europe to-day. Millions upon millions of possible investors—all the way from presidents, on salaries of one hundred thousand dollars a year, down to the girls working as mill hands—were reached by the corporations.

Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, said that the one million five hundred thousand railroad employees, with their total wages of one billion dollars and a half a year, could absorb one hundred million dollars of bonds. The railroads adopted various partial-payment plans by which employees could pay in installments through deductions from their wages. Such great concerns as the Bell Telephone, Standard Oil, and many of the electric and gas companies and street railways, reached vast numbers of workers. The possibilities of distributing investments through such channels had never been appreciated until the necessity of floating the Liberty Loan made it suddenly apparent.

All manner of organizations not only were lined up in the actual sale of bonds but were used to combine actual selling with general propaganda. The forty thousand express offices of the country were seen to be useful for this purpose. Others that fitted in were hotels, the Masons, Elks and other benevolent orders. Associations of commercial travelers; associations of credit men; merchants' associations; chambers of commerce; state and city employees, including police and fire departments; such organizations as Tammany Hall, in New York—and the whole gamut of social, scientific and literary, college and other clubs—were utilized.

To many persons, one of the most unsuspected developments was the use of department stores and chain stores for the actual enrollment of subscribers. It has long been known, though not very graciously admitted by financial experts, that a department store is a more natural place to sell bonds—especially to a woman than a bank or a bond house. "This is because a department store is the one place in which every woman feels at home," explained a leading merchant. "She does not feel any of that timidity and hesitancy which some women show on going into a bank."

A few years ago a Western city tried to sell its bonds in small amounts to people at large. At first the bonds were sold over the counter of a well-known trust company, one of the strongest in the city. Newspapers advertised the sale freely, but buyers failed to appear. Then the business was transferred to a popular-priced department store, and the bonds went with a rush. They were the same bonds and not a cent cheaper; but stores reach a whole vast stratum of people that banks can never reach. One curious feature of the enormous sale of Liberty bonds through department stores in the larger cities was the number of out-of-town country customers who wrote in for them.

But it would have been foolhardy to have placed complete reliance on new and untried channels of distribution, no matter how promising they might be. After all, the great reliance in the past for placing securities had been on the insurance companies, the banks, and the bond houses and stock-exchange firms, with their lists of known investors. The plain facts show that the bulk of any high-grade bond issue of large size is taken by life-insurance companies and the savings banks, most of which are concentrated in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania. With the exception of a few individuals, hardly numerous enough to be considered, these are the gigantic investors of the country.

But a three and a half per cent bond is not an attractive investment for an insurance company, because, unlike the rich individual, the tax-exemption feature of government bonds is not a benefit; and the savings banks cannot suddenly divest themselves of other securities in order to invest in government bonds. The savings banks in Europe have made this very shift, but gradually; and the English bankers were able to sell their other investments to us. Our banks, however, have no such market in another country.

Thus no great drive was made to load up the insurance companies and savings banks with Liberty bonds; but it was discovered that the extensive organization of the insurance companies could be concentrated upon investors in general. The lists of millions of policyholders could be appealed to through the mails and also directly by agents. At a single meeting of agents several hundred thousand bond circulars were distributed; and it was found that if all the life-insurance agents in the country gave up a single day to selling Liberty bonds a total of at least half a million persons could be directly reached.

The existing machinery for selling bonds through bond houses and Stock Exchange brokers was not overlooked. In the large cities bond salesmen were mobilized and gave up their normal occupation for several weeks to cover the city by blocks. The aim was to reach every employer of labor, and induce him not only to subscribe himself, but to arrange with his help to buy small bonds on easy terms.

In New York nearly five hundred bond salesmen were set at work. It was figured that at least one hundred bond-selling organizations were giving their entire time to this service.

With the possibility of further great bond issues, it was not thought desirable that the banks should take the bulk of the Liberty Loan. But it was necessary that they should assist in every way the process of forwarding subscriptions to the Federal Reserve Banks and to the Treasury Department; and, to the full extent of their ability, make loans at reasonable terms to persons who wished to buy bonds on borrowed money.

Moreover, it was decided that, outside of large centers, nobody could organize the work of pushing the bonds more effectively than the American Bankers' Association, with its twenty thousand members. Within a period of ten days the association mailed from its office in New York more than one million two hundred thousand pieces of literature and organized more than one thousand committees in all parts of the country.

In a small town the local bank would naturally be the leader in the work of selling government bonds. To each of its members the American Bankers' Association sent detailed instructions regarding the formation of a local committee to be started by the bank. Such a committee would group together the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce, or strongest commercial organization; the churches, with their catholic societies; Epworth League; Christian Endeavor; Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.; women's clubs; granges and agricultural societies; social clubs and patriotic societies; local chapters of the American Institute of Banking; schools; fraternal and civic organizations. A suggested partial-payment plan was sent to all members, and instructions for forming bond-buying clubs.

It might seem that so much organization and coöperation would result in duplication and waste. It was thought to be better, however, to run this danger than not to make the big loan a success. Constant reminders and reiterations were needed to reach every available person. Arthur M. Anderson, manager of the bond department of J. P. Morgan and Company, who was made executive manager for the central committee of bankers in the New York district, described the big effort thus:

"We are trying to find every man in this district who doesn't live in a hole in the ground."

Though still in his early thirties, Anderson knows the bond business as few men do on either side of the ocean. For the last two years he has been in charge of the details of the greatest migration of investment securities from one

(Concluded on Page 66)

EATING LESS FREIGHT

Our Costly National Habit of Useless Hauling

By James H. Collins

YOUR freight bill, as the head of an average American family, amounts to one hundred dollars a year. That is twenty cents out of every dollar of the average American family income of five hundred dollars a year. War has already put a crimp in the income. And now it is going to affect the freight bill—but favorably.

Already it is seen that we must send locomotives and railroad cars to Europe to help win the war, for freight plays as big a part in this war as munitions. Much of the strength of the Central Powers lies in freight facilities, long ago planned and provided for; and freight capacity and flexibility, too, have been enormous factors in the Allies' striking power, now developing its results. There will not be so much railroad rolling stock for use at home while the war lasts, or so many men to man the railroads if we get into it in a big way and stay two or three years.

Perhaps you have never scrutinized the totals on your freight bill. Even the traffic man, dealing with freight every day in his life, does not always realize what freight means in direct expense to the American family, for most of the charges are covered up in the final prices that you pay for everything. All night long while you sleep the railroads are hauling stuff for you. They haul about six tons of foodstuffs yearly for each family, seventeen tons of fuel, twelve tons of building material, five tons of lumber and ten tons of steel, metals, machinery, oil, furniture, clothing and sundries—total, a billion tons, or fifty tons to a family, at freight charges aggregating two billion dollars.

Very little of this hauling is ever paid for directly by the consumer, because it is all lumped together in the retail price of flour and potatoes at the grocer's, the Sunday roast at the butcher shop, the steam that heats your office, the rent you pay your landlord, the Sunday ride in trolley or motor, and the summer vacation. You pay at least five dollars a year more in express charges, mostly lumped into final prices in the same way. Sixty per cent of our express traffic is made up of small lots of merchandise passing from the manufacturer and jobber to the retail merchant, and you pay it when you buy a spring hat, the fresh box of chocolates from the drug store, or the new lot of cigars your tobacconist got in this morning.

War is going to have a favorable influence on this freight bill, because it will discourage a lot of useless hauling in the most costly item—that of food for people and fodder for animals. If food scarcity pinches hard enough and lasts two or three years, it will cause many interesting economies and lead to permanent local benefits.

Have you ever heard the economist scold the American housewife for her extravagance in ordering food by telephone and having it delivered instead of taking a basket and going to market herself? Well, that very habit applies to freight. The case against the housewife is not so black as it may seem, for sometimes she is conducting her home in the most efficient way when she utilizes the telephone and the delivery boy. Her time and strength are certainly worth something. Legs never beat electricity.

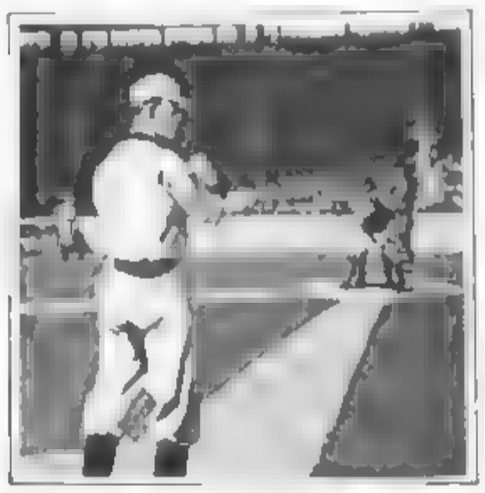
But there is not a word to be said in defense of our national habit of wiring the West to send us certain food products that we could raise in our own neighborhood, and having the delivery made by freight car; and when this habit is followed up in its various ramifications it reveals downright waste and collective boneheadedness. Down in the Southern fringe of states—particularly in Florida and Georgia—they have been growing for years a wonderful legume known as the velvet bean. This must have been the magic plant of Jack and the Beanstalk; for a single seed, dropped into a hill of corn as an afterthought, makes a mass of leaves and runners that few farmers will believe can come from a single stalk. It bears great pods, covered with velvetlike hairs that have the disagreeable property of stinging the hand when touched, and in these pods are large beans which, when dried and ground, make a rich stock food, while the vines make cheap forage and hay. Velvet-bean meal is an ideal concentrate for the beef steer, the dairy cow and the fattening hog.

For years this bean was a porch ornament in Florida. Then farm experts began to preach its use for stock feed and soil enrichment. Georgia farmers have been urged to plant it on sick cotton lands, and Florida truckers to cover their idle acres with it during the hot summers when few

(Concluded on Page 66)

BLUE STREAKS

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The big league baseball pitcher is a specialist. Constant practice at pitching brought him his skill and success. That is concentration.

In manufacturing, likewise, it pays to concentrate. Making one brand of bicycle tire—and making it well—is better than making a great many brands.

Goodyear Makes Only One Bicycle Tire

That Means Better Tires Cheaper

Do you know why bicycle tires have been costing you too much? And why they have not been good enough?

Because manufacturing and selling costs have been too high.

In putting out the Blue Streak Bicycle Tire at $3.25 each, Goodyear struck at the heart of this condition. The Goodyear Blue Streak represents a welcome square deal for the bicycle rider. It is a big, honest value at a fair price.

Instead of making a great many brands Goodyear concentrates on this one high quality tire—the Blue Streak. This single manufacturing standard saves factory costs. The money saved goes into making better tires cheaper—for you.

This one standard tire is sold direct to the Goodyear dealer, saving extra selling profits between the factory and you.

The Goodyear dealer in your town will sell you Blue Streaks. He is your friend. See him. Or write The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, for his address.

* * *

Rugged Tires That Wear Long

Goodyear Blue Streaks are loyal on your bike. Boys say they wear "like iron." There is long wear in the tough two-ply tire body, stout and durable. The treads are of strong rubber blocks with two stout reinforcing strips of fabric under the tread to guard against punctures.

Springy Tires Pedal Easy

Added to Blue Streak durability is resilience. Fine, light fabric, strong but active, goes into them. The two-ply tire body rests in springy rubber. This makes Blue Streaks quick and elastic. Pedaling becomes fun on such tires. They are so easy to push.

No Side-Slipping on These Tires

A Goodyear Blue Streak is a stranger to dangerous side-slipping. It has a *real* non-skid tread made of sharp-edged blocks of rugged rubber. These press together and bite the ground, in travel. Press on a Blue Streak tread. You can feel the "bite."

Blue Streaks Are Handsome Tires

Every rider wants good-looking tires, too. Goodyear Blue Streaks are handsome tires to match the fine quality built into them. Your friends will notice how your wheel is improved. They are bright and snappy with the clear Blue Streaks along the side.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

A Million Little Springs

HAIR mattresses have always been considered the most satisfactory mattresses made. Just an ordinary hair mattress is more comfortable and enduring. But here, now, is a hair mattress that is different—the SLUMBERON.

The high-quality, all-new hair used in the SLUMBERON is so curled and prepared that it forms millions of tiny little springs, ready to give to every curve and move of the body. These little springs are permanent. The hair in SLUMBERON will retain its curl indefinitely. And yet this unusual mattress sells no higher than better grades of mattresses made of other materials.

Slumberon
Sanitary Hair Mattress

has been brought to its perfection after years of experimental work in processes and preparing hair for mattresses. It is, we believe, the most desirable mattress for three particular reasons:

It is More Comfortable

because it will not mat, become hard or bumpy. The extra quality, heavy ticking prevents hair from working through. It is cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Will not absorb or retain moisture, making it ideal for out-of-door sleeping.

It is More Sanitary

because it is self-ventilating. The purifying qualities of air and sun pass through it readily. It will not become odorous, musty or damp. The hair in SLUMBERON can be removed and thoroughly renovated as often as desired.

It is More Economical

because it will last a lifetime. There is absolutely no wear-out to the hair in SLUMBERON. While the high-grade ticking will last for years it can be replaced at any time. SLUMBERON costs no more than the best mattresses made of other materials.

A Real Hair Mattress for $25

This is the first time that a big, thick, comfortable, high-grade hair mattress has been offered at this price. The SLUMBERON is 4 feet 6 inches wide and weighs 40 pounds. Covered with Biltmore ticking, and finished in the popular French roll edge.

Ask your dealer to show you a SLUMBERON. Note the splendid workmanship—the fine, close stitching and perfect tufting. Do not accept a substitute, but look for the name "SLUMBERON" on the label. If your dealer doesn't handle SLUMBERON write us and we will tell you the name of a SLUMBERON dealer near your home and send you our little booklet, "Correct Sleeping."

DEALERS The SLUMBERON is a splendid proposition for dealers. Our extensive advertising in newspapers and magazines is sure to dominate the entire field. Write us today for our proposition—or, let us show you the co-operation we can give you.

The Cudahy Curled Hair Works
111–115 West Monroe Street, Chicago

NEUTRALITY AND SIAMESE CATS

(Concluded from Page 13)

It was a stroke of unconscious genius, a genuine bid for sympathy, that threw Burg half off his balance. While he was still unsettled, recognition of Terhune came as an added blow and completed his mental downfall. His jaw dropped, his eyes stuck out of his head, and his right hand, hidden behind the counter and grasping a revolver, trembled so that he was in mortal fear of dropping the weapon to the floor. He clutched it desperately and leaned heavily on his left hand to steady himself.

Now was Terhune's great moment, the moment in which he could collect his reward for having seen Burg first, himself unseen. He avoided looking at his opponent, took out a cigarette to gain time, and calmly lit it. The moment's respite gave him a chance to decide two things: First, Burg undoubtedly had a getaway arranged down the long alley leading into the back premises. Second, Burg was puzzled, and had to be kept so as long as possible to give Mrs. Watt-Dilling half a chance.

"What's the idea?" he said casually, flicking the dead match at the Siamese cats. "Why did the Chink close the park gates without ringing a bell?"

Burg merely grunted, trying to force Terhune to face him, but instead Terhune half turned his back on him and stared at the tall Chinaman.

"He's the longest Chink by odds that I've ever seen," he said. "I suppose you collected him along with the rest of your freak menagerie. But just the same ——"

He broke off involuntarily. A new thought had seized him. It was just so that Mrs. Watt-Dilling had been standing, and of course she had seen the grille start to close. That was why her eyes and her face had lighted up and that was why she had bolted. But if so, where had she gone and what was she doing? Perhaps she had merely been frightened out of her wits and was aimlessly poking her 'rikisha boy round town.

That thought brought the sweat out on Terhune's brow, for he had no illusions as to the nature of the hole he was in. The place reeked of foul play. The fetid odor of the animals, the low and glimmering light, the high, wobbly tiers of filthy cages, the stained walls and shadowy ceiling, to say nothing of the barred doorway and the alleylike hallway, dark as a coal pit, were enough to make any man shrink from the next move.

Then his eyes penetrated through the grille and he got another shock. There were the two 'rikishas, and before them the two coolies squatted calmly. To all appearances they were not excited, not even curious, but to Terhune it seemed that he caught in their small, fixed eyes a hungry gleam. He remembered the words of an old-timer, "A Jap will plunge into water to save a white man from drowning, but a Chink won't hold out his hand to white man or yellow."

As he gazed at them the faces of the coolies seemed to fade into the darkness. It puzzled him until he realized that it was the dim light in the room that was fading. He turned to find Burg covering him with a revolver. A creeping of the flesh, a sort of physical telepathy, told him that the long Chinaman with the flail-like arms had left his post by the locked door and was closing in behind him.

Terhune saw the whole play in a flash: The boy had gone down the alley to open up and clear the way for Burg. He himself was being covered by the revolver merely until the light went out, when he would be seized from behind by the Chinaman, possibly only as a matter of precaution. Burg was taking no chances with friend or foe.

Quite suddenly complete darkness fell in the room. Terhune forgot that China was a friendly state and forgot that he was neutral. He kicked back with all his might and kicked high. Then, giving a calculated leap to one side, he put his shoulder to three tiers of cages and sent them tottering and crashing into the narrow alley hallway. He did not wonder for long if he had been in time, for on the instant he heard Burg thrashing round like an elephant bogged in a canebrake and cursing to the accompaniment of the bedlam of noises pouring from the jumble of tumbled cages.

Terhune stood quite still. It was surprising what a lot of things he could hear besides the animal hullabaloo. There was his own heart beating like a trip hammer, quite audibly. From a corner came the moaning of the long Chinaman, and presently there was Burg's voice, no longer cursing. It was grunting "So! So! So!" and in each grunt there was murder.

From its direction Terhune knew that Burg had given up the alley and was coming back to the counter. If he would only come into the open! But Burg was no fool. It was he that had the revolver, and he didn't forget it; only a light could help him. He stooped behind the counter and struck a match.

Before it was well alight an excited voice, clear and high, came down the alley as from a megaphone:

"Mr. Terhune, are you there? We're coming! We're coming!"

Burg's fingers must have twitched. The match went out. Terhune drew a long breath and hurled himself, belly down, across the counter. He fell with his full weight on the back of the German's head and flattened him out. A second later there was the crack of a revolver shot, and Terhune felt the body under him give a sickening quiver and settle.

When lights had been struck and a passage cleared through the fallen cages, Mrs. Watt-Dilling shot into the room accompanied by four British tars, a native constable, a police dog and an officer in khaki. From her knees down she was a mud-bespattered sartorial wreck, but the whole of her was still adorable for all that.

"Jack!" she gulped with a sob in her voice as her eyes caught sight of Terhune's blood-stained shirt. "You're—you're wounded!"

He put his arms round her and drew her close.

"Don't cry, dear," he whispered hoarsely, for his heart was swelling into his throat. "It isn't my blood."

"Is—is—isn't it?" gulped Mrs. Watt-Dilling from his shoulder.

"No," said Terhune. "I don't know whether he meant to shoot me or himself, but he's blown out his own brains, poor devil! Where did you pick up the expeditionary force?"

"Chinese restaurant. Saw some of them going in as we came along."

"Darling," said Terhune, oblivious of everything but the lovable person in his arms, "I owe you an abject apology. When I threw out that hint about taking every blue-eyed towhead for a German, I never thought you had the brains to grasp it."

"I didn't," said Mrs. Watt-Dilling dreamily. "I knew Burg the minute I laid eyes on him. Had a dance with him once when he was an officer on the Emden."

THE GRAY MAILED FIST

(Continued from Page 14)

It is interesting to know how we have profited by the hospital experiences of Europe in the great war, so far as the fleet is concerned. The battleships are now using the famous Carrel-Dakin solution and the merciful and marvelous paraffin dressing for burns.

By the arrangements I have noted, given me in detail by the courteous ship's surgeon of the Pennsylvania, it is possible to care for wounded up to twenty-five or even thirty per cent of the entire personnel of the ship. As with that number a ship is badly crippled, and as forty per cent of sick and wounded automatically eliminates a ship from battle, the arrangements seem to be not only exceedingly efficient, but ample.

Of course the care of the wounded does not end with battleships. The ship is really, for a time, what the *Poste de Secours* is in France. It is the first dressing station. When the plans of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery mature there will be an ambulance ship for each division of four battleships. Each ambulance ship will carry four hospital units, which may be placed aboard

No Delivery Delays Where Motz Is Used

"Before Goodyear Motz Cushion Tires were applied to our delivery truck hardly a day passed on which we did not have tire trouble, which delayed deliveries and caused a great deal of additional expense.

"Now we are able to make deliveries promptly, for these tires, nearly as resilient as the pneumatic, eliminate punctures, blowouts and all delays caused by tire trouble."

These statements in a letter from A. A. Bigelke, Manager of Ohio Desk Company, Cleveland, describe an important tire lesson which has been learned by many thousands of business men all over the country.

Try one set of Motz and you will say, with Mr. Bigelke, "it certainly is the proper tire for all fast, light delivery trucks."

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

OXYGEN, nature's most powerful yet most harmless of cleansing agents, is released, when moistened with water, by Calox.
McK & R
CALOX
THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER
The renowned authority, Dr. William Mayo, has said that the next great field for surgery is the mouth.
Dr. Edward Carl Rosenow, who is associated with the Mayo Brothers at Rochester, Minn., has definitely traced a direct relationship between pus in tooth sockets and diseased tonsils, inflammation of the heart lining and chronic rheumatism of the joints.
Use Calox to keep your teeth white, clean and sound. A free sample of Calox sent on request. Write for it today.
McKESSON & ROBBINS
INCORPORATED
91 Fulton Street New York
CALOX
TRADE MARK
THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Winners!

The sure, safe hitters of the Bicycle Tire League are

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP
TIRES

Put a battery of them on your wheel and let them strike out the "skidders" and "sliders" on the wet, slippery pavements.

Let them win the season's pennant with a batting average of 1,000 for the greatest number of puncture-proof, stonebruise-proof, oil-proof, trouble-proof runs. They never fail to come to bat and score the winning tally.

Best in every inning of business or pleasure riding. The Vacuum Cups prevent wet pavement skidding. The 15½ oz. Sea Island fabric prevents punctures and other troubles.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY
Jeannette, Pa.

Direct factory branches and Service Agencies throughout the United States and Canada

their individual battleships to care for the wounded. Or, depending on circumstances, the ambulance ships will carry the wounded to a port, where they can be cared for.

It has been estimated that in so short a period as three weeks merchantmen may be transformed into ambulance or hospital ships.

In such matters as caring for the wounded I had come into my own again. Hospitals and dressings are a language I can speak. So, too, with galleys, both cooking and editorial.

But I am very considerably less at ease with my next subject, which is marked on my outline "Catapult." When the outsider tries to struggle with the technicalities of the navy he is generally one of two things, misleading or funny—sometimes both.

So, though I know the purpose of the battleship catapult, that is all I do know, except for a hazy idea that it is run by compressed air. Or is it run by electricity? And is it the release pin that is operated by compressed air? However, this does not matter—and might be information to the enemy, anyhow.

The essential thing is that America has here again taken the lead in invention, a lead she has not always insisted on holding. We can and do now launch seaplanes from war vessels. We are the first nation to do this successfully.

A track, a small car which moves on that track, and an air machine on the car—these are the fundamentals. I stood on the deck of one of our cruisers and watched the rather bloodcurdling process. Because, what if they both went into the sea together?

The car goes very fast. At the end of the track it is moving with great rapidity. It shoots out and for a moment disaster seems imminent. Then, at exactly the right moment, the wings of the seaplane catch the air. It leaves the car, dips a bit, then soars and rises. And behold, our observer has left the fleet and is off to patrol duty along the coast!

Yet, with all this dramatic getting away, he may not go far or long. I have spoken earlier of the deficiencies of our air service. Let it be understood that I am, in such cases, always quoting the authority of someone who knows. I am a reporter, not a navy man or an aviator.

Much to be Done

On the question of our air machines there is but one opinion, and that is universal. I do not know whose fault it is. I do not know why to-day foreign seaplanes are reported to be successfully launching a torpedo from an air machine, the invention of an American navy man. Perhaps it all comes back to our own lethargy; our unwillingness to admit that war was close.

I do know that our situation in this, as in other matters, is not unique. I sat at a luncheon table in London once, where a member of the Admiralty was being called to account for the Admiralty's rejection of an anti-Zeppelin gun. The gun, designed to fire the gas in the ballonets of the Zeppelin, was subsequently accepted by the Admiralty, and the result was the destruction by burning of many Zeppelins. Piercing the envelope of a Zeppelin would not bring it down. It had to be ignited.

American manufacturers can and do build splendid machines, large and powerful air craft. All over the country private owners have such machines. Therefore, it was not a question of the ability to secure them. It was a matter of lack of foresight that placed our air service where it was. Fortunately we have wakened up.

Seaplanes, fast cruisers, hospital ships and destroyers—these are among the needs of our splendid navy to-day. Seaplanes we can have quickly and soon. Cruisers we shall have to improvise. Hospital ships can be quickly made from merchantmen.

What of the destroyers?

Once I ran a destroyer to earth—or rather to sea. It was an arduous matter, because a destroyer's business is to attract as little attention as possible until its hour comes; and then to be the whole thing. Finally I found one—it does not matter where. Locating it had been an affair of facing an admiral whose particular business it was to see that it was not found, and who had never heard of me. This was as it should be; and was very good indeed for me. I mentioned that I had been to the European war and had there seen destroyers. He considered, quite plainly but silently, that I had had no business at the war, and eminently no business to see a destroyer anywhere.

Swift Destroyers

He was a very fine admiral and a very fine gentleman; but I could not get a destroyer from him for some time. I quite understood how he felt, and I understand now; but he said that women had no place in war—which I do not believe. For we are sending our husbands and our sons, and we have all the right there is to do what we can, whether that be to nurse or knit, or to report to other women what this thing is our men are doing.

And we have the right, too, to see that they are getting their chance. But that is another story.

In the end I ran down a destroyer; but something was being done to her, and she could not, as had been arranged, take me to sea with her when she tried out her engines.

Later I was reconciled to this. For it was a wild and windy day, and merely looking for her in a small boat had taken away my appetite. And even in a calm sea, or no sea at all, a destroyer that is on to its work rolls thirty degrees every four seconds. If I were going to enlist in the destroyer service I should prepare by sitting in a swing and swinging for several hours a day for at least a month.

Now there is nothing secret about a destroyer, except her whereabouts. She carries her torpedoes and guns on deck for all the world to see, and as many of her crew as can get there, because she is rather cramped below, being very considerably engine.

Yet this crew of this destroyer I inspected is comfortably housed. The men have real beds instead of hammocks—beds with wire springs and mattresses that fold up out of the way, with lockers below that make seats. And the officers of the new destroyers, and of some of the old ones, have a new and unique privilege. They may now light a match on the bridge, owing to a new concave windshield that takes the air and throws it back on itself.

Plenty of my ideas as to naval matter had to be readjusted by the time I reached the destroyer. Now another one went. I had thought that all torpedoes were fired

(Continued on Page 37)

Stands Alone

Why is there no substitute for 3-in-One? Because this pure, highly-refined, non-gumming, non-acid oil has such an infinite variety of uses—and because it excels as a lubricant—as a cleaner and polisher—as a preventive of rust and tarnish.

Every home, city or country, has more than *thirty* important uses for 3-in-One. Every office, store, factory, garage, barn, tool-shed and outdoors has fifty other uses—all distinctly different. Try

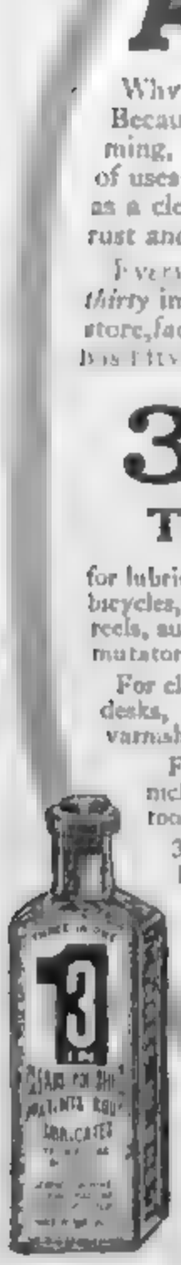
3-in-One
The Universal Oil

for lubricating all light mechanisms—lawn mowers, bicycles, sewing machines, typewriters, guns, fishing reels, automatic tools, locks, magnetos, Ford commutators, cream separators

For cleaning and polishing fine furniture, pianos, desks, automobiles, golf clubs—all veneered and varnished surfaces.

For preventing rust or tarnish on razor blades, nickeled bathroom fixtures, stoves and ranges, tools, automobile springs—any metal surface.

3-in-One is sold at all stores in 50c, 25c and 1 oz. (Small Size) bottles; also in the Handy Oil Can, 25c. *Dictionary of Uses wrapped around each bottle.*



FREE

Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses. Write for them.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
165 EUF. Broadway, New York

TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

3 IN ONE

Photograph showing the wonderful range of the Conaphore. Notice that the driver can see the rear of the automobile 500 ft. ahead. Notice also how brilliantly the road and roadside are lighted.

The Real Joy of Night Driving

What 500-ft. range without glare means to you

Night motoring may be a fascinating sport—or it may be dangerous and nerve-racking. *It all depends on your automobile headlight glass.*

To enjoy night driving your headlights should have long range. The whole road for at least 500 feet should be brilliantly illuminated. At the same time your headlights *must not glare*, or approaching motorists and pedestrians will be dazzled.

The range of your headlight is particularly important. When your car is going 25 miles an hour it is eating up the road at the rate of 37 feet a second, so the headlight that dumps the light in front of the car is inefficient. You must have long *range* to be safe and to feel secure.

The automobile headlight glass that makes night riding safe

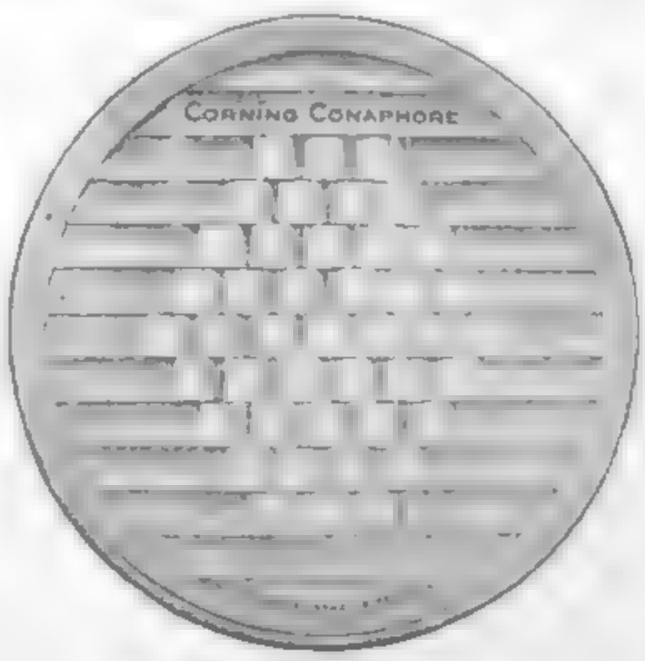
With the scientific automobile headlight glass—the Conaphore—night driving is a *new* and *wonderful* experience.

The rays from the yellowish-tint Noviol Glass of which the Conaphore is made, light up the road for 500 feet or more. Along this bright path your car speeds swiftly and safely. There is ample side light. The Noviol light makes the bushes, trees, etc., along the roadside stand out.

And there isn't any glare. The light is kept on the road by the patented corrugations on the inner face of the Conaphore.

Pierces fog—an exclusive feature

A unique feature of the Conaphore is that its rays pierce fog and dust. This is due to the Noviol Glass which was developed in the technical laboratories of the Corning Glass Works, makers of the Conaphore.



The Conaphore
Smooth front surface. Easily cleaned. Does not clog with dust or mud.

Also made in clear glass

Conaphores are made of clear glass as well as Noviol Glass. Clear glass Conaphores are equally efficient in giving long range and preventing glare, but lack the added advantages possessed by the Noviol Glass of eliminating back glare and penetrating fog and dust. We strongly recommend the Noviol.

Easy to install

You will find the Conaphore easy to install on your car. Sizes are made to fit all cars. Simply take out the glass now in your headlight and put the Conaphore in its place. Be sure the lamp bulbs are in focus. In ordering give name, model and year of your car and diameter of your present headlight glass.

For sale by jobbers and dealers throughout the United States and Canada. Put a pair on your car to-day.

Price List

Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
3 to 4¾ inches incl.	$1 50	3 to 4¾ inches incl.	$0 80
5 to 6¾ inches incl.	2 00	5 to 6¾ inches incl.	1 60
7 to 8 inches incl.	3 00	7 to 8 inches incl.	2 50
8½ to 9 inches incl.	4 50	8½ to 10 inches incl.	3 00
10 to 11 inches incl.	6 00	10¼ to 11⅜ inches incl.	4 00

Sizes vary by steps of ¼ inch. Special sizes to order.
Extra 25 cents per pair west of Rocky Mountains

CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc., Managers
280 Madison Avenue, New York City
CORNING GLASS WORKS

NO GLARE
RANGE 500 FT.

CONAPHORE

PIERCES FOG
AND DUST

Jackson VALVE-IN-HEAD EIGHT

THE RACE OF THE EIGHTS AND WHO WON IT!

LEADERSHIP in the eight-cylinder development has come. Jackson, with the Valve-in-Head Motor, crowns the Success of the "Eight." Its economy is the surprise in eight-cylinder construction. It gives tremendous power. It marks a new epoch in the "Eight."

AT last the wonders of the "Eight" are combined with the great Valve-in-Head principle. Thus the "Eight" is brought to its highest point of development.

No other eight-cylinder had achieved this construction. No other motor of the same piston displacement and weight delivers—or claims to deliver—as great power

The explosion takes place directly over the piston head. None of the explosive force is lost. Maximum energy is delivered. The intake and exhaust valves over piston head at top of combustion chamber mean *quickened action.*

Eighteen months ago the first Jackson Eight had the Valve-in-Head Motor. Then our whole output was similarly equipped.

The Fifty Million Miles Test

This year and half covered over fifty million miles by owner-drivers. Results were astounding!

The Valve-in-Head gives the Jackson a fifth *more power.* It takes you a mile-a-minute if you care to go that fast. It will throttle down to two miles on high. The power flows as steadily as water from a tap. And it speeds up from standing start to thirty miles in seven seconds.

This wonderful new type eight-cylinder motor means a racing speed or a two-mile-an-hour pace, and doubled endurance.

Surprising Economy

Gas consumption on the fifty million miles test was surprisingly low. The average was 17.7 miles per gallon. Not many fours or sixes show as well.

Much less oil was used. The minimum vibration and smoothed power cut depreciation tremendously. A clever device of rocker arm lubrication secured silence of operation.

This Jackson-Valve-in-Head Eight meant *surplus* power with *economy.*

Public Demonstration Week of June 28

The Jackson dealer in your city will hold a public demonstration of the wonders of Valve-in-Head in connection with the eight-cylinder motor.

Go see this demonstration. Let the Jackson dealer show you this marvelous motor and explain its surplus power, economy and accessibility.

Write for Complete Jackson Story

Write today for the Jackson Book that describes the Valve-in-Head principle. Read why the combination of the two biggest features of motor design are the things you want in your new car.

DEALERS!—*A supreme opportunity.* Territorial allotments for 1918 season are being made. Write or Wire! The great Jackson Valve-in-Head Eight is now the preferred car.

Regular Touring Body, 5 Passenger	$1395	The Cruiser Model, 4 Passenger, Wire Wheels	$1495
The Roadster Model, 2 Passenger	$1395	Jackson-Springfield Convertible Sedan, 5 Passenger	$2095

Jackson Valve-in-Head Eight Features

MOTOR—Valve-in-head eight, unit power plant
COOLING—Thermo syphon
CARBURETOR—Zenith Duplex
LUBRICATION—Force feed through crankshaft
FUEL SUPPLY—Rear tank with Stewart Vacuum System
STARTING AND LIGHTING—Auto Lite System
TIRES—34 x 4 inch, non skid in rear
DRIVE—Floating drive shaft
REAR AXLE—Full floating
SPRINGS—Full elliptic front and rear—remarkably easy riding

See the Jackson Dealer—Write for the Jackson Book

Jackson Automobile Company, Dept. A, Jackson, Mich., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 34)

out of tubes in the inner anatomy of the boat. Indeed, I had thought that a torpedo nestled concealed in a destroyer like a worm in a chestnut. But, briefly, a destroyer merely points the torpedo over the edge and then drops it.

It is not quite so simple, perhaps. There are the preliminaries of the range finder, of course; the removal of something, name forgotten, from the war head of the torpedo. But the rest is simple. The man operating turns a wheel, the tube turns until it projects over the side. The gunner presses a lever with his foot, much like the gear lever of a motor car, and the torpedo drops into the water and starts on its way.

Marvelous things, these torpedoes. Behind the explosive or war head is an air chamber, which contains the compressed air for its motive power. Then comes the automatic steering apparatus; then a gyroscope; then the two screw-propellers. Torpedoes can move at forty-two knots, and if you have ever gone fifteen knots in a motor launch you can have some idea of their speed. Destructiveness, accuracy and speed—these have made the automobile torpedo the terror of the seas.

Once, in the English Channel, I was in a place where I had no business to be. This happened rather more than once; but this particular instance has gone unrecorded until now for various reasons, one of which is passports. It was night, and moonlight. I had slipped up alone onto an empty deck and stood with one hand on a lifeboat. It was a comforting thing to touch, though it seemed fastened with great firmness to the boat, and would probably have gone down with it without yielding an inch.

Suddenly I saw a white streak flash across the bow of that little vessel, and go on. The next day it was reported that an attempt had been make to sink the ——— in the Channel the night before.

So now when I look at a torpedo I always see that beautiful, sinister white streak gleaming in the moonlight, and feel the awful unyieldingness of that lifeboat under my hand.

What is a navy these days without a submarine? Yet I find myself, as an outsider, rather calm about our comparative lack of them. In the first place, I have not overcome my distaste for a method of warfare which is bushwhacking, and nothing more. Second, again as a lay observer, I cannot see just how we should use them if we had them. You cannot fight a submarine with a submarine. And if the time ever comes when these United States takes to killing noncombatants from ambush I shall give up my privilege of paying taxes, which is all I have of citizenship, and go somewhere else.

Nets for Submarines

I did not take a trip in a submarine for three reasons: First, I was afraid; second, the admiral in charge of that arm of the service refused to permit it; third, there were no submarines.

As a matter of honesty, however, I did run one down at last in its lair, and could probably have made a point of a small Jules Verne excursion. But I did not. I was afraid, for one thing. But there is more to it than that. I was not seeking sensational material. What I wanted was to make, so far as possible, our great and splendid navy a little more real to the people whom it protects.

Men who have lived in submarines, and have fought with them, have given their story to the world. It is, whatever the ethics may be, a brave story. The submarine service is a terrible one. It should not be touched lightly.

It is true that the submarine division of the navy has been neglected; that we have few submarines, and those not always seaworthy. But, though this is deplorable, it does not appear to be immediately calamitous. We cannot fight submarines with submarines; and, whatever the future may hold, at present our immediate duty is to fight German submarines with whatever weapon may be found most useful.

Once again—no matter where—I saw a net-laying barge. Like the destroyer, the only secret about nets is their location. Yet the laying of nets for protection of harbors and ships is as well known as anything connected with modern naval warfare. It is a new business, constantly developing improvements. But this is the method I saw:

A great steel-floored barge, open at one end, contains the net, made of stout steel cable. The net, thousands of feet of it, woven in an open mesh, the dimensions of the mesh considerably more open than popular fancy has it—for this net is for boats, not fish!—is folded on the deck of the barge, layer on layer, in such manner that it will slip off easily. To one side of the net are fastened heavy mushroom anchors. To the others, buoys.

When the net layer has reached the scene of operations, there commences a scene of violent activity. The net, once started, cannot be stopped, and woe to any unfortunate caught in the flying steel mesh! Anchors on one side, floats on the other, it slides off as the barge moves on. Automatically it adjusts itself to the depth of the channel; and thus, with incredible rapidity, is laid a submarine barrier that has proved its efficacy again and again.

A Splendid Personnel

Again, and still it does not matter where, I saw a mine layer, with tracks leading to the stern and over an apron there. The mines adjust themselves automatically, rising to the danger depth only after the mine layer has had time to get comfortably away. I had the structure of mines carefully explained to me; but again, as with the battleships, there was the presumption of a knowledge that I did not possess.

Only this one thing remained—a picture of businesslike efficiency and grim preparation for war that made our situation infinitely real to me. These were real mines, being planted against a real enemy. This war is not only abroad. It is here, at our very doors.

So now, very lightly, we have touched the Great Gray Fleet; lightly, yet tenderly, I hope, because it is so much more than ships and guns. It is protection. It is, for all its terror of armament, its majesty of force, to fight that the humanities may live. And the heart of the fleet is not its guns, but in the men behind them; just such men as we know and care for, such boys as yours and mine.

How can one write of the officers of the Great Gray Fleet? They so hate publicity and decry tribute. They are so eminently businesslike; so anxious to have it realized that they are only doing their duty; so loyal and straightforward and dependable; so without swank; so apt to take their work seriously and themselves lightly.

There is, I think, something essentially fine about men, the world over, who choose the sea as a calling. One of the most splendid things about tall young King Albert of Belgium is that he is a sailor at heart. And to this fundamental quality—call it simplicity; call it what you will—is added, in our naval service, a training at Annapolis that is second to none in the world.

Here, there and everywhere I have met young ensigns fresh from our Naval Academy. Like our boys from West Point, these lads have a something, a quality, that remains theirs; a hallmark for the rest of their lives. There is an automatic method of elimination in these great schools of ours. No boy with what we are pleased to call a yellow streak, with a coarse strain in him or a weak fiber, can get through. We want only the best officers, and we get them.

The result is the splendid personnel in the executive positions of our army and our navy.

And, because character shows in a man like a lamp behind a windowpane, there is a poise, a self-dependence, a quiet unassuming force about the officers with whom the commander-in-chief of the navy has surrounded himself, that is vastly impressive.

Once, when I was refurnishing a house, my decorator had a little motto by which he lured me to divers extravagances. It was this: "The recollection of quality remains long after price is forgotten."

And that was true. So, in the matter of the officers of the fleet, long after my fatal weakness as to names and faces has betrayed me, there will remain that essential recollection of quality and strength.

It is curious how humor belongs to the fighting man. It is, I think, a part of that creed of his about taking himself lightly. London Punch was never so witty as since the war began. The light-heartedness of the trenches has passed into history. So, in the fleet there is much humor.

Once, visiting an admiral on his flagship, I asked whether the bluejackets had any songs of their own. But the day of the sailor and his chantey has passed. However, one young lieutenant observed that

(Continued on Page 39)

Practice Makes Perfect—

and sixty-eight years of practice in making face powder is a safe guarantee that you will get a perfect face powder when you buy a box of

Henry Tetlow's

Swan Down

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off

For the Complexion

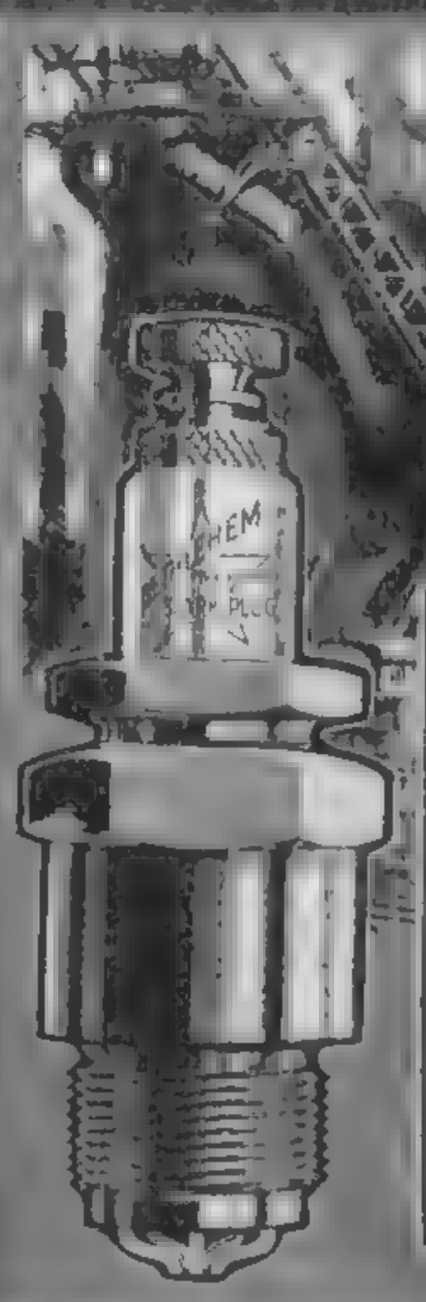
Millions of women like its quality and its odor. It improves the appearance and is cool and soothing to the face, arms and shoulders.

Your choice of five shades—white, flesh, pink, cream and brunette. It isn't expensive.

Every druggist sells it.

HENRY TETLOW CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
Established 1849

BETHLEHEM



WHILE the spark plug alone may not be the solution to your motor troubles, it is positively certain that your engine cannot give *quality* results unless equipped with quality spark plugs. Because the Bethlehem Five-Point is a quality plug, it is today *bettering the motor service* of thousands of cars all over the country.

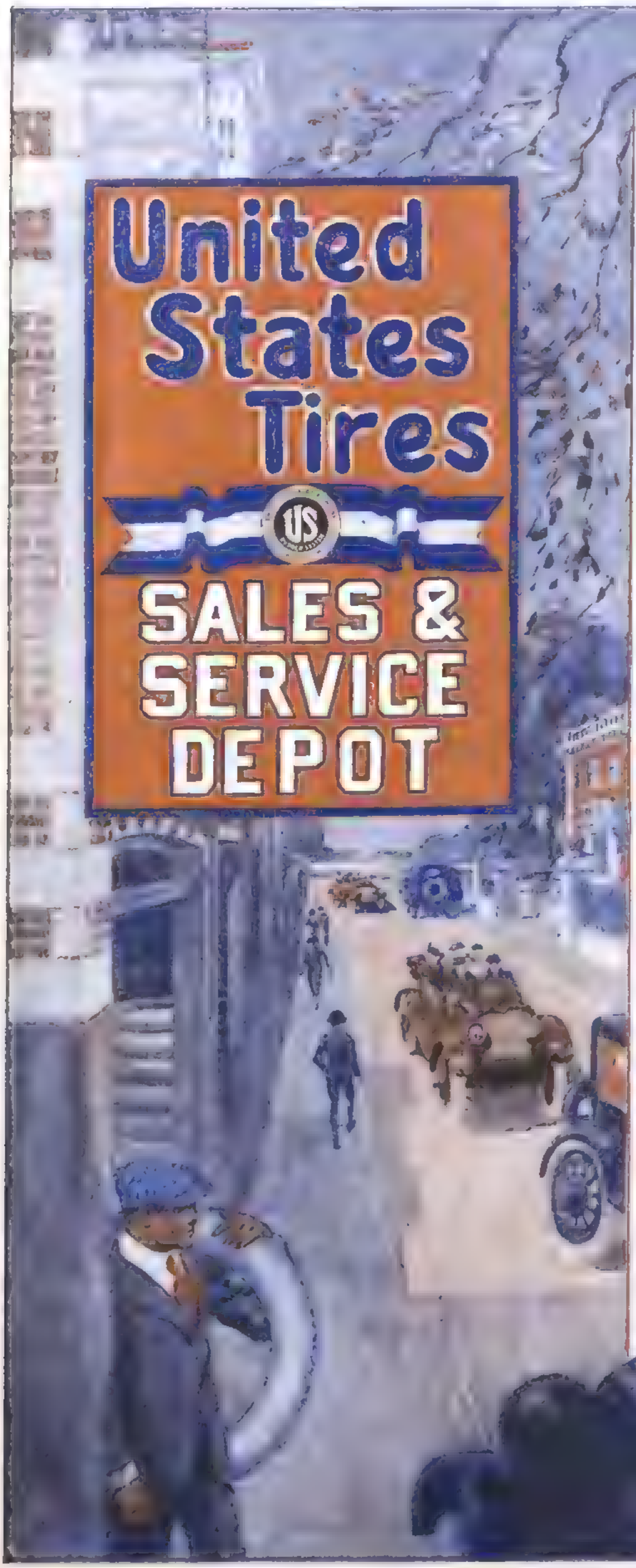
It will better *yours*, and is "guaranteed for the life of your car."

THE SILVEX COMPANY
Bethlehem Products
South Bethlehem, Pa.
E. H. SCHWAB, President

We will furnish you plugs if your dealer cannot supply you. State make and model of car.

Price $1. In Canada $1.25

Made where steel is king



The Sign of Perfect Service

Look at it—remember it—for wherever you see it displayed by a tire dealer you will know

—that *there* you can obtain *tire service,*

—that merely selling you a tire is not the end,

—tire service which will give you one hundred and one courtesies, little and big, which will keep down your tire costs.

Dealers displaying this sign are the best dealers;

—they carry a complete line of United States Tires,

—the 'Nobby', the 'Chain', the 'Royal Cord', the 'Usco', the 'Plain',

—a tire for every need of price and use.

—Deal with these Sales and Service Depots—depend on their judgment—and you will have supreme tire service.

United States Tires Are Good Tires

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use
Nobby' 'Chain' 'Royal Cord' 'Usco' 'Plain'

United States TUBES and TIRE ACCESSORIES Have All the Strength, Wear and Value that Make United States Tires Supreme

(Continued from Page 37)

the wardroom had an album, and that I might find something in it.

I did. It was an amusing book, a great ledger, filled with sketches, jingles, verse and comment. From it, with the author's extremely modest consent, I copy Lieutenant Frederick M. Perkins' Don't Weaken! now well known in the navy:

DON'T WEAKEN!

Written at Guantanamo

I

When you feel on the bum an' the outlook is glum,
An' you're wonderin' what's comin' next;
When everything's drear an' life loses its cheer,
An' the Skipper an' First Luff are vexed—
If this tropical South puts you down in the mouth
Till your shipmates they ain't even speakin',
Just don't rock the boat—keep a turn round your goat;
It's a great life—if you don't weaken!

II

If the Admiral's boat refuses to mote,
And the cat spoils your clean quarter-deck
During Captain's inspection, don't show your dejection—
Though the Chief blows out soot by the peck—
Just lighten your grip, keep a stiff upper lip,
Though your feelin's may hurt somethin' horrid;
Gettin' low ain't worth while; so force out a smile,
Take your hat in your hand and go For'ud.

III

If you should lose sight of the flagship by night
An' get lost alone on the ocean,
An' you go under hack, just smile and "come back,"
Don't fume and stir up a commotion.
When we're running around if you put her aground
By mistaking a star for a beacon,
Why, there's no greater sport than a General Court;
It's a great life, my son; but don't weaken!

IV

Don't stick in your room and radiate gloom;
Cheer Up! For the worst is to come.
If the roasted spring lamb tastes just like the ham
An' the rest of the Pay's chow's on the bum,
Don't sit in your chair in silent despair
An' that hole in your face never crack—
Don't shut up like a clam; say something; say "Damn!"
Anything—though you may take it back.

V

When we're darkened at nights an' there ain't any lights,
An' you beat it on deck to your station,
An' you flatten your face on a stanchion or brace
Remember it's all for the Nation.
If you fall down a hatch Surge will put on a patch
To bind up your holes and stop leakin'.
Don't get sore like a pill, for it's part of the drill—
It's a great life, my boy; but Don't Weaken!

The admiral was seeing the book for the first time. I do not know with just what qualms the young officers about watched him turn the pages.

Here is another one by Lieutenant Perkins, who is marked in the wardroom album as Poet Reprobate:

THE RUBY YACHT OF OMAR KHYBEE

I

Wake! For the sun, that scatters from the night
The stars before him with a flood of light,
Waits not for the sleeping navigator.
Up, Khybee; up! And take that sight.

II

What though Venus hide behind a cloud,
The voice without your door calls long and loud:
Arise! Cross Jupiter with Mars
Or you'll spoil the war; and it's not allowed.

III

Come! Spurn the blankets and with lusty spring
Hop from your bunk and in your system fling
The wakening coffee; and regret it not,
For to-morrow you must do the same old thing.

IV

Myself, when young, did eagerly arise
And, sextant in hand, did scan the skies,
Hoping therefrom might appear no star
To gum the game and take me by surprise.

V

A hunk of bread and slice of ham for chow,
Some fireroom coffee and the old tin cow
Beside me sitting on the chart-house desk—
Oh, chart house! It were Paradise enow!

Some unknown lyric poet has contributed this, also, to be sung to the tune of The Dying Lancer:

THE DYING AVIATOR

A handsome young airman lay dying,
[Chorus] Lay dying.
And as on the aër'drome he lay,
He lay,
To the mechanics who came round him, sighing,
Came sighing,
These last dying words he did say:
He did say:
"Take the cylinder out of my kidneys,"
His kidneys,
"The connecting rod out of my brain,"
His brain,
"The cam box from under my backbone,"
His backbone,
"And assemble the engine again."
Again.

Evidently the flagship is a musical ship. The admiral says so; and he ought to know. He observed, rather plaintively, when he happened on the Musical Log in the album, that he had never had so melodious a ship. He remarked that even the man cleaning the bright work on the hatch over his head at six A. M. played a tune with it.

Now this is only twelve hours of the Musical Log. It covers, in full, a whole day.

EXTRACT FROM MUSICAL LOG

1:00 A. M. Corry plays something before turning in.
4:00 A. M. Corry plays something before going on watch.
6:00 A. M. Mess attendant chorus—accompaniment of port wrenches, brooms, falling chairs, banging of table leaves. Otherwise quiet.
7:00 A. M. All quiet.
7:15 A. M. Relief Officer of the Deck plays Egypt in Your Dreamy Eyes.
8:00 A. M. Hammond relieves piano watch.
8:30 A. M. Officer coming off deck watch plays Egypt in Your Dreamy Eyes.
9:00 A. M. Simultaneous rendering of Mighty Lak' a Rose, Dangerous Girl and Old Black Joe by Burtis, Farrar and Flynn irrespectively.
10:00 A. M. Corry plays something.
10:30 A. M. to NOON Continuous performance on mandolins and guitars by Clifton, Farrar, Flynn, Keep and Burtis.
12:30 P. M. Hammond takes piano watch. Turn Back the 'Ears.
12:45 P. M. Commander sings Egypt in Your Dreamy Eyes.
1:00 P. M. Corry plays something.

But the Musical Log and all the other light-hearted verses in that album were written before war was declared. There is not much time now for "Corry to play something."

Admiral Mayo has, as has been said, the gift of the big man in surrounding himself with big men. After that, too, he leaves them alone. But heaven help the man who should betray this confidence of the commander in chief.

He is very proud of his staff, is the admiral—of the complex duties and splendid tact—of all of them, indeed.

There is another division of the navy—one of neither officers nor men; one which has borne and is bearing all the terrors of war, yet has none of its victories. Why, in an article on the fleet, should we not speak of the women at home? Only a line; but that a tribute. Back of each of these fighting men in the navy there is some one woman, wife or mother, standing solidly behind him. Like the mothers and wives of the army, these women must only watch and wait.

Even in times of peace the lot of navy women is hard. The ships are away on long cruises. Separation and loneliness are the rule. In war—especially a war like this with an atrocity of fighting on the seas

(Concluded on Page 41)

Stirring Songs of Love and War

"If I Had A Son for Each Star in Old Glory"

Here's a MOTHER'S song of patriotism that is setting the U. S. A. aflame. It is the prize song of the war. Millions—from Maine to California—are singing it. It is doing its bit by helping recruit regiments for Uncle Sam. Get this song today and enlist your voice for Old Glory. It's a stirring march and a corking one step.

If I Had a Son for each Star in Old Glory

"I Called You My Sweetheart"

"Oh, for a love ballad that is different"—cries the public. Here it is. Stars for eyes, roses for cheeks—get this great love song and learn how the angels make sweethearts in Heaven. Its melody is delightfully different. It's a tonic for the blues and a ticket straight thru to Loveland. Try it.

ON SALE TODAY at all Music and Department Stores, or at any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory, Kraft or Grant Store

Other Popular "FEIST" Songs:

"Billyonnets" (Goldberg's Cartoons set to music)
"Hong Kong"
"Hawaiian Butterfly"
"Where Do We Go From Here" (The American Tipperary)
"You Stingy Baby"
"Oh What Wonderful Things One Little Girlie Can Do"
"Honolulu, America Loves You"
"How Can Any Girl Be a Good Little Girl" (When She Loves a Naughty Little Boy)
"You'll Always Be Sweet Sixteen to me"
"I Know I Got More Than My Share"
"Mother, Dixie and You"
"Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love"

SPECIAL NOTE. You should get all these songs from your dealer. Please do so. If your dealer cannot supply you send us eight 2c stamps for one song or four 2c stamps for one song or 15c each. Male Quartette—10c each. These songs may be obtained from your dealer for your Talking Machine or your Player Piano. Be sure to get the "Feist" records. Leaders will gladly play them on request.

I Called You My Sweetheart

These songs are printed in the new "Feist" easy-to-read style. Complete song at a glance—no leaves to turn.

LEO. FEIST Inc. 240 W. 40 St. (Feist Bldg.) NEW YORK

JOHNSON'S
PREPARED WAX
In Liquid Form

WE are now making Johnson's Prepared Wax in Liquid form as well as Paste—so that it may be more easily polished. But little rubbing is required to bring it to a beautiful, permanent polish. You can go over a good sized automobile or a roomful of furniture in half-an-hour.

Splendid For Furniture

Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid cleans and polishes. It forms a thin, protecting coat over varnish greatly prolonging its life and beauty. Will quickly and permanently remove that bluish, cloudy film from your Piano, Victrola and Mahogany Furniture.

A Dust-Proof Auto Polish

Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid preserves the finish of automobiles and protects it from the weather. It [illegible] up mars and scratches, prevents checking and cracking—sheds water and dust—and makes a coat last twice as long.

Quarts $1.20—Pints 60c
(East of Rockies)

If your dealer cannot supply you with Johnson's Liquid Prepared Wax we will prepay the express to any point in the U. S. East of the Rockies.

Keep Your Car Like New

If your car is dirty, grimy and unsightly, you can easily make it look like new—all you need is Johnson's Cleaner and Liquid Prepared Wax.

Write for our folder on *"Keeping Your Car Young"*—it's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. SP, Racine, Wis.

America's annual coal bill is nearly two billion dollars, and every one per cent. saved means $20,000,000 annually. Efficient insulation can save a higher percentage for you and for the nation.

—more horsepower from America's Coal Pile

is one of the big problems of industry that touches us all. The economy with which coal is burned is as important in regulating the price of life's necessities as the cost of raw material or the price of labor.

"More power per pound of coal" is the aim of every manufacturer as he strives for industrial economy. "More heat per ton of coal" is the aim of every fuel user, whether in home, church, school or workshop.

One of the most important developments of Johns-Manville Asbestos has been in the saving of heat through Insulation. Johns-Manville have developed materials, built on asbestos as a base, that retard the flow of heat from boilers, furnaces, pipes and flues. The perfection of these heat insulations and their application to thousands of America's power plants are saving power by saving fuel—millions of dollars worth annually; nor does this include countless other installations on the heating systems of homes and buildings generally, where coal is burned for human comfort.

Twenty-five years' specialization, directed by the highest engineering talent, has enabled Johns-Manville to develop and produce insulations of exceptional efficiency and durability under every service condition.

Asbesto-Sponge Pipe and Boiler Insulation, for example—a remarkable felt which combines the "dead-air-cell" insulation of sponge with the endurance of asbestos is the most efficient pipe and boiler insulation known. Or 85% Magnesia—or Asbestocel, Zero, Anti-Sweat, or Standard Brine and Ammonia Insulations—whatever your needs, you can meet them *efficiently* with a Johns-Manville Insulation.

JOHNS MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 55 Large Cities

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Service to fuel users

(Concluded from Page 39)

unparalleled—they face terror day by day and hour by hour.

Yet they are brave and cheerful. They have married into the service. It is their service; their country. And there is not a man in the navy to-day who will not go into his first action in this war the better for the knowledge that somewhere back home is a woman he is fighting for.

Now and then in the evenings there are moving pictures on the decks of battleships. Evening gun drill is over; supper is finished. Over the Great Fleet have dropped the soft wings of the night. The launches, which all day have barked about the ships like dogs round their master, have gone to wherever it is that launches go at night. The flag signals of daylight have gone with the sun, and lights spring up—riding lights; semaphore and yardarm lights; searchlights, throwing long white ribbons of infinite beauty and majesty.

The hard work of the day is over. Until taps there is nothing to do. Supper is over. The band has played for the third time that day. Into the admiral's cabin of the flagship the chief of staff has stepped for a final conference. On his way out he mentions that it is movie night.

The admiral observes, in an indifferent tone, that it may be interesting to see the men at the movies. In my heart I believe that nothing—except duty—would keep him away.

We go up on the deck to find the crew already seated, and a row of chairs waiting for the admiral and his guests. Just behind are the officers; then the men, who rise when the admiral appears, and stand until he is seated.

Sometime I should like to tell Miss Marie Doro of the pleasure she gave to the twelve hundred or so men of the Pennsylvania that night in wartime. How silent they were, and yet how eager! How appreciative; how intent! Surely they serve their purpose, the movies, when for an hour or so they can lift the war cloud from us and take us to pleasant places and smiles and love!

Then—it was over. Came the Star-Spangled Banner, with all standing. Came tattoo; and then taps, with the plaintive note a bugle call has after night. Came darkness and silence as ship after ship of the Great Fleet signaled "Lights out!"

Good night, great ships, where sleep our boys in the shadow of the great guns! Good night! Because you are there, standing watch, the country you shelter may sleep; and quietly. And since, in the time to come, there may be those among you that shall go down to a deeper sleep, again good night; and God bless you!

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

The Lure of the Plow

"BY JING," said Grouch, "it 'pears to be
A durn' wet fall—so she looks to me;
An' th' ain't a leaf left on th' trees,
A durn' good sign of an early freeze;
An' I bet you'll see a hard freeze come
Till th' ground's friz tight as a kettledrum,
An' we won't be able to plow till spring;
An' th' wheat will be all shot, by jing!"

"By jing!" said Grouch when the rain went by;
"She looks to me like a fall that's dry;
Like she was in eighty or eighty-one,
Too dry to git fall plowin' done;
An' th' season of eighty-one or two
Th' spring was late an' we couldn't do
No plowin' then; an' we stubbled th' grain
An' she all burnt up fer lack of rain."

"I'm allus skeered of an early spring,"
Said Grouch again—"I am, by jing!
'Cuz she comes on quick an' dry an' hot,
An' th' wheat don't stool out as she ought.
An' th' ain't no roots an' th' ain't no stren'th,
An' she all burns up in th' milk at len'th;
An' when she's sellin' away up high
Y' ain't got none, an' got seed t' buy!"

"None of yer way late springs fer me,"
Said Grouch. "In th' spring of ninety-three
She was late and wet an' cold an' raw,
An' th' hull of th' durn' crop run to straw.
I wisht, by jing, that I never knowed how
To seed or harrer or foller a plow!
Giddap, Ole Hoss! If we git this grain
Sowed right, by jing, we'll be rich again!"

—James W. Foley.

Legion!

OH, LISTEN to a story true of giddy Biddy Budd,
Who tried so hard in her back yard to raise the humble spud.
How green things grow she didn't know; but she was full of pluck,
And felt quite fit to do her bit at raising garden truck.

She proudly scanned the patch of land that was her trim back yard;
She hoed the ground, although she found it was exceeding hard.
She deemed it wise to fertilize with nitrate food and such,
And in her zeal she used bonemeal—and used a lot too much!

To shield her frock she donned a smock of swagger cut and style;
And of such aids as rakes and spades she bought a cumbrous pile.
"And now," said she, "efficiency will waft me to success,
And I'll be praised when I have raised a record crop, I guess!"

Day after day time passed away ere shoots began to sprout.
Said Biddy: "Oh, how very slow potato plants come out!"
The weeks flew by. Said Biddy: "My! I cannot go away
To seaside spot or mountain grot; at home I'll have to stay."

The summer through, from dawn till dew, she worked like all possessed;
By backward seeds and forward weeds she was a lot distressed.
Potato bugs and slimy slugs she gathered from each vine
And yet those spuds of Biddy Budd's would dwindle, peak and pine.

She fought with zest the insect pest and every method tried,
By shot and spray; yet day by day, more plants lay down and died.
And when toward fall she dug them all, they measured scarce a peck!
And Biddy Budd's flyer in spuds left her a total wreck.

For Biddy Budd's long-suffering spuds, though braving pest and drouth,
Never a ray of sun had they—her city house faced south!
Think on this case, you who would place spuds behind house or fence;
You may enthuse, but you must use a little common sense!

—Carolyn Wells.

"Increases Efficiency In Handling Mailing Work"

So says this concern that manages 31 Public Service Corporations throughout the country.

"Our mailing department in New York has been using your DIREX-ALL for addressing its mailing list for the past six years.

"The list numbers 7,000 addresses, and letters are sent to these names from one to three times per month. The operator is able to do this work without special effort in one and a half days.

"For our purposes the lists are divided into nine classifications, and these are filed separately. This enables us to run any one classification of plates through the machine without the other plates being handled, and this has proven to be a very satisfactory arrangement, as our classifications are quite separate and distinct from each other.

"The equipment meets our needs in a very acceptable manner in every way."

(Signed) STONE & WEBSTER,
120 Broadway, New York.

Whatever the size or nature of your business there is the particular DIREX-ALL for it, for all mailing, listing, billing, and similar work now done by hand.

Typewriter ribbon principle, one-piece metal plates, individuality, simplicity and accuracy are DIREX-ALL advantages.

Write today for free book, "Doing the Day's Work Better." Tells all about it, and pictures your DIREX-ALL.

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New York, 54 Franklin St. San Francisco, Wells-Fargo Bldg.
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DIREX-ALL

FOR MAILING - LISTING - BILLING.

Enjoy This Inland Sea Shore

400 miles of open water stretches away from the Chicago Beach Hotel.

Opposite the main entrance are 100 miles of bridle path and motor ways.

The best American and European plan hotel in the West; the cuisine and service unexcelled.

Our new Casino, just completed, located on the Chicago Beach Hotel grounds, offers to bathers every modern convenience and luxury.

A 10-minute ride brings you to the loop, theatre and shopping districts of Chicago.

Write for reservations or booklet.

WILLARD D. ROCKEFELLER
Managing Director

CHICAGO BEACH HOTEL

Hyde Park Blvd. on the Lake Shore
CHICAGO

Club rooms at the disposal of motorists, free of charge.
Visit the Automobile Tea Garden.

Keds

Supreme Style and Comfort in Family Footwear

HAVE you noticed how, in the last few years, recreation clothes have followed men to business? Cool, comfortable, semi-negligee has largely displaced the stiff and formal variety of clothing that used to be so necessary to our dignity. This sensible idea is now extended to shoes with the introduction of Keds.

You can wear Keds for work or play with the most restful comfort and perfect good taste. They are "dressy" and durable for business wear—light and easy on your feet for recreation.

The uppers are of porous, air-circulating canvas of a specially woven, fine grade; the soles are of bouncy rubber with rubber heels in various heights.

Wear Keds and make your feet young and glad. Wear them to work, with light or dark suits; they are trim looking, full of character, pleasing in feel and fit, in wear and worth.

Tell Your Family About Keds

For dress or rest, Keds are particularly fitting for the feminine foot. Refined lines, superb styles, daintiness, gracefulness—all abound in Keds. For walking, playing or house wear, they are supremely comfortable. Dress the children in Keds for health and comfort. They like the noiseless tread, the springiness and foot freedom of Keds.

Cost considered, Keds outwear any other footwear yet devised. Keds are made for every member of the family in many shapes and styles—there are Keds for every fancy.

You can buy Keds in three grades. Each grade carries with it the reputation of the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

NATIONAL Keds **$1.50 up**

CAMPFIRE Keds **$1.25 to $2.00**

CHAMPION Keds **$1.00 to $1.50**

Ask your dealer to show you Keds for each member of the family. You will realize the big broad avenue of solid comfort, style and economy that this footwear opens up for you.

United States Rubber Company

New York

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY — US RUBBER SYSTEM — AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

SCATTERGOOD BAINES—INVADER

(Concluded from Page 9)

"I suppose you thought we fellows would be sore," he said genially.

"Dunno's I thought about you at all," said Scattergood. "I was thinkin' mainly about me."

"Well, we're not. You caught us napping, of course. We should have grabbed off that dam location long ago, but we weren't expecting anybody to stray in with his eyes open—like yourself. Of course your property and charter aren't worth a great deal till we start lumbering."

"Not to anybody but me," said Scattergood.

"Well, we expect to begin operations in a year or so. We'll build a mill on the railroad, and drive our logs down the river."

"Givin' my company the drivin' contracts?"

"Looks like we'd have to—if you get in your dam and improvements. But that'll take money. We've looked you up, of course, and we know you haven't it—nor any backing. That's why we've come to see you."

"To be sure," said Scattergood. "Goin' to drive way to the railroad, eh? How if there was a mill right at my dam? Shorten your drive twenty mile, wouldn't it, eh?"

"Yes," said Keith, laughing at Scattergood's ignorance; "but how about transportation from your mill to the railroad? We can't drive cut lumber."

"Course not," said Scattergood; "but this valley's goin' to open up. It's startin'. There's only one way to open a valley, and that's to run a railroad up it. Narrow gauge 'ud do here. Carry mostly lumber, but passengers too."

"Thinking of building one?" asked Crane, almost laughing in Scattergood's face.

"Thinkin' don't cost nobody nuthin'," said Scattergood. "Ever take a look at that charter of mine?"

"No."

"I'll let you read it over a bit. Maybe you'll git a idea from it."

He extracted the parchment from his safe and spread it before them.

"Kind of look careful along toward the end—in the tail feathers of it, so to speak," he advised.

They did so, and Crane looked up at the fat hardware man with eyes that were not quite so contemptuous.

"By George," he said, "this thing's a charter for a railroad down the valley too."

"Uh-huh," said Scattergood. "Dunno's the boys quite see what it was all about, but they calc'lated to please me, so they put it through jest as it stood. Mighty nice fellers up to the legislature."

"Pretty far in the future," said Keith, "and mighty expensive."

"Maybe not so far," said Scattergood; "and I could make a darn good start narrow-gaugin' it with a hundred thousand."

"Which you've got handy for use," said Crane.

"There is that much money," said Scattergood, "and if there is, why, it kin be got."

"Let's get back to the river now," said Keith. "If we're going to start lumbering in a year, say, we've got to have the river in shape. Take quite some time to get it cleared and dammed and boomed."

"Six months," said Scattergood.

"Cost a right smart pile."

"The work I'm figgerin' on would come to about thirty-odd thousand."

"Which you haven't got."

"Somebody has," said Scattergood.

"We have," said Crane. "That's why we came to you—and with a proposition. You've grabbed this thing off, but you can't hog it, because you haven't the money to put it through. Our offer is this: You put in your locations and your charter against our money. We'll finance it. Your enterprise entitles you to control. We won't dispute that. You can have fifty-one per cent of the stock for what you've contributed. We take the rest for financing. We're known and can get money."

"How you figger to work it?"

"We'll bond for forty thousand dollars. Keith and I can place the bonds. That'll give us money to go ahead."

Scattergood reached down and took off a huge shoe. Usually he thought more accurately when his feet were unconfined.

"That means we'd sort of mortgage the whole thing, eh?"

"That's the idea."

"And if we didn't pay interest on the bonds, why, the fellers that had 'em could foreclose?"

"But we needn't worry about that."

"Not," said Scattergood, "if you fellers sign a contract with the Dam and Boom Company to give them the exclusive job of drivin' all your timber at, say, sixty cents a thousand feet of logs. And if you'd stick a clause in that contract that you'd begin cuttin' within twelve months from date."

"Sure we'd do that," said Keith. "To our advantage as much as to yours."

"To be sure," said Scattergood.

"It's a deal, then?"

"Far's I'm concerned," said Scattergood, slipping his foot inside his shoe, "it is."

That afternoon, the papers having been signed and the deal consummated, Scattergood sat cogitating.

"I've been done," he said to himself solemnly, "accordin' to them fellers' notion. They come and seen me, and done me. They planned out how they'd do it, and I didn't never suspect a thing. Uh-huh. Seems like I was fortunate, just gittin' a start in life like I be. Bonds, says they. Uh-huh. They'll place 'em, and place 'em handy. First int'rest day there won't be no int'rest, and them bonds'll be foreclosed—and where'll I be? Mighty ingenious fellers, Crane and Keith. And I up and walked right into it like a fly into a molasses barrel. Them fellers," he said even more somberly, "come here calc'latin' to cheat me out of my river—me bein' jest a fat man without no brains."

Crane and Keith had left Scattergood the executive head of the new Dam and Boom Company, and had confided to him the task of building the dam and improving the river. He approached it sadly.

"Might as well save what I kin out of the wreck," he said to himself, and quietly manufactured a dummy contracting company to whom he let the entire job for a lump sum of thirty-eight thousand seven hundred dollars. The dummy contractor was Scattergood Baines.

The dam was completed, booms and cribbing placed, ledges blasted out well within the six months' period set for those operations. Every thirty days Scattergood, in the name of the dummy contractor, was paid eighty per cent of his estimates, and at the completion of the work he received the remainder of the whole sum.

"I wouldn't 'a' done it to them boys," he said as he surveyed a deposit of upward of seven thousand dollars, his profit on the transaction, "if it hadn't 'a' been they organized to cheat me out of my river. I calc'late in the circumstances, though, I'm most entitled to what I kin salvage out of the wreck."

Now the Coldriver Dam and Boom Company, Scattergood Baines president and manager, was ready for business, which was to take the logs of Messrs. Crane and Keith and drive them down the river at the rate of sixty cents per thousand feet. It was ready and eager, and so expressed itself in quaintly worded communications from Baines to those gentlemen. But no logs appeared to be driven.

"Jest like I said," Scattergood told himself, and, the day being hot and the road dusty, he removed his shoes and rested his sweltering bulk in the shade to consider it.

"It's a nice river," he said audibly. "I hate to git done out of it."

After long delays Crane and Keith made pretense of building camps and starting to log. But one difficulty after another descended on their operations. In the spring, when each of them should have had several millions of feet of spruce ready to roll into the water, not a log was on rollways. Not a man was in the camps, for, owing to reasons not to be comprehended by the public, the woodsmen of both operators had struck simultaneously and left the woods.

Presently the first interest day arrived, with not even a hope of being able to meet the required payment at a future date. Bondholders—dummies just as Scattergood's contractor was a dummy—met. Their deliberations were brief. Foreclose with all promptitude was their word, and foreclose they did. With the result that legal notices were published to the effect that on the sixteenth day of June the dam, boom, cribbing, improvements, charter, contracts and property of whatsoever nature belonging to the Coldriver Dam and Boom Company were to be sold at public auction on the steps of the county courthouse. Scattergood had lost his river.

IV

"TERMS of the sale are cash with the bid," said Crane to Keith. "I saw to that."

"Good! Wasn't necessary, I guess. There hasn't been even a wriggle out of Baines."

"Won't be. We'll have to send somebody up to bid it in. It's just taking money out of one pocket to put it into the other, but we've got to go through the motions."

"Anyhow, let's get credit for grabbing a bargain," said Keith. "Bid her in cheap. No use taking a big wad of money out of circulation even for a few days."

"Ten thousand'll be enough. Say ten thousand six hundred, just to make it sound better. Have to have two bidders there."

"Sure," agreed Keith. "I guess this'll teach our fat dreamer of dreams not to get in the way of the cars."

Scattergood's stock had gone down in Coldriver. True, his hardware store was thriving. In the two years his stock had increased from what his seven hundred and fifty dollars, with credit added, would buy to an inventory of better than five thousand dollars, free of debt. It is true also that, with the long winter coming on, he had looked about for a chance to keep his small surplus at work for him, and his eyes had fallen upon the item of firewood. In Coldriver were a matter of sixty houses and a hotel, all of which derived their heat from hardwood chunks and cooked their meals on ranges fired with sixteen-inch split wood. The houses were mostly of that large, comfortable country variety which could not be kept warm with one fire. Scattergood figured they would burn on an average fifteen cords of wood.

Now stove wood, to be really useful, must have seasoned a year. It is not pleasant to build fires with green wood. Appreciating this, Scattergood ambled about the countryside and bought up every available stick of wood at prices of the day—and under, for he was a good buyer. He secured a matter of a thousand cords—and then waited hopefully.

It was a small transaction, promising no great profits, but Scattergood Baines was never, even when a rich man, one to scorn a small deal. Within sixty days he turned over his corner in wood, realizing a profit of something over four hundred dollars—this is merely to illustrate how Scattergood's capital grew.

On June sixteenth Scattergood drove to the county seat. He now owned a horse and a buggy, the seat of which he more than comfortably filled. In the county seat Scattergood was not unknown, for various county officers had been helped to their places by his growing influence in his town—notably the sheriff.

There was little interest in the sale, and what interest there was Scattergood caused by his unexpected appearance. Nobody had imagined he would be present. Now that he was there nobody could imagine why. He did not enlighten them, though he was delighted to sit in the sun on the courthouse steps, waiting for the hour of the sale, and to chat. He loved to chat, especially if he could get off his shoes and wriggle his toes in the sunshine. And so he sat, bare of foot, when the sheriff appeared and made his announcement of the approaching sale. Scattergood chatted on, apparently not interested.

"All the dams, booms, cribbings, improvements and property of the Coldriver Dam and Boom Company ——" the sheriff read.

"Includin' the contracts and charter," amended Scattergood.

"Including the contracts and charter," agreed the sheriff, and Scattergood continued his chat.

Bidding began. It was not brisk or exciting. Five thousand was the first offer, from a young man appertaining to Crane. Keith's young man raised him five hundred. Back and forth they tossed it, carrying on the pretense, until Keith's young man reached the sum of ten thousand six hundred dollars. A silence followed.

"Ten thousand six hundred I'm offered," said the sheriff loudly, and repeated it. He had been a licensed auctioneer in his day. "Do I hear seven hundred? Seven hundred—six-fifty"—a portentous pause—"going at ten thousand six hundred, once. Going at ten thousand six hundred, twice ——"

"Ten thousand seven hundred," said Scattergood casually.

Crane's young man looked at Keith's young man in a panic. They had on them only the sum they had bid. Cash with bid were the terms of sale. Scattergood, out of the corner of his eye, saw them rush together and confer frenziedly. His eye glinted.

"Ten thousand eight hundred," Crane's youth bid desperately.

"Cash with bid is terms of sale," said Scattergood. "I object to listenin' to that bid without the young man perduces."

He smiled at the sheriff.

"Mr. Baines is right," said the sheriff. "Protect your bid with the cash or I cannot receive it."

"Make him protect his bid," shouted Crane's young man.

"Certain," said Scattergood, approaching the sheriff and drawing a huge roll of bills from his sagging trousers pocket. "Calc'late you'll find her there, Mr. Sheriff, and some besides. Make your change and gimme back the rest."

"I'm waitin' on you, young feller," said the sheriff, eying the young men. "Ten thousand seven hundred I hear. Going at ten thousand seven hundred, once—twice—three times. Sold to Mr. Baines for ten thousand seven hundred dollars."

So ends the first epoch of Scattergood Baines' career in Coldriver Valley. Here he emerges as a personage. From this point his fame began to spread, and legend grew. Had he not, in two brief years, after arriving with less than fifty dollars as a total capital, acquired a profitable hardware store—donated in the beginning by competitors? Had he not now, for the most part with money wrenched from Crane and Keith by his dummy contracting, been enabled to bid in for ten thousand seven hundred dollars a new property worth nearly three times that much? He was a man into whose band wagon all were eager to clamber.

But Scattergood did not change. He went back to his hardware store and waited—waited for Crane and Keith to start their inevitable logging operations. For in his safe reposed ironclad contracts with those gentlemen, covering the future for a decade, compelling them to pay him sixty cents for every thousand feet of timber that floated down his river. It was a good two years' work. He could well afford to wait.

Scattergood sat on the porch of his store in the sunniest spot, twiddling his bare toes.

"The way to make money," he said to the mountain opposite, "is to let smarter folks 'n you be make it for you—like I done."

A Near Slip

TO A GUEST who was down at Oyster Bay for luncheon not long ago, Colonel Roosevelt told this one on himself. It seems that he endeavors to keep track of all his former comrades in the Rough Riders. When a former member of that famous organization gets into trouble he appeals to Colonel Roosevelt for help.

Last year, during one of his Western campaigning trips, The Colonel got word that a cow-puncher who served under him in the Spanish-American War was in jail in a neighboring town, and was craving to see him personally in the hope that the Rooseveltian influence might serve to secure his freedom for him. Accordingly Colonel Roosevelt motored over to call upon the unfortunate, finding him in a cell.

"Bill," said The Colonel, after they had exchanged greetings through the bars, "I'm mighty sorry to see you in this predicament. What have you been doing now?"

"Colonel," said the captive, "I really never done nothin' much. My bein' here locked up this way is all due to a mistake."

"What kind of a mistake?"

"Well, suh, I shot a lady in the eye."

"Do you call shooting a lady in the eye a mistake?"

"Well, Colonel, you see it was this way—I wasn't shootin' at this lady a-tall. I was shootin' at my wife."

What reason would you assign for the fact that 439,823 women bought *Hotpoint* Irons last year?

Why do you suppose that they have bought them in increasing quantity for 13 years?

Not *appearance* only—although it is the handsomest electric iron made.

Not *price*, surely—although the *Hotpoint* line has always been the popular priced line.

Not even *efficiency*—although it has led in important

Hotpoint **Features**

Such as
—hot point (always at working temperature)
—cool handle (no holder needed)
—attached stand (just tip it up)
—hinged plug (no troublesome cord breakage).

Nor yet *comfort*—although with its thumb rest, its attached stand and other exclusive features it *is* easiest to use.

Not *economy of operation*—although it will do a given amount of ironing with less current than any iron we have tested.

No. Your answer is found in economy *plus* low price *plus* efficiency *plus* comfort *plus* appearance.

2,500,000 *Hotpoint* Iron Users

Combined they spell satisfaction to the more than 2,500,000 women who now iron the *Hotpoint* way.

Two Improvements

And the two improvements added this year will accentuate the user's satisfaction.

—the thumb rest offers a natural place to put the thumb and with it you guide the iron more easily and positively.

—the hinged-plug cord-protector compels the cord to bend in a long easy curve.

—this does away with the troublesome cord breakage.

So the *Hotpoint* Iron, which has set the standard for 13 years, continues to assert its leadership.

Five or 6-pound iron, fully guaranteed, $5.00. Canada, $5.50.

Hotpoint

The comfort and the charm

Breakfast? Yes, let's *Hotpoint* and enjoy it on the porch

Coffee and cold water in the Percolator. Put in the plug. In 7 or 8 minutes you serve it—piping hot, brilliantly clear.

Connect the Grill on high heat. Minced potatoes in cream into lower dish. Bacon into upper dish. Ready as soon as the coffee.

When above are almost done, put bread on the toaster. Two slices a delectable brown on both sides in a couple of minutes.

And the doing of it is real fun—because everybody likes *Hotpoint* food.

Many years ago we standardized the connecting plugs on our

Hotpoint Valveless Percolator

"Valveless" means that the *Hotpoint* Percolator is a miniature geyser without floats, traps, valves, springs or other contraptions to require attention and cause trouble. The *Hotpoint* was the first moderate priced electric percolator.

Percolation in Thirty Seconds

Half a minute after you insert the plug the water shoots up. And so on, every couple of seconds. This water slowly seeps through the coffee—drip, drip, drip—extracting the full flavor and aroma.

Coffee Never Boiled

You see, the coffee is never boiled, but as soon as brewed it is hot—zipping. Pull out the plug and pour. Always the same: not a chance of getting poor coffee.

Several styles of *Hotpoint* Percolators—all valveless. All made of the best materials, fully guaranteed and highly finished.

The nickel pot shown above, 6 cup capacity is $9.00. Canada, $11.25.
Same in aluminum with lip spout is $7.00. Canada, $8.75.
Machine type in Colonial pattern, 9 cup is $12.00. Canada, $15.00.
In the Grecian urn pattern the machine is $15.00. Canada, $19.50.

Hotpoint Ra

Yes, you do two operations at o
glowing coils. Attaches to any

Boils, Broils, Fries and Toasts

A good, snappy heat that gives
secures perfect results.

Endless combinations—say a steak or ch
potatoes fry above. Try this—sausag
(which is included in the outfit).

Three-Heat Control

By shifting the plug you change from hi
may be necessary.

What a merry meal when you all sit d
eat. Everything "done to a turn" and

The one shown above (with two dishes,
3-heat control is $6.50. Canada, $8.50

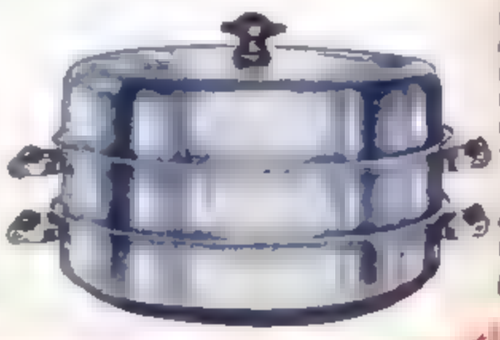
Same type but only one heat and one d

Rectangular Grill, single heat with tw

All highly finished and fully guaranteed.

Bake with Ovenette on the

Just put this Ovenette on it and, pres
oven that will bake beautifully.



Hotpoint Ranges

Our open coil reflector type of burner compares favorably with gas in speed and is used exclusively by us.

We offer four sizes. The one shown here is the largest size and complete in every detail.

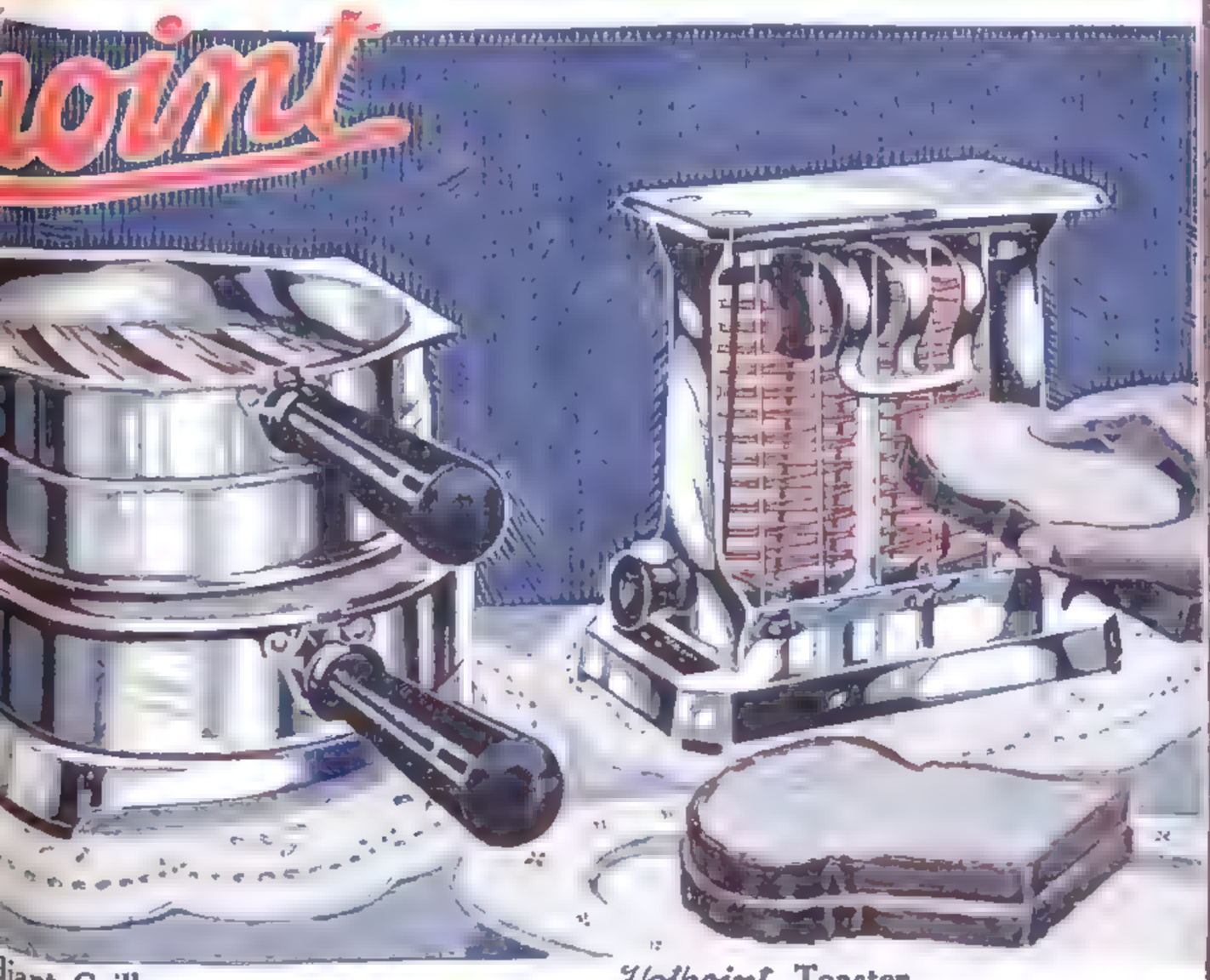
Electric range cooking is ideal. The heat is pure and dry and food is improved. Kitchen is clean and comfortable. If interested in this method of cooking inquire of your Lighting Co. or write us.

Hotpoint

a of electric table cookery

n. It will be ready in a jiffy, and no trouble at all.

Or Luncheon? Just as easy to prepare and as complete. Just as charming.
So, too, a hot-weather dinner without the fuss and heat of the kitchen.
Sounds interesting, doesn't it? And best of all, it is practical and easy to do—thousands of up-to-date women cooked today's breakfast electrically, right on the table—the *Hotpoint* way.
Many of them did their entire cooking this way all last summer.
Now, is there any good reason why you shouldn't cook in comfort this summer?
ron and table appliances, making them interchangeable.



diant Grill

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you plenty of action and

ops broiling below while hashed re below and cakes on griddle

gh heat to medium or to low as

own together and cook as you zestfully hot.
ake griddle and broiler griddle)

ish, $6.00. Canada, $7.00.
dishes, $5.50. Canada, $6.50.

Hotpoint Radiant Grill

, you have a complete electric

ce the middle section. With in place Ovenette accommoda chicken or large roast. Cooks o perfection, as quickly as largest oven. For pies, biscuit small items omit middle ring economize on current used.

think of turning out hot bisright on the table as fast as family wants them.

nette is $3.50. Canada, $4.50.

Hotpoint Toaster

You *could* get along without the Toaster, because the Grill makes very good toast. But you ought not.

For to give this "cook-right-on-the-table" plan a fair trial you need this *Hotpoint* trio.

With them—well, the preparation of summer-time meals becomes a joy instead of a duty and meal time takes on new pleasures.

The First Electrical Bread Toaster a "*Hotpoint*"

Perhaps you didn't know that the very first electric bread toaster made was a *Hotpoint*. That was 12 years ago. And it was very crude, but the best there was.

Every year since then we have improved and developed our toaster, always keeping it in the lead—making it more effective, more attractive in appearance.

Just put a slice of bread on each side and connect the toaster. Instantly the coils glow, the bread begins to toast. In a minute or so turn your toast. Nothing else to do.

Shortly it is done—brown and crunchy; keep it hot on top.

Keeps you "going"—another slice ready as soon as wanted.

Hotpoint Toaster fully guaranteed, $4.50. Canada, $5.00. Connecting plug is interchangeable on these appliances.

Buy of the Dealer—Let your distributor explain Hotpoint Appliances to you. But if more convenient we ship prepaid on receipt of price. Equipped with push-button switch 50c additional; in Canada, 75c.

HOTPOINT ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY
Ontario, Calif. Chicago New York London
CANADIAN HOTPOINT ELECTRIC HEATING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA
Largest Manufacturers Electrically Heated Household Appliances in the World

No electric-lighted house is complete without a *Hotpoint* Pressed-Steel Vacuum Cleaner.

Why pressed steel? Because—

- —it is unbreakable in service
- —it will not soil delicate colors in the floor coverings
- —interior is smooth, allowing unobstructed air passage
- —it is more handsome on account of our high finish: steel is first copper plated, then polished, then nickel plated and polished again.
- —when made in such large quantities, they can be made more cheaply. The pressed-steel case goes far to explain the high quality combined with the low price of the *Hotpoint* Cleaner

But the pressed-steel case is only one of the reasons why you should buy the *Hotpoint* Vacuum Cleaner.

The motor is air-cooled; the suction fan is specially designed. The oiling system allows no dripping.

The handle is our special design with ball knob grip—switch button right at finger tips.

Wheels are rubber-tired, rear one swiveled.

Bag is dust proof. Our special attachments make it easily removable for emptying.

Just attach to any lamp-socket—snap the switch and push lightly over the floor. Has working radius of 20 feet.

So much for this perfect floor cleaner. But it is vastly more, for the attachments enable you

- —to air-clean the draperies and curtains
- —to suck the dust out of tufting in cushions
- —to clean under radiators and heavy furniture
- —to draw dust out of clothing—from shelves of books
- —to thoroughly clean walls and ceilings

The conclusion is that you should enjoy the *Hotpoint* Pressed-Steel Vacuum Cleaner, with its air-cooled, trouble-proof motor and get service from your dormant electric wiring.

Cleaner complete (in United States), $27.50. Attachments $7.50.

In War as in Peace
the quality of Interwoven Socks
is always the same

The same permanent lustrous dyes,
The same thin, closely-woven fabric,
The same snug ankle fit,—and above all
The same marvelous wearing qualities which have brought them world-wide fame.

Prices:
Mercerized Lisles 35c (3 pairs for $1), also 50c
Pure Silks 60c
Extra Quality Heavy Silks 75c, $1 and up

Interwoven
TOE AND HEEL
Socks
NO EQUAL FOR WEAR

Letters From the War

By WILL IRWIN

MADRID, THURSDAY, MARCH 29TH.

FASHIONS in stage characters change. Up to the beginning of the war the villain of British melodrama was usually a Frenchman or an Italian. The Entente Cordiale and the entrance of Italy on the side of Britain stopped all that. At present he is either a German or a Spaniard. The American, now—Europe used to refuse to take him seriously enough to make him a villain. He was usually the low-comedy relief, or at most the clever friend of the persecuted hero. But yesterday, in the café and cabaret which this hotel runs in its basement, I met face to face on the movie screen an American villainess of the deepest dye.

Since the war, it appears, Spain has been establishing a film industry of her own, producing with native actors in the clear airs of the Mediterranean Coast. This native five-reel thriller set forth the adventures of The Black Captain.

The first reel was set in Madrid; and it introduced Miss Arabella, American heiress of a blond beauty and a black heart. The count falls in love with her. By her wiles, and for no reason except inherent racial wickedness, she sets him against his best friend. They fight a duel with swords, and the count kills his friend. The reel ends with the broken-hearted count taking a transatlantic liner to America. When we see him again he is the Black Captain, leader of a bandit band in the Far West. After which Miss Arabella is reintroduced with the title: "The Wicked American Woman Goes to Take Charge of her Vast Inherited Estates in the West." There follow three reels of intense action. I take it that there is no movie Board of Censors in Spain. When the Black Captain fights he pulls out two guns and piles up his dead in full view of the audience. The West would admire the realism of this film. The cowboys ride in English pad saddles; they wear handkerchiefs bound round their heads, tight riding breeches, and sashes bristling with knives. The Black Captain is clad in velveteen, and when he gets ready to ride in a pursuit his servant-cowboy hands him a pair of white gloves and a riding-crop. The heart of the villainess grows blacker with each reel. She is especially severe on the beautiful Spanish ward of the Black Captain, whom she ties to a stake in the rising tide, shuts up in a burning house, and hangs over a precipice. At one time the Black Captain catches her and brands her with a hot iron between the shoulder blades—this also in full view of the audience. Finally the villainess, Miss Arabella, fleeing from his vengeance in an automobile, goes over a cliff into the sea, and the Black Captain gathers his rescued ward into his arms as the lights go up.

German Spies in Madrid

That great café, an institution of this town, is packed every afternoon and evening, though Lent is drawing to its somber close, though perplexities are gathering fast about the government, though there are murmurs everywhere of a general strike against the high cost of living. And yet the effects of the war are visible even to the casual eye. It is a different city from the one I saw two years ago, when Armageddon was young and we talked of peace with victory within a year. To begin with, I haven't been warm since I left Cadiz—I am writing this in an ulster. Madrid stands on a plateau, with a range of snow-clad mountains in the distance. Its site resembles that of Denver, at a lesser altitude. The climate runs to extremes, and only in midsummer, when a tropical sun beats down, is the air ever quite free from chill. So the people of Madrid heat their houses with stoves and furnaces, American-fashion. Now the country has run out of coal. Its own great coal seams to the north have never been worked up to the domestic demand; it has depended on the Cornish mines, a matter of sea transport. Cornwall is not shipping coal now to neutral countries. The price of coal has risen to thirty and forty dollars a ton—when it can be had. For the past two days we have had no artificial heat in this hotel, one of the best two in Madrid. When I complained the management told me that they were very sorry; they really expected a little coal within two or three days. In the meantime, they had all they could do to find enough for cooking; if this kept on they would have to close the grill. Madrid is blue-nosed, shivering.

Ten or fifteen years ago, before we opened our era of great building expansion, there was one hotel in every American town about which local life centered—the Palace in San Francisco, the Auditorium Annex in Chicago, the St. Charles in New Orleans and the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. This is such a hotel; the life of the Iberian Peninsula drifts in a steady current through its lobbies. There is now an undercurrent of melodrama. I walked from the tea room to the bar yesterday with a man who knows Madrid, and all the way he talked into my ear like this:

"That's a German agent. He does anything that comes to his hand—mostly propaganda. Look out for him, my boy, he's probably watching you. That woman—the pretty one there—is an Austrian. She lived in England the first two years of the war, because she had the protection of a nobleman. But she had to get out last summer. No, there's nothing wrong with her. She's been in England long enough to feel English; but she never got naturalized, so she had to go. If that fellow in the green hat makes up to you, keep your fingers crossed. He talks perfect American and claims to be a citizen, but I hear that the Embassy has refused him a passport. They say he is a deserter from the United States Army, and that he has been doing secret-service work here for the Germans—some say that he has an iron cross. He seems to have no occupation, and he lives high. You're looking out for your passports, aren't you? Half the secret agents in Madrid are trying to steal them."

High Prices for Passports

Looking out for my passports! The specter of a lost passport sits on my pillow in this strange neutral country of intrigues; for you might as well be dead as without papers. And American passports have a high market value—the latest quotation, they tell me, is seven thousand pesetas, or about fifteen hundred dollars. They are—or have been—useful for spying purposes. That, however, is not the main use. Since the beginning of the war Spain has been as a city of refuge for the Germans. There were about seven thousand of them in the whole kingdom before the war; now there are eighty thousand, if you include a body of soldiers who found their way into the Spanish-African colonies from the Kameruns, and were interned.

The question the outsider asks is how they got here. Some, it appears, fled from the southern part of France in the first week of the war, when the French system was not working so well as it does now. Many more escaped from the German colonies in Africa and made their way across the Mediterranean by trick, fraud and device. Still others have managed to cross from the United States. Now these people are virtually prisoners in Spain. The Allies hold the open seas, and have the power, if they will, to search Spanish vessels for enemy subjects. To prevent this annoyance, the Spanish have agreed with the British not to give passage out of the country to Germans or Austrians. An American passport is received without question by the authorities at the Spanish ports; and the high prices are offered by Germans who have pressing business in America. Within the past month three passports have been stolen in this city.

One has an uncomfortable feeling that he is being watched—by both sides. The Germans want to know what you are doing here; the Allies want to satisfy themselves, before you cross the line into France, that you are what you assume to be, and not a German agent who has dropped off in Spain to report. I have marked often, and in diverse parts of the city, a small blondish gentleman of uncertain nationality hanging carelessly about in my vicinity. He is probably my pet spy.

I was in Madrid the last time during the late summer of 1915. Then the German element was much more in evidence than

(Continued on Page 50)

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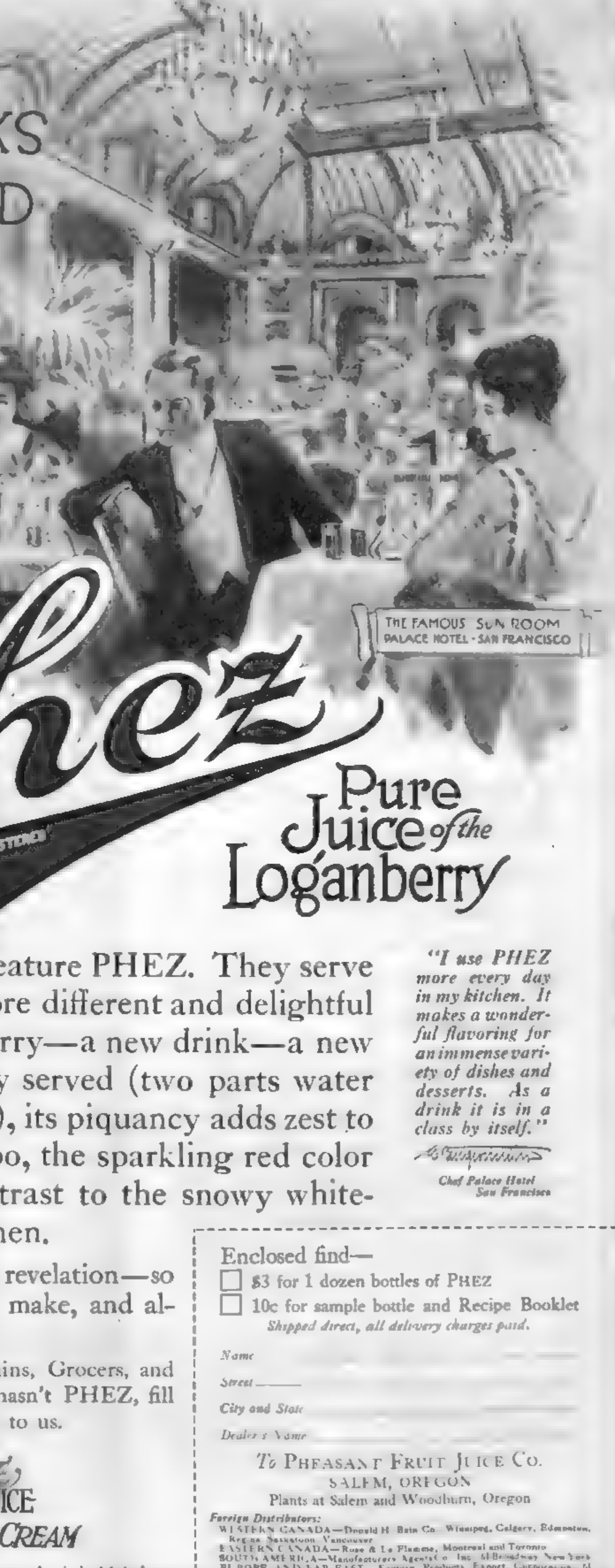
You'll find



Out of the Golden West

Phez

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Pure Juice of the Loganberry

Famous Hotels feature PHEZ. They serve it in a dozen or more different and delightful ways. It's a new berry—a new drink—a new sensation. Properly served (two parts water to one part PHEZ), its piquancy adds zest to the meal. Then, too, the sparkling red color is a charming contrast to the snowy whiteness of the table linen.

PHEZ punch is a revelation—so delicious—yet easy to make, and always dependable.

Sold at the best Fountains, Grocers, and Druggists. If your dealer hasn't PHEZ, fill out the coupon and mail it to us.

Try Phez in LOGANBERRY JUICE ICE CREAM

N. B.—Use PHEZ undiluted on dry cereals—it is delicious!

"I use PHEZ more every day in my kitchen. It makes a wonderful flavoring for an immense variety of dishes and desserts. As a drink it is in a class by itself."

Chef Palace Hotel
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Enclosed find—

☐ $3 for 1 dozen bottles of PHEZ

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Shipped direct, all delivery charges paid.

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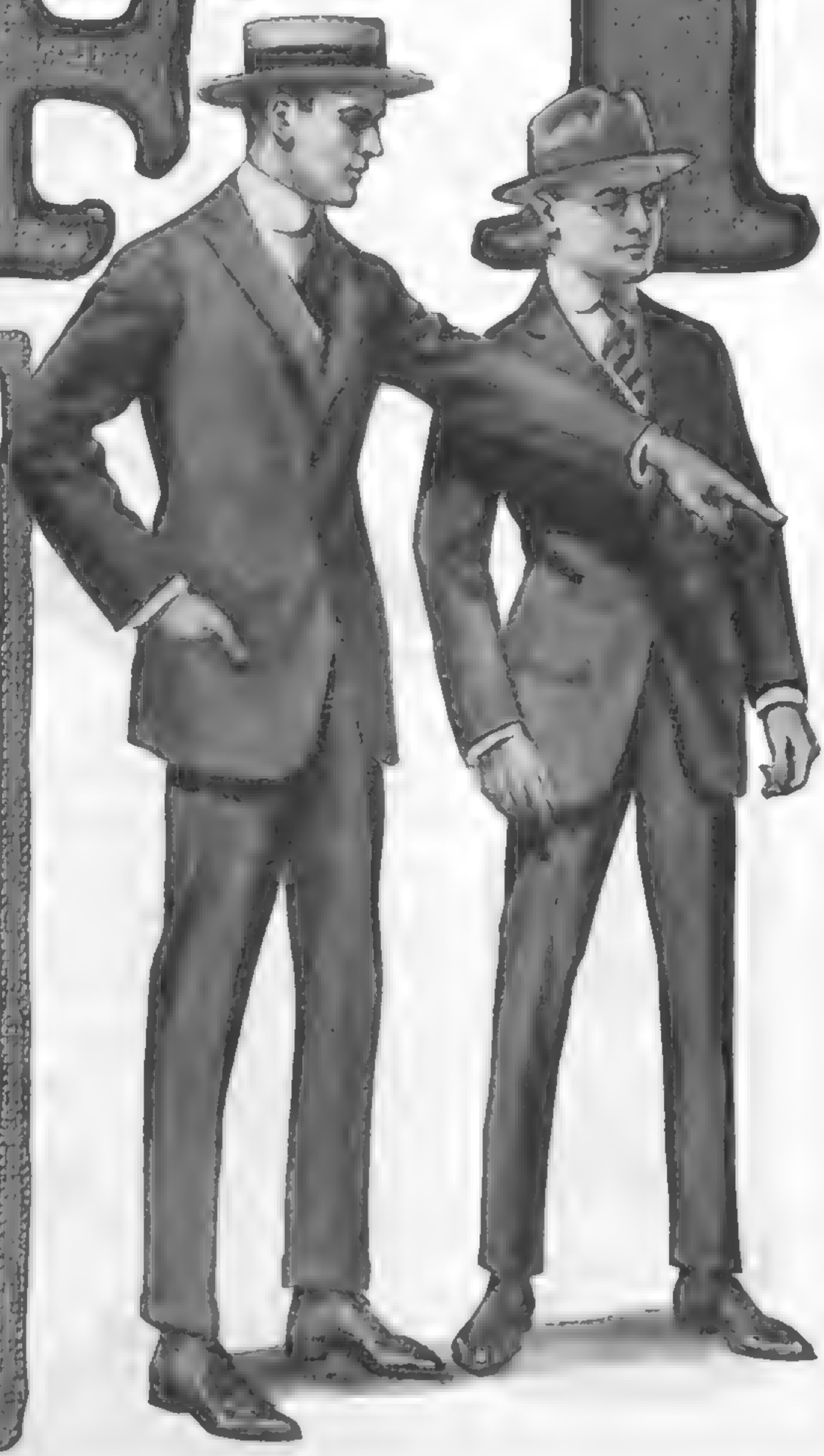
Start Now-Make FISK



Put a FISK Non-Skid on Your Spare Rim

THAT is the way many thousands of today's most enthusiastic Fisk users had the truth brought home to them that Fisk Tires are the greatest dollar-for-dollar value on the market.

Once you have discovered for yourself there is such a difference in tire values you will never be satisfied with other than complete Fisk equipment.

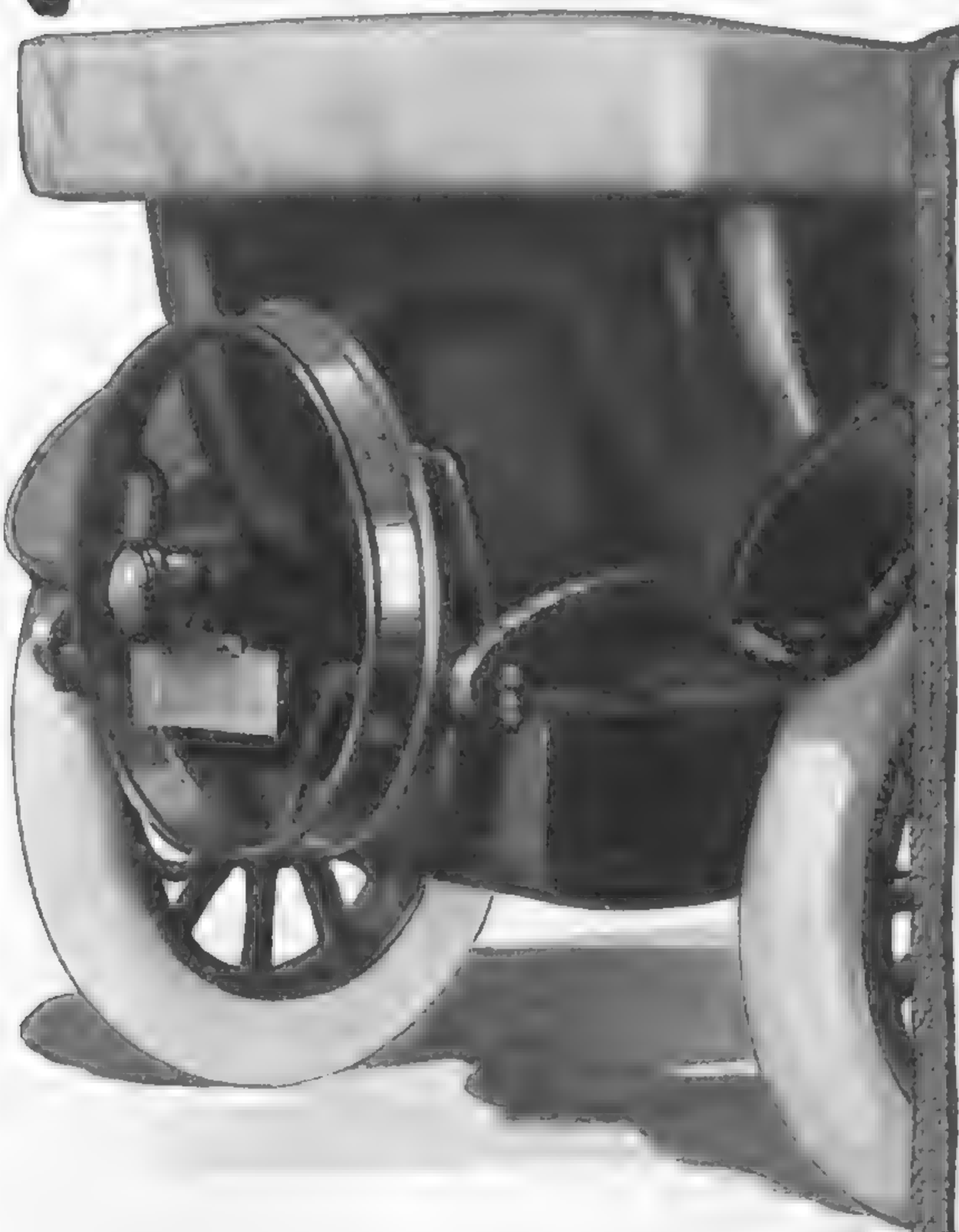
Made in three styles —Grey Non-Skid; Black Non-Skid; and the handsome RED TOP, tire de Luxe.

Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

Sold by dealers throughout the United States and Canada and in more than 125 direct Fisk Branches in principal trade centers.

Your Equipment

FISK



Renew with FISK Non-Skids

THE first time that any of your present tire equipment needs replacement RENEW WITH FISK.

Look into this tire question; compare Fisk quality with other tire quality—Fisk prices with other prices.

When you have four Fisk Tires on your car you will have started on the road to complete tire satisfaction.

Sooner or later you will learn that "when you pay more than Fisk prices you pay for something that does not exist".

Fisk Tubes bought now will give you better tire satisfaction and lower upkeep costs for the balance of the season.

Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

Fisk Tire Service FREE to all car owners—in leading motor centers throughout the United States.

THE JOYS OF EVINRUDING

A spin across-lake to Picnic Point—or a trip up-river where you can explore all the picturesque little bays and inlets—one place today, a new trip tomorrow—a world of ever-changing pleasures is yours if you own an

EVINRUDE

DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTOR

Easily portable—take the Evinrude with you anywhere. Quickly attached to any rowboat or canoe. Equipment includes Evinrude Magneto—Built-in Flywheel Type, Automatic Reverse, and new refinements for 1917. More Power and Speed. Catalog and dealer's name on request.

Special folder describes rowboats, canoes, skiffs and accessories.

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO., 558 Evinrude Block, Milwaukee, Wis.

Also manufacturers of 2 and 5 H. P., 2 cycle inboard motors for launches, canoes, dinghies, tenders.

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Over 80,000 sold—Used by 25 Governments

Join in the Nation's Most Popular Sport—Boating

Motorists!!

Show Your Colors

Every motorist should have his car decorated with the national emblem, but the ordinary bunting flags speedily become lost or weather-worn.

It spins! It wins!

$1 Post Paid

The National Revolving Metal Flag

is a true representation of the Stars and Stripes in their glorious red, white and blue. Made of toughened metal lithographed with weatherproof enamel colors that will keep bright through good and bad weather.

7 in. wide—4½ in. high

Adjusted in a few minutes to any radiator cap, even those with thermometer. Hung on swivel post so that it revolves with the breeze or the movement of the car. Beautiful and permanent, an ornament to any car, and one that will cause a thrill of pride to the beholder.

If Your Dealer Can't Supply You Send One Dollar Today

NATIONAL CAN CO., 2548 East Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Dealers Write for Prices on quantity shipments. Every motorist wants one.

Your Camera Will Take Good Color Pictures

If you can take good black and white photographs, you can make good color pictures. Equip your present camera with Hiblock plates and reproduce Nature's colors. No extra equipment necessary.

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HIBLOCK

is a plate that requires only one exposure like any ordinary plate. Process easily understood. Any number of "prints" from a single Hiblock. All the colorful beauty of animate and inanimate nature. Good results with flash or natural light, outdoors or in.

We supply all necessary materials to be used in cameras of all sizes, including the roll film type.

Write for the free leaflet explaining color photography for your camera.

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DEALERS! If you are not already handling Hiblock plates, write for our dealer offer today.

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THE mileage obtainable from tires is in direct ratio with the air put into them.

If your tire lacks twenty per cent of the air it needs, it will render you twenty per cent less than the mileage it could have given you.

Measure the air with a

SCHRADER UNIVERSAL TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE

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Big Profits in Soda Water

for Cigar Stores, Confectioners, News Stands, Restaurants. Let us start you *now* in this profitable business. No money tied up—your outfit *more than pays for itself* with the first five gallons of syrup dispensed!

Cherryallen Soda Fountain, $84.50, complete with 5 gallons of Cherryallen syrup, which, when sold, brings you $84.00.

Fountain is silver plated with marble base and large frosted globe displaying syrup. Handsome, novel, simple, practical. Cherryallen has the true cherry flavor. It's a big repeater.

Write quick for [illegible] about this wonderful [illegible] that [illegible] with [illegible] syrup mill.

Jobbers Write us, too.

ALLEN RED TAME CHERRY COMPANY

Department P. Toledo, O.

(Continued from Page 46)

at present. In all the cafés and the dining rooms of the more expensive hotels big, blond men, often displaying sword cuts on their cheeks, laughed and drank and chattered in gutturals. Whenever Germany had a military victory—which happened only too often in those days—they gave a banquet at this hotel. It was on one of those occasions that the head waiter, who was an Italian, lost his job. Unable to endure the speeches, which were especially severe on Italy, he walked along the balcony over the toastmaster's head and dropped therefrom a large sheaf of Allied flags. Now one sees a tableful of Germans here and there at the best cafés; but they are uncommon enough to attract attention.

They are here, nevertheless, but one must look for them in the small and inexpensive restaurants frequented by bullfighters, peasants and the cheaper sports. For there are hard times just now in the German colony. In the good old days of 1915, both the Imperial Government and the German commercial bodies were spending money like water on propaganda, where now they spend it like precious liquor. Certain of the Germans were rolling in fat pay and pickings. But money is not so plentiful in Germany as it was; and, moreover, the authorities may feel that they have got out of Spain all that they can get. Still, German coin flashes here and there. It is well understood that German money figures in the threat of a general strike, which is the question of the hour in Spain.

MADRID, PALM SUNDAY, APRIL 1ST.

The race between the Beautiful Wop and her Dearest Rival to be first at the Paris openings is not over yet. When the Beautiful Wop found that she could not cross the border because she had got no visé from the French consul in New York, she telegraphed to the consul and her people asking for a telegraphic visé. That takes time nowadays—messages go by French cable and must be censored. The minimum allowance is three days. The quickest way to telegraph to New York from Madrid is to send the message to Berlin by wireless and have it relayed by wireless again. Such messages often go through in twenty-four hours. But, of course, this method is impossible to a friend of the Allies, or to one who is doing business with the Allied governments. Since last Tuesday, when she sent her telegrams, she has been going through the dreary business of waiting and trying to keep a stiff upper lip. In the meantime, the Dearest Rival sailed through last Friday night with flying colors.

This morning she reappeared in Madrid. She had been refused admittance to France. Without explanation, she was advised to return to Madrid to see her diplomatic representatives. She went back all the more quietly because she had been keeping a worrisome secret for a week and understood in her heart what was the matter. And this afternoon the French consul, found working in his office on his day off, confirmed her suspicions.

Suspicious Companions

On our boat coming over was a quiet young woman who wore a diamond solitaire on the third finger of her left hand. She said that she was going to Seville to live. She and the Dearest Rival fell together and grew friendly. The quiet young woman confided to her new friend a thrilling secret: She was going over to Seville to marry a young man, a foreign resident of Spain, whose business kept him from traveling. For decency's sake he was going to meet her at the train with the priest and the license. As they got thicker, the quiet young woman asked her if she wouldn't stop off and be a witness—it made one feel more at home to have one's own countrywoman at the ceremony. What woman could have resisted? The Dearest Rival made arrangements to stay over at Seville for the night, and travel on to Madrid in the morning.

They were about to range themselves before the altar, when the Dearest Rival learned one small but significant fact hitherto concealed from her: The bridegroom was a German! She did exactly what any other decent person would have done—went through with the affair courteously. She attended the supper afterward, and got out of Seville on the first train next morning. But someone, as she feared, had kept tabs on the affair and reported it to the French.

It is easy for the people of a country just entering this war—or newly in it, as the case may be—to criticize the French for overseverity in a case like this. But we who have known this war from the beginning, and understand the extraordinary subtlety of the spy game as played by the Germanic powers, do not blame any Allied government for taking no chances whatever. And if the French are severe they are also fair-minded. Doubtless when she has proved her record and intentions she will pass. But it will take time, and betting at present is on the Beautiful Wop!

MADRID, HOLY THURSDAY, APRIL 5TH.

One thing allures me about Madrid: It is the only large capital of Western Europe that dares to be itself. Brussels and Berlin, Paris and Vienna, London and Stockholm, all are a bit standardized. The women wear Paris fashions, the men London clothes. There are the same old cafés, the same old uniformed orchestras, the same old grand-opera houses, the same old everything. No sooner does a fashion in public living start in Paris than it is copied somberly in London, strenuously in Berlin—where the specialty is being gay with your teeth clenched—merrily in Vienna and decorously in Stockholm. At least it was so before the war.

Holy Week Ceremonies

But Madrid, even at the very first glance, is itself. Half of the women, no matter how well dressed or how ill dressed otherwise, drape over their heads that bit of lace known to the language of Spain and Romance as the mantilla. It is the only correct thing for church; and a visit to church is part of the day's routine for every conservative Spanish woman. On the first hot day, out will come the pictured fans with which they guard their eyes from the brilliant sun of the Castilian plateau. Only once or twice on this visit have I seen an automobile truck. The work is all done by great, cream-colored Spanish oxen with immense horns, or by teams of two mules and a donkey, hitched tandem, the little burro proudly leading his greater and humbler cousins. The bridles and neck yokes of half these teams are decorated with woolen pompons—red or blue or yellow for carriers of general merchandise, black for coal carts. These Spanish mules are beautiful animals; the aristocrats among them—sorrels with glossy skins, finedrawn ears, and hoofs manicured like mirrors—draw the carriages of the higher clergy.

The vegetables all come to the door on donkeyback. The huckster slings four or five wide panniers across his fireless steed, fills them to running over with lettuce, carrots, onions and radishes, and seats himself cross-legged on top of the pile. The general effect is an inverted pyramid, the apex the little feet of the burro. So milk is delivered in two great egg-shaped cans, also on each side of the patient ass. The milkman, his measure slung across his back, sits just over the donkey's shoulders. Often the little dog that guards the milk while he is making the deliveries perches himself on the lid of one of the cans. Every day at sunset there move down the Prado—the Upper Fifth Avenue, the Euclid Avenue, the Van Ness Avenue of Madrid—herds of goats, driven by a rough-looking herder or an old woman with a red handkerchief bound round her head. They are passing from door to door; and the goats are milked to the proper measure in the presence of young mothers who are bringing up delicate children.

Madrid is never more itself than in Holy Week. Spain is the most profoundly religious nation of Western Europe, and the church is established by law. Yesterday the few cabarets, *pelota* courts and cinemas that had kept open during the early part of the week were closed by order of the public authorities. This morning every shop closed, and all traffic, except that absolutely necessary to the life of the town, halted. On the Puerta del Sol, heart of the town, and the Calle de Alcala, its busiest thoroughfare, not a wheel turned.

Holy Thursday is observed throughout the Catholic world by visits to churches. This introduces the prettiest custom of Madrid. Ordinarily the women wear the "low mantilla." The comb beneath it is small. The mantilla appears merely as a bit of lace thrown over the head. But on Holy Thursday and Good Friday the Spanish woman dresses her hair as she does for festal occasions. She builds it high and finishes it with a great comb, as much as

(Concluded on Page 53)

A Word on Tubes

EXPERIENCED motorists have come to realize that all they need to know about a tire or a tube is told by the one word "Firestone."

Firestone builders have made Mr. Firestone's name stand for Most Miles per Dollar wherever tires are used. This name on a tube has come to mean that rubber and workmanship cannot produce a better article of its kind.

The first requisite of a tube is to be hermetically tight. That demands a very dense texture of rubber. The Firestone process of antimony cure and the Firestone method of lamination of thin rubber sheets into a thick wall produce the most impervious tube possible.

The resistance to heat of the Firestone Red Tube is so great that it is fresh and lively and holds the air from season to season unaffected by such tests of time and service as would ruin the ordinary tube.

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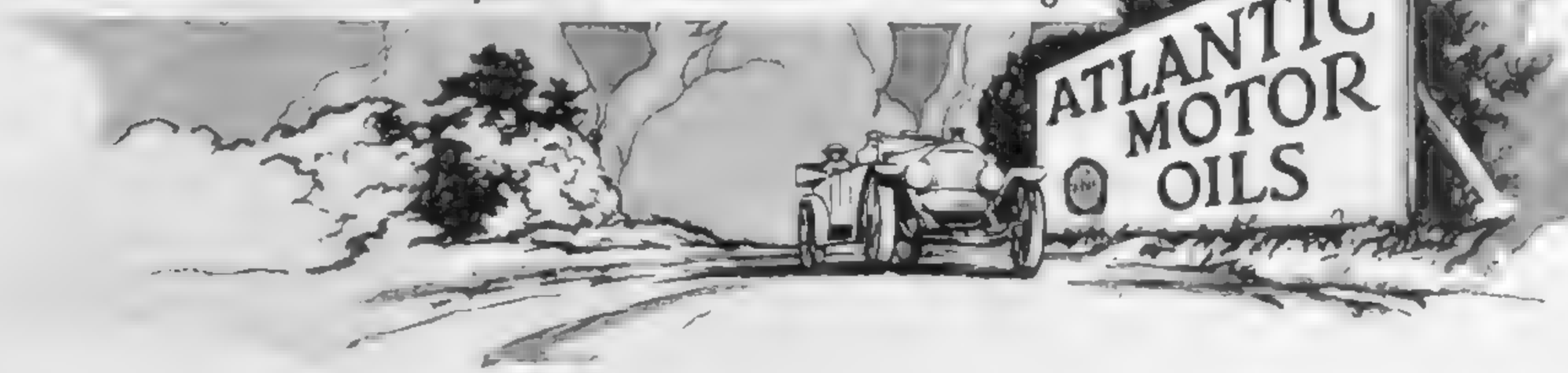

(Concluded from Page 50)

ten inches high from teeth to tip. And over it she drapes a mantilla, the front ruffle of which frames her face, and the back ruffle, making a soft cascade over her shoulders, reaches often to her knees. Sometimes she builds in front of the comb a bank of red carnations; and sometimes she has just one red blossom above her ear.

On Good Friday the mantillas must all be black; but to-day the white mantilla is allowed to those whom it becomes. The richer women costume themselves all in tight-fitting black, with high-heeled patent-leather shoes on their little Spanish feet. The others throw the finishing touch of the mantilla over whatever costume they happen to own; and occasionally you see a priceless old lace covering a rather shabby and humble dress—an heirloom, doubtless.

Spanish Beauties

As this afternoon wore on, the crowd of pilgrims and sight-seers in the Calle de Alcala grew so thick that it filled not only the sidewalk but the broad roadway. So it paraded slowly, rather quiet and decorous in respect for the day, but all eyes nevertheless. Above everything, taller than the head of the tallest Spaniard, rose the soft black and white peaks of the mantillas. The beauty of the Spanish woman has not been overpraised. It is, in fact, a mightily good-looking race. The very gnarled faces of the peasants have a rugged interest. There is not the same variety of beauty that one sees in San Francisco—the women are all of the same soft-eyed, subtly curved, gently alluring type—but still it seemed to me the finest beauty show I had ever seen in any land.

It took the shrewd feminine observation of the lady who observed it with me—and she yields to none in admiration of the Spanish type—to point out that some of it was stage effect. That fall of soft lace is the becoming frame for those olive-tinted, soft-eyed faces.

MADRID, SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 7TH.

On successive days I have seen the two strong men of Spain—that young king, whose combination of brains, personality and good intention is holding the dynasty together, and Count Romanones, possibly the most astute all-round politician on the Continent of Europe, the man whom Spain simply will not permit to stay out of power. With Romanones, who came second, it was simply a case of a formal appointment; but the king was an accident.

We had started out on the quiet, somber morning of Good Friday to see the popular Pilgrimage to the Face of God, which takes place in a poorer quarter of the city just beyond the royal palace. Before the palace a crowd had assembled; and, as we came along, the gayly caparisoned police began to let people into the palace entrance. No one seemed to be presenting a ticket. "Let's follow and see what is happening," I said. So we joined the crowd and proceeded through an archway, an entrance, up a staircase, through a set of state apartments hung with crimson, up another staircase, and finally into a corridor that extended all round the second story of the palace and that looked out into a great courtyard, edged with the arches of a very pretty piece of Renaissance architecture. Our companions seemed to be of all classes, though the unbathed rag, tag and bobtail of Madrid prevailed. Everyone was very quiet and very expectant. As we progressed the attendants increased in numbers and in splendor. Where there had been simple policemen—as Madrid policemen go—on the ground floor, there were personages in knee breeches, gold braid and cocked hats like an admiral's on the second floor. Here in the corridor there were halberdiers—not a man among them less than six feet in height; and the polished pike points and engraved ax-heads of their halberds rose two feet higher than that. Their uniforms were in the red and gold of Spain.

The crowd seemed to be pressing toward one end of the corridor and up to a certain door in the side-wall. It was surmounted by a cross and flanked by portrait statues of Ferdinand and Isabella, the great queen holding open that casket of jewels which gave to Spain and to us a new world. Before this door the halberdiers presented a living barrier. A sound of chanting came from within. A little recollection of the facts culled from the guidebooks convinced me that we were outside of the famous and elaborate Good Friday services in the royal chapel. This is the ceremony where the king, time out of mind, has announced his pardon of felons sentenced to death by changing the black tapes that tie up their death warrants to white ones. This crowd was waiting for the passage of the king.

There was the sound of a muffled drum and of a fife playing a low monotonous tune. I glanced through the glass windows of the corridor and across the courtyard to the corridor on the other side. A kaleidoscope of color was flashing past the windows. Hats came off—the king approached.

He looks like his pictures, if any man ever did—the ugly and yet attractive face, with the wide mouth and the Hapsburg lower lip that gives the impression of having been stung by a bee, the tall, boyish figure. He wore the solemn expression fitting the great religious ceremonial of the courtly year; but under it I felt I could trace that humor which lightens his character and helps to make him so popular, and the anxiety in which kings live nowadays.

The procession disappeared in the depths of the royal apartment. The more impatient in the crowd started to get out; but the halberds rang to attention again, and the people fell to their knees. Round the corner came a procession all purple and gold, where the other had been white and black and gold—cross bearers and minor clerics preceding a canopy under which walked a great cardinal in the robes, the red gloves and the amethyst ring of his office. Before him were carried two great gold reliquaries, containing that piece of the true Cross and that Nail of the Passion which are the most revered relics of Spain. There was a pause; the populace rose, only to kneel again as the procession of the clergy passed back to the chapel. Then a halberdier, who had been ostentatiously paying no attention to me, said out of the corner of his mouth "*Fini!*" and we passed into the street with a crowd that began to bubble and gesticulate as soon as it emerged from the seat of the royal presence.

The Premier of Spain

The premier of Spain is called the "Presidente"; and indeed the premier of any limited monarchy somewhat resembles our president in his powers and position, the king being only a kind of permanent institution—unless, like Alfonso XIII of Spain or the late Edward VII of England, he supplements the prestige of his office with abilities of his own. Señor Cardona, the busiest man in Madrid, the friend of all Americans who come this way, had assured me that it wasn't necessary to go through the formality of an embassy introduction to His Excellency. He would just take me round at noon, when the presidente talked things over with the press, and after the rest had gone I might have my talk.

A group was waiting before the door of Government House. I looked them over; and Cardona wondered why I laughed. They stood talking busily with their hats on the backs of their heads; half of them had canes hooked over their arms, while they made notes on sheets of copy paper folded up to form convenient pads. Our trades mold us; the mark of labor is sometimes deeper than the mark of caste or race.

I should have known them for reporters on their daily task if I had met them in front of the Palace of the Ameer. Across the fence, along the fronded avenue of the Prado, an Easter crowd was drifting. From time to time, as they talked, laughed, and made notes on the news they were exchanging, the reporters glanced over the fence and then at their watches. The presidente was evidently late.

Romanones Has His Joke

Presently a thickset man in a snuff-brown suit crossed the drift of the crowd. He was walking rapidly, though he limped along, for one leg was grievously bent. He had a fine, broad pair of shoulders. From under his derby hat glanced a face as keen as a dagger. He greeted the crowd with a smile and a wave of his hand. He had scarcely begun to mount the steps when they surrounded him, firing questions. So, talking back and forth, they passed on to an inner apartment where, near the telephone switchboard, he stopped and faced them. It happened to be a day of special indignation for the opposition press. As part of his program for checking the threat of a general strike, he had clapped on a press censorship. The newspapers represented in the crowd were of every shade of opinion—Liberal, which is the presidente's own party, Conservative, Clerical, Republican, Jaimist. About half of them were officially hostile. My Spanish is less than elementary; and after a moment I stopped trying to keep up with the conversation and just watched him spar. A question would be shot from the crowd; he would smile over his shoulder and throw back an answer that usually called forth a laugh. Once, indeed, he brought down the house. Cardona told me afterward that a Conservative had asked him if he did not think that the suppression of a certain news story about the crisis by some minor functionary—acting, as everyone knew, on direct orders from Government House—was outrageous. Romanones had answered "Outrageous—even horrible!"

He finished with a wave of his hand and a final joke; and they were all laughing as they passed out through the door. I have seen the duplicate of that scene some hundreds of times in the anterooms of mayors, presidents of boards of aldermen, and cabinet secretaries in the United States; but never before on the Continent of Europe. One interviews a member of the French cabinet only after long and painful seeking for an appointment; as for a high British official, one gets at him, in normal times, only through the process of meeting him socially. But here was the power under the king joshing back and forth with the reporters every day, like the Hon. Andrew J. Gallegher, of the Board of Supervisors. It all pointed the remark that Cardona made afterward:

"France, you know, is a democracy with aristocratic manners; Spain is an aristocracy with democratic manners."

We passed inside to a high, Frenchy-looking apartment with white-and-gold decorations and mulberry-colored upholstery. These were busy times for Romanones, and a pile of opened telegrams six inches high lay on his desk. Like Cæsar, he has the power of doing two things at once, and I had been warned not to be offended if he read his mail while we talked. The matter of our conversation I will record when I come to treat formally of the curiously tangled Spanish situation; and, besides, the man interested me more than anything he said—his remarks, in his position, being necessarily formal. He has a prominent nose, which starts from a narrow bridge and widens out all the way. The mouth under his flowing and pointed black mustache shuts like a trap. Advancing years have plowed a bald furrow from his forehead to his crown, leaving only a little double tuft at the summit of his full brow. The rest of his hair has just enough gray in its natural black to give a mouse-colored effect.

His chin runs to a temperamental point, like Thomas W. Lawson's. In fact, though there is little obvious facial resemblance, he reminded me all the time, somehow, of Lawson. His face comes to a focus with his eyes—gray-hazel, prominent, bright and active. His answers he snapped out as sharp as a whip.

Dearest Rival's Luck

On returning to the hotel last night I saw the Beautiful Wop running toward me, and knew before she came within hailing distance that she had her visé at last. The news had arrived in the afternoon, and she was off to Paris by the ten-twenty train. The Dearest Rival, it appears, persuaded the French yesterday that one wedding does not make a war, and she too is off to-night. So the race for the fashions turned out a tie after all.

This morning I spelled out from *La Correspondencia* the vital news for us. The House has passed the declaration of war; the die is cast. The English banker, down here on a munitions deal, came up to me as I hurried to my room, shook me by the hand, and solemnly called me "ally"! It has been so long in coming and so long a certainty that it brought no shock. I ought to be divided between sorrow for what we must face and solemn joy that we have taken the right path. But the only feeling in me, here in a land remote both from home and from the war, is simply a great wave of homesickness.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of letters by Will Irwin. The third will appear in an early issue.

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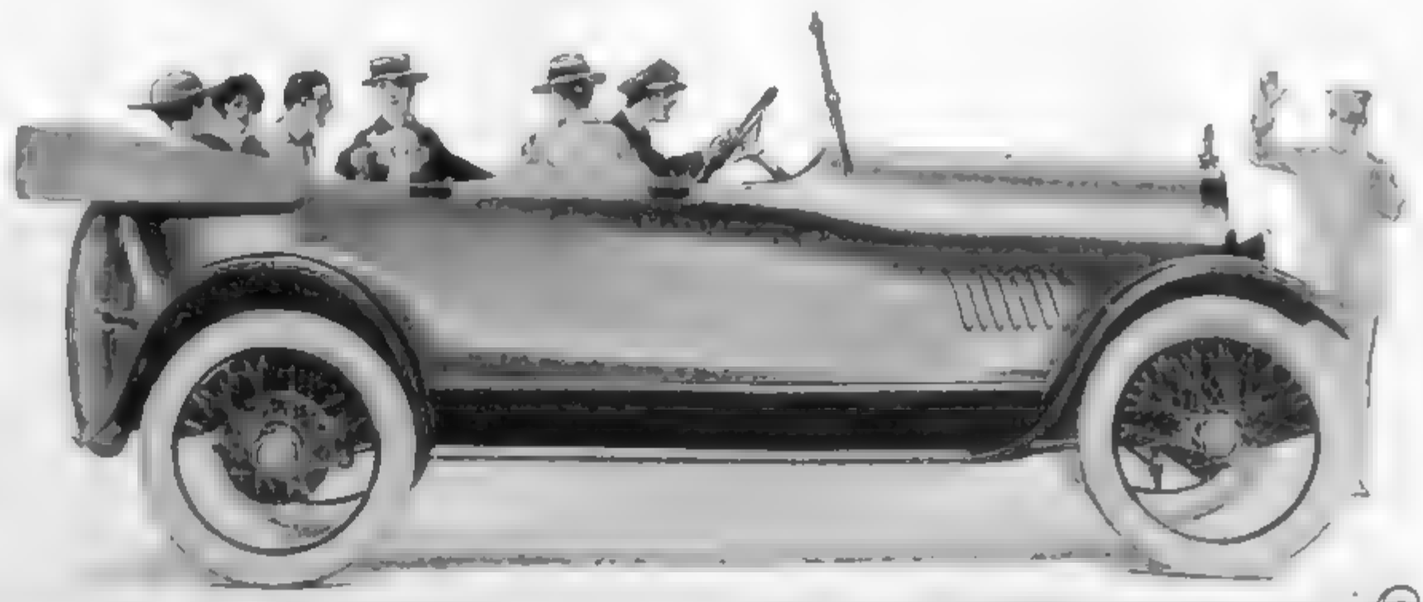

THE HUGE BLACK ONE-EYED MAN

(Continued from Page 18)

One day she came, bright with triumph, bringing a glove, large and slightly worn.

"The Black Oppressor left it yesterday," she cried. "No," she said as he tucked it into his cap; "it is not the hour for open combat. Nail it over your door."

"That hour will never strike, Lady Joan," he said, a little soberly. "You picked up the gauntlet; not I. You and he are struggling; not he and I. I hide, helpless, while you fight with him."

"Be ready!" She leaned forward, and there seemed to him a meaning in her laughing words. "Your chance may come. Be ready when the clock strikes."

She stood, mock-solemn, hinting at coming combats, elusive, as always, deftly flying from explanations. She poised, as always, their relations on the plane of fantasy.

"Defeat is possible, Peredur," she admitted. "If you should be captured you'll cable to your father, won't you?"

"He'll stand on any technicality, that father of mine," he said. "I will not, Lady Joan."

"But eighteen months, with hard labor? You heard?"

"Not if it was eighteen years!" he cried. "You have a fight on. So have I. You want to win. So do I."

She looked at him, smiled; then glanced at her watch.

"My hour's struck," she said, and turned her horse's head. Ere she went she bent her head. "The Oppressor searched the Castle yesterday." She made a wry mouth. "Furtively—he brought friends that he pretended wished to go over it. He knows it well and I was away. He played conductor himself. . . . Oh, don't worry! It's only because he can't find you anywhere. He had no clew; just an idea."

"But, Lady Joan, many people must know by this time that I am here."

"Not a tenant, not a cottager, would hint ——"

"Those young ladies ——"

"Have the idea now that the cottage is a picnic place; that no one lives there."

IV

AT SEVEN the next morning Conant, shooting in the farthest corner of the wood, caught glimpses through hedge breaks of a rider coming out from the distant village below. He saw this rider check at a gate, unlatch it with a hunting crop and come cantering up the field. He was surprised when the horse was put in cold blood at a hedge and ditch on the upward slope. He saw tumbled hair hanging over bent shoulders, and recognized Lady Joan. He laughed for pure pleasure at sight of her, sitting so lightly, tearing along, evidently in a mad hurry; for she was not one to punish a horse without reason. Behind her, far below, he saw some men coming across the bottom field. They were after him, then; and she had come to warn him. He laughed again, slipped the gate open, and hid behind a tree. He set his lips; but she almost got past, for one may not simultaneously give a smile and a "low sibilant whistle," so he called out and she checked.

"Don't come out!" she panted. "They might see you. I want your help. Lock up your cottage—quick! Get over the wall. Hide! Watch the south side of the Castle for a signal. Then come to the little postern at the foot of the tower."

"But I ——"

She raised an imperious hand, turned and rode away, though her hair was flying and the flank of her bright bay was heaving.

"Got me again!" he muttered joyously as he sprinted in obedience.

She had outwitted him, as usual; had given him no chance to refuse her plans. Whatever danger threatened, whether danger threatened at all, he must do her bidding lest he involve her in his troubles. He climbed an oak whose southward branch overhung the wall, hid behind trees, chose cover—did everything but crawl; for there were men about, armed with guns. It looked like a hue and cry. He enjoyed it thoroughly, this hour of stealthy approach; this vigil on the edge of the lawn; this eager scanning of medieval walls. And when what seemed a tablecloth shaken from a stone-mullioned window spread out into a yellow cat-a-mountain on a white ground, he wished he was in armor. But he admitted that, without it, he got more swiftly across the open space and the filled-in moat.

"Please bolt it," came from above in Lady Joan's voice, "and come up."

He had to light matches to find the great rusted iron bolts, and he felt his way up the corkscrew stone steps, worn into hollows by the footsteps of the long-since dead. He saw her at last, bending over and looking down, a candle in her hand throwing her face into high relief. He stood for an instant. Rembrandt had painted faces in such lights and shadows, but Rembrandt had never had the chance to paint so lovely a face; that was Conant's thought as, at last, he stood on the landing by her side. She put a finger to her lips and led him into a low hall whose squat stone arches crossed in a groined roof. A stone stair, cut into the wall itself, led from a deep window embrasure.

"Up there," she said; "the third stone in the gallery moves and shows the latch. Wait in the muniment room, please."

She glanced over her shoulder as she spoke, and her eyes were grave as she glanced at him. She handed him the candle, pointed and hurried away. He climbed, found the hidden door, mounted other stone steps lighted by narrow slits in the wall, and came at last to the secret chamber beneath the top of the tower. He surveyed the old oak chests, dust-covered, which doubtless contained the family muniments—the old parchment deeds and grants and royal patents and charters, which founded, established and aggrandized a family. He laughed when he saw that the chair and table had been dusted and that a duster lay on the table. It helped to confirm his suspicion that Lady Joan was pretending.

It was mighty good fun, anyway; she was giving him the chance to live medieval English life. He thought of hidden Jesuits in Elizabeth's time; of cavaliers in Cromwell's days; of Ivanhoe in Front de Bœuf's Castle. He was startled by distant shots, a fusillade of them, but here was no Rebecca to tell him of the fight, and even if there had been the windows were far too high; so he dusted and examined worm-eaten volumes on the shelves—all relating in one way or another to the Templar family. He settled to the manuscript story of the Lady Matilda, written by one Gervaise Hart, a sly secretary of a former lord.

The Lady Matilda was seventeen in 1761, it appeared, and sole heiress; and suitors flocked as to Penelope at Ithaca. But her dowager mother, "stern of face and of a haughty stomach," would hear naught of baronets or earls or dukes, and secretly chose "a penniless cadet of the noble house of Swintaine." The dowager's diverting ruses were set out at length, and it was told how she "cozened" her romantic daughter into secret meetings with the ineligible younger son; how the youth and the girl were fast tangled in love, not knowing that "her ladyship's cunning wiles" had smoothed the way; how he came trembling to the dowager and was scornfully driven away; how Lady Matilda pined, and how he came again and the proud mother seemed to yield; but there was one condition "of small import." Her ladyship demanded that he give up his name and take that of Templar. She would not so much as yield that a hyphen should link his name. Proud of spirit, he declined at first, averring haughtily that Swintaines were "honored ere Templars were known." But Lady Matilda wept, it seemed; and so he yielded.

"And now see wisdom justified," said the chronicler; "for already hath her ladyship won for her son-in-law the grant of the least of her late lordship's titles; and gossips do say that he is promised the earldom, for that he holds five boroughs at the call of His Majesty's Ministers. See now, with three children in the nursery, how a family thought dead is revived to sprouting youth through the artful pride of a woman."

"And the marquisate, also," Conant cried, laughing, as he put down the book; "he got that too. Oh, Lady Dartridge, 'cozen' me!"

He was greatly diverted by the story, and drew all possible parallels with the present day; but he became serious whenever he remembered that Lady Joan differed from her ancestors just as she differed from Titania—she was not in love.

He heard steps, but their clamping weight promptly dashed his hopes. It was Binner who came with a basket of lunch; and now Conant learned why he had been hidden in the tower. A great "shoot" had been arranged by all the farmers in the neighborhood, the object being to keep all the quists on the wing all the time. Four guns had been allotted to the wood, and discovery was certain if Conant had remained there. On such a day it was traditional that the Castle should be open; everybody came, cut for themselves from the sideboard in the great hall, and took a stand-up lunch.

"About the only safe place for you," Binner grinned; "so many about everywhere."

"And how long has Lady Joan known of this?"

"Oh, a week, I daresay."

Conant laughed. Yes; Lady Joan certainly knew how to pretend.

He spent a peaceful afternoon, absorbed in a study of the plan of the old building, and in the story of a cavalier who had been hidden for three weeks in the Castle. He found amusing parallels in that story too.

She called to him toward evening, and he went down; and she shook a cautioning head, though he was almost certain that cautioning was unnecessary. She tiptoed across the old guardroom and led him along a rough-walled corridor to a small octagonal room hung with faded tapestry. A cheerful fire had killed the damp that chills old castle rooms whose walls are ten feet thick; and, though it was light outside, a dozen candles burned in candelabra on the Jacobean table.

"The Cavalier's room?" he whispered.

She nodded, surprised, pleased. She poured tea and brought the story of the cavalier up to date. The Black Oppressor was "the pestilent crop-ear." Moat and portcullis, and boiling pitch and great stones flung down, had all yielded before these new inventions—these belching cannon, shooting fire and iron, "making to quake knights and knaves alike, however high of heart they be." The crop-ear had got in at last; she described how he had searched the Castle, with an indignant vivacity. An entranced listener almost believed that the pigeon shoot had been an assault. How glad he was that he had chanced on the story of the Cavalier! For he could play his part in the delightful comedy. There was just enough reality behind it to give it spice.

"Would that I had been free to lead the defense!" he cried. "But I have the miscreant's glove."

"The time has not come," she said demurely. "My lady mother entertains him at this moment in her withdrawing room. Alas!"—she paused to sigh—"you were to have been there instead; but he came, and we poor women must dissemble. She holds him unsuspecting, that you may be refreshed with tea."

She glanced at her watch and sprang up. She dropped a deep curtsy. The forester in velveteens put his hand where his sword hilt ought to be and bowed profoundly. She floated away through some door behind the arras.

He was instantly plunged in gloom. He was as one who comes from the theater into a fog. He stared mournfully at the candelabra. The candles needed snuffing and the wax guttered. The play was over. . . . He turned to the click of a latch. A laughing face appeared between the folds of tapestry.

"The Castle is freed of his presence," she said. "Canst find the postern?"

"A guide were safer, Lady Joan."

But she would not come.

"Leave the torch at the foot of the tower," she said, and vanished.

He stepped softly, though there was none to hear; and he peered cautiously out the door of the tower, though there was none to see; and he "threaded his secret way" to the cottage, though there was none to follow.

He pondered long that night. Lady Dartridge liked George; Binner had said it; Lady Joan had hinted it. George was a younger son, relatively unimportant. Was the house of Templar again to be "revived to sprouting youth"? Had Lady Dartridge planned to repeat the history of her daughter's ancestress? George came often to the Castle to see its invalid mistress. Lady Dartridge had injured her back by a fall from her horse when hunting and she had not put foot to the ground in years—a patient sufferer, Conant had gathered, retaining a clear brain and a strong will. In these almost daily meetings with George did she discuss with him details of a marriage in which he, and not the bride, was to change his name? It seemed almost certain.

Lady Joan did not come the next day. The shooting was bad, for the pigeons were reduced by more than half. There was a gloomy sulphurous atmosphere and a violent thunderstorm in the night; and he was sleepless for the first time. He saw her the next day for a few minutes. Blithe as always, friendly as always, her cheerful comradeship maddened him. He played the "picturesque outlaw"—she had once called him Robin Hood—with a hollow laugh. He could not stand this—prison would be better; but to surrender meant trouble for her. She pretended to laugh always at George. Was she as fearless as she seemed? Would surrender give George just the power over her that would win him success?

A mother's wishes; a duty to lineage and family; these were powerful influences. Would surrender add another? Would she at last say a reluctant "Yes" to escape distasteful publicity, perhaps even a prosecution? Would George descend to such bargaining? It seemed unlikely; he was a gentleman, and, after all, aristocracy hung together like Tammany. Both were castes whose members looked after their own. Conant sought in vain for a way out. Found it must be; he was resolved on that. Comedy had become tragedy; he could no longer play. He had drifted, the sport of chance and love, for three weeks; and there was no end of drifting in sight unless he forced it. He would force it.

The way out flashed to him the next morning. He would steal her automobile, dash to London, get to the Embassy, set the cables going, and hide away until the answers came.

How could it more than annoy Lady Joan to be known to have aided one whose credentials were perfect? George could bring no pressure on her then.

That evening he climbed the wall and watched the front of the Castle from the belt of trees. It was a warm and perfect summer night, and he saw Lady Dartridge reclining in her chair in front of the pillared portico; and by her side sat George. The light from the open door streamed out on them. Lady Joan came and stood in the entrance; and it seemed to him that she looked out at the two sitting with their backs to her, and that she flung up her arms as though in despair or in appeal. He had thought this his last look at her—perhaps for all time—but that sudden gesture brought a sudden resolve.

"Even an outlaw has some rights," he thought. "One is to love a girl. Another is to tell her."

It was at that moment when Spot came sneaking and merged a yap of angry surprise into a wild bark of greeting. "Quiet, Spot!" he whispered; but Spot would not quiet. He saw Lady Joan lift her head and listen; then she stepped out of the light and came along the drive like a dim white spirit. She called and the dog ran to her and then back to the dark shadows; she came on and presently Conant breathed her name. She stopped and turned her head, listening. The footsteps of George, following, broke the silence.

"I love you." Conant's lips had been framed for that. What he whispered was: "Tea to-morrow; important!"

"Bad news?" she murmured.

"No; only surprising."

"At four," she said, and turned to head off George.

The silent intruder clenched his fists. He was sure that George was proposing again. It was some comfort that her prompt disappearance through the doorway suggested that George had been refused again. Conant smiled grimly as he slipped back to the cottage.

"She'll get the surprise and I'll get the bad news," he said.

He put his house in order the next day and got everything ready to steal an automobile after being refused the love of its owner. He planned to wheel it out that night, sleep in it in the wood, and start with the dawn. Naturally he made very special preparation for this last meal. When he had put on his white flannels, and everything was ready, he glanced about the wood

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and flung back his head in sudden indignation against her.

"If she will play Rosalind she must expect ——" Indignation died, for it brought hope. After all —— "Well, hang it, she doesn't hate me."

He made a sudden silent jump to the shelter of a tree trunk, for he heard a man's step. Then came Spot's bark, harbinger of Lady Joan; and presently the dog was shrilly crying welcome at his feet. He was discovered! He stepped out, and for the first time was face to face with the Black Oppressor.

"Mornin'!" said the latter courteously. "Where's the gamekeeper?"

"Ask at the cottage," answered Conant in perfect imitation of his questioner's accent. "I'll be back in a minute."

He succeeded in getting to Lady Joan before the path brought her into sight from the cottage.

"George is there!" he said.

She turned swiftly, saying only:

"Come to the Castle."

"To do what?" he asked as he walked by her side.

"He doesn't know every room."

"But we have met, spoken. He must know me by this time."

"Of course! What of it?"

He shook his head as he opened the door in the wall for her.

"No; I promised to go back."

"Oh, very well!" She turned to go with him.

Battle lights flashed in her eyes.

"No," said Conant abruptly. "It is my affair—mine only."

She drew herself up and he ought to have quailed; but her haughty glance came against steeled eyes. She made a step forward. He put his arm through hers, turned her with slight pressure, and locked her in her own park. Pocketing the key, he marched with protruding chin to his meeting with George.

He found the chief constable examining the inside of the cottage.

"Jolly pewter—what?" said the latter.

Conant was staggered to find that he was not yet recognized; that he might perhaps have gone without exciting suspicion. He did not know that the lady with the hawk nose had spoken of Joan's "jolly tea house" in the woods, and that George believed that convalescent officers visiting the Castle often came there.

"Rum thing," said George; "there's a story about that I walk these woods at night protectin' the rabbits. Chaps chaff me about doin' up five poachers all on my own, and that sort of thing, don't you know? Perplexin'—what? Do you know if there is a gamekeeper?"

Conant looked at his watch, suddenly hopeful.

"It's a quarter of five," he said. "The chap works on a schedule. Regularity is a trait of his. You'll find him by the gate at the other end at five."

An instant's silence; then:

"You're an American."

Conant put his hands behind him and began softly to shift the great key.

"Why should you think that?" he asked.

"I don't know what time it is in New York," answered the impassive chief constable; "but it's a quarter *to* five here, and a schedule is a 'shedule' in England, and we call a trait a 'tray.' Flyin' corps—what? And been lunchin' ——"

He stopped suddenly, contemplated Conant inch by inch; then drew a leaflet from his pocket. Item by item he compared the description with the man who stood swinging idly against the edge of the open door. "You are Charles Conant!" he said at length.

The answer was a closed and locked door—Conant outside. He slipped softly round to the little open window. The chief was filling his pipe. Conant was so struck by this that he cried out an astonished protest:

"Why don't you pick up that gun and hustle over here and say: 'Throw me that key or you are a dead man'?"

"Your crude methods are not ours," said George as he searched for his matches.

"A sheriff would fill me full of holes," his jailer assured him.

"With the gun—what?"

Conant nodded and smiled cheerfully.

"It is my duty," said George, "to warn you that you are committin' a serious crime." He lighted his pipe with careful deliberation, shifted a chair to the window and sat down. "Unlock the door," he added, looking out of the window as though no one was there. "Stop for one of my men. Go quietly with him and I will not charge you with resistin' and illegally imprisonin' an officer of the law."

"You talk," Conant said, "as though I was the one inside."

The chief constable puffed his pipe and contemplated the face at the small window with stony indifference.

"My terms ——" Conant began.

"I will not bargain with you," George interrupted.

"You have just offered to bargain."

"No; I have no official knowledge that the door is locked. I have not tried it what? I shall not try it for five minutes."

"My terms are these," Conant began again: "I am to be allowed to go alone to Bath and surrender. I am to be allowed to say that I got out of the docks by pretending to be a cattle drover and driving some cattle out."

"It is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

"My point precisely," Conant affably agreed—"against me; and against nobody else. I have not had any help from anybody. I am a trespasser here. Nobody knows."

George shut the window in his face.

Conant ran round, dragged the nailed-up glove from the door, and hurried to the Castle. A friendly butler informed him that "her young ladyship" had just left in the car. Yes; perhaps Mr. Conant could see Lady Dartridge; he would inquire of her ladyship.

"You know my name?" asked Conant.

"You have been our neighbor for some time, sir."

The butler was the typical retainer of fiction, except that he was not white-haired, but bald, and that his h's were perfect, and that he refused all tips.

"I should like to write a note too."

"This way, Mr. Conant."

"And some wrapping paper and string, please," he said as he sat down to a table in the library.

"Lady," he wrote, "the hour has struck, and I too. I have not slain him; but I hold him to such ransom as you may fix. Here is the key of his prison. It were well that you go promptly, lest he climb the chimney or dig through the thatch.—PEREDUR!"

It made quite a parcel, that huge rusty key; and the glove was thrust through its head. He looked at it with grim pride. He was retreating with colors flying. "Locked her in; locked him up!" he muttered. "After me, the deluge." In wild impatience he waited for half, for three-quarters of an hour; and at last he was led to the presence of a pair of eyes. They gleamed in such dark, startling contrast to the white hair and the white face that he saw only them.

"I have been a trespasser," began the guarded Conant, wondering how much she had been told.

"I know. You have been welcome."

Her voice was Lady Joan's grown older, and he saw that the eyes were not fierce, but kindly.

"Thank you, Lady Dartridge. I am called away unexpectedly; I am going to prison, in fact. I may be there some time. I cannot say. Not very long, I hope; for my father will probably set wheels going. I wished to thank you and Lady Joan."

"So the inevitable end has come! I'm sorry. It was nice of you to come."

"You mayn't think that, Lady Dartridge," he said, "when I tell you that I came to ask your permission to propose to Lady Joan as soon as I am released."

Lady Dartridge shut down her eyelids; she looked dead, lying there so white and motionless. He was alarmed. She opened her eyes. Humor sparkled; he could not mistake. He flushed red.

"My fellow countryman!" she murmured. "My true fellow countryman!"

She looked astonishingly young now; her brows were drawn up just like Lady Joan's when Lady Joan was very specially amused.

"Forgive me," he said with a dignity which made her smile, "if I say that I am in a great hurry."

"All Americans are always that." She laughed outright.

"There are special reasons," he cried. There were indeed; if George escaped before Lady Joan made terms with him, it would go hard with her and with him. "Here is my real name and my father's name and address. May I ask him to write and tell you about me? I am very much in earnest, Lady Dartridge. I love Lady Joan ——"

"Such an odd moment to choose—on your way to prison!" she said. "And in a great hurry to go there apparently. Have you told her?"

"I came to you first."

"If she had been here?" Her eyebrows were lifted.

"I should have followed the American way, Lady Dartridge."

She smiled approval for his frankness.

"If I knew you well," she said, and she became almost serious, "and knew that you were justified in your extraordinary proposal, I should have to remind you that Lady Joan is more than my child; she is the child of tradition and custom. To begin with, you would have to become a British subject."

He set his lips tight. She smiled.

"I became one; do you censure me?"

"That's different," he cried.

"I do not see," she answered. "What women do is fast becoming right for men; and the other way about too. The standards for the two sexes are becoming one."

Two maids came with tea. He begged that the ceremonial be omitted. Her ladyship smiled and dismissed them. He was determined that she should take him seriously. She was making a comedy of it for her own amusement. Lady Joan inherited her taste and her talent. How courteously, how cruelly, they did it!

"Then," Lady Dartridge continued, "there is the question of lineage."

"Nine generations," Conant said—"back to 1632; and we have traced his father and grandfather in England."

Her eyes laughed again.

"A mere accident of good birth records, Mr. Conant," she said; but her smile was disarming. "They do not make aristocracy. That is a product of successive generations who have had leisure for culture, have built up traditions, and—what is essential—are accepted by the world as superior. I had not even a grandfather. It is a peculiarity of aristocracy that it absorbs women, but not men. Men force their way into it by achievements, by money—sometimes by a kind of feminine talent for climbing; but not by marriage. The husband fixes the status. The wife of a bourgeois becomes a bourgeoise."

"You are frank, Lady Dartridge. May I be?"

"I had not thought," she said dryly, "that you waited for permission. Please go on. I like it."

"Money is the foundation of all aristocracy."

"Undoubtedly."

"My father has a great deal and I am an only son. You say that men force their way by achievements. What if I join the Flying Corps?"

The startling eyes lost their humorous gleam. Her manner was subtly altered.

"Why not before?" she asked; she was serious now.

"I have only thought of it since you spoke," he answered. "I shall not do it now unless—unless—Lady Joan promises herself to me. It is wrong, I think, to enter a conflict not your own; but the war of your wife's country is your own."

She was very grave now.

"You are an extraordinary young man," she murmured. Her voice was very gentle; it was almost tender. "Joan would like that," she said with a little sigh. "You may write to your father."

He sprang to his feet, dizzy with the amazing success of what had been a wild impulse.

"Lady Dartridge ——"

"One minute, Mr. Conant," she interrupted. "Do not let him make proposals without a clear understanding of the conditions to be met."

"Please forgive me," the eager lover broke in; "but has Lady Joan said anything? Have I any reason to hope ——"

His voice trembled; he could not go on.

"Certainly not, Mr. Conant," she said. "I am sure she has no idea that she has roused your interest. All this is conditional on what she may say. But it cannot be discussed with her until I hear from your father. There must be no misunderstanding there. Tell him that my girl is the sole heiress of the Templar estates; that there are traditions, precedents, which cannot be broken. Say that her husband must become a British subject; that he must change his name by deed poll to that of Templar; and that, of course, he must reside on his wife's estates."

"Anything else, Lady Dartridge?" asked the young man in a hollow voice.

"The rest," she said, "is for the solicitors."

"There will be no difficulty about a money settlement," he cried. "I offer that and the Flying Corps, and six months' residence in each country."

"You don't understand, Mr. Conant," she answered. "It's a common thing in England for a man to change his name. My girl has had many offers, of course. No untitled suitor has objected to that condition."

"I would give up everything for her," he cried—"except my country and my name."

"And those," her ladyship said quietly, "are the two necessary sacrifices!"

A twinkle came back to the vivid eyes as she held out her thin white hand. He bent over and kissed it.

"I like you," she said, "and I do not think you will be in prison long." Her fingers brushed his hair. "Oh," she burst out as he straightened, "you have chosen the right. . . . But I have my duty to the family into which I have married."

"Damn Lady Matilda!" he cried as he turned.

"Yes, yes!" Lady Dartridge called out in hearty agreement. "But there it is."

Below, in the hall, he saw Lady Joan. There was dust on her white dress, and she carried a large rusty key and a glove, and she was reading his note.

"Brush me," she said to her approaching maid. "I rushed to Bath in a hurry. I did not stop for a wrap."

There was triumph in her tone; eager exhilaration in her impatient movements. It was cold comfort, but still comfort, to the young man descending the stairs, to see the effect of his letter. When she heard him and looked up, he saw wonder in her wide eyes and mischief in her smile. She was bent forward a little, almost as in homage.

"Not really?" she called, tapping his note; her voice rang like a sweet triumphant bell.

"The hour's struck, Lady Joan," he said. She looked at him almost in awe. "I am late," he continued, "for an appointment in Bath."

She glanced at him slantwise.

"I shall keep you only a minute," she said.

And while the maid brushed he picked up an evening paper which Lady Joan had brought, and sought composure in pretending to glance at it.

He gained it; for he read that the President had called out the National Guard for the Mexican Border—and he, in an English prison, a foolish philanderer, properly punished for having fallen in love with a British Institution, an absentee—he, a captain in the N. G. O.!

He started violently, for the Institution was by his side, and had uttered his name with an accent that thrilled him.

"Come," she said, "and tell me about it as we go."

He walked by her side, calmly telling his tale. An hour ago he would have swum in happiness, for her delight in this amazing complete rounding up of the story was naïve.

"He threatened me, oh, Peredur!" she exclaimed. "I was to be tamed. I was to be taught a lesson; and now—and now ——" She clapped her hands to express a glee that words could not.

"I had intended to give myself up," he said gravely at the door into the wood, "while you made terms for yourself. But now I have a special reason for not losing even a day. I ask for your car. I may get to the Embassy."

"No, no!" she cried. "The huge black one-eyed man and you and I must have a talk. Do you think I would make terms for myself alone?" Her dancing eyes pleaded. She flushed a little as she opened the door. "You had your will here two hours ago," she said, almost humbly. "Give me mine now."

He shook his head.

"My presence will anger him," he said. "Is it sporting?"

"You, an American"—she stamped her foot indignantly—"to tell me—me!—what is sporting?" Then she laughed. "We mustn't wrangle. I promise you freedom. . . . Come." He followed on this. "You saw my mother?" she said suddenly. "Did you tell her?"

"Oh, no. I called to thank her, and you."

She drew a quick breath of relief.

"She is George's friend," she said. "Keep out of sight until I have spoken to him."

(Concluded on Page 63)

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(Concluded from Page 60)

She went on alone, humming a blithe tune and brandishing the key, straight to George, still smoking by the reopened window.

"He's an American, George," she said with profound gravity, "and doesn't realize what he's done. As he has done it, I am bound to take advantage of it."

"Why didn't you come to me about the chap?" he asked.

"Because every time I ask a favor you ask me to marry you, and it gets so tiresome. I'm going to let you out on parole. You must promise to go back if we don't come to terms."

"I'll let you let me out," he said as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, "if you'll promise to marry me."

"You must do what I tell you," she answered severely. "Mr. Conant is here. It would be too humiliating for you to talk to us through the window. But if you don't agree to come out on parole I shall run the car into Bath and bring back the humorous reporter from the Courier. That radical rag is always making fun of you. You would have to resign."

"That's not standin' by your order, Joan."

"One more minute, George."

"It's makin' me ridiculous."

"Not so ridiculous as the reporter will make you."

"What are you askin' me to do?"

"You're bound to do nothing. If you don't agree to my terms you can come back and be locked up again."

"All right. I'll talk it over with you."

She handed him the key and met him at the front.

She gave a loud halloo. . . . Conant appeared from the distance. He bowed gravely. George's nod was precisely that of the first meeting. There was no formal introduction. Conant brought two chairs. He saw the gun. Why had not the man come out with it and said "Up with your hands"? He could not understand these people. They sat peaceably by the table, still covered and decorated for a tea that had not come off. George relighted his pipe. Lady Joan began the conference.

"George," she said, "mother had a letter from her sister, who was staying at Virginia Springs." The startled Conant sat up, staring with sudden, hot anger. "My aunt knew a Mr. Hamlin very well, and she was much interested and somewhat amused by a novel controversy between him and his son. She wrote a long account of it. A postscript written later said that the father had received word from his son that the son was leaving for our docks under the name of Conant. That letter was marked 'Opened by Censor.' Did you receive a copy of it?"

"Departments concerned always get information appertainin' to them; you know that. An alien was comin' to my district under a false name. I had no intention of arrestin' him till you illegally took him from the docks."

"I did not know him, George. It wasn't till I was outside the docks that it occurred to me that it might be he."

"All the worse, Joan. You defied the law. You defied me."

"And the son of my aunt's friend," she said, a little scornfully, "whom you knew all about, whom you knew was no spy, was to be made the victim. And he would be the victim through knowledge that came to you through an innocent letter from his father's friend to your family friend and neighbor. Mother and I were simply bound to protect him."

"A word from her, from you, to put the thing straight ——"

"I bound her to secrecy," Lady Joan said. "And I have already told you why I didn't appeal to you."

"Mr. Conant has persistently violated the law," said George. "He will admit that. He must take the consequences."

"You knew they would be slight," she retorted. "You knew that as soon as his credentials came he would be freed."

"That may or may not be true."

Lady Joan bent over the table.

"George," she said, "your pursuit of him meant no more than a night or, at most, a week in prison. You meant to inflict that humiliation on him. And I meant that you should not. And that's why I begged Mr. Conant not to give himself up until his credentials came. They are here. I have just been to Bath. There is a cable sent through the Foreign Office from our Ambassador at Washington. There are instructions from the Home Office not to prosecute. There is an order at his Consulate from his Embassy, and from Washington, to give him a passport. There is a cable from his father there. There is one from my aunt to my mother. It came this morning."

The policeman who had drunk cider with the farmer came puffing down the path.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, breathless, "but I telephoned to your house and they said you had come to the wood. A message from the docks, sir; a riot; them muleteers again. If you could go at once, sir ——"

"Muleteers," George said as he rose, "are a lawless lot."

He raised his hat to Lady Joan. "Register that man if he applies," they heard him say as he moved off in his solid imperturbable way.

"Victory!" Lady Joan murmured; her eyes were shining. "Oh, how complete—how complete! The huge black one-eyed man held to ransom; and he paid—he paid! I shall frame the key. Oh, Peredur!"

She rose, and he followed by her side. But Peredur was no longer playing. His silence, his frown, his accusing eyes, checked her bubbling gayety.

"We met without formalities, Mr. Conant," she said, a little subdued. "Why bring them in later? Hasn't it been good fun? And your brilliant unexpected stroke ——" She broke into laughter; but it died away as she eyed him. "Mother wrote to her sister, of course," she said, flushing a little at his stony silence, "the very day after you came. She told her that your position was serious. I dare say I ought to have told you."

"The Black Oppressor foiled!" he cried, as though he had suddenly waked to the humor of it all.

Lady Joan drew a quick little breath of relief. She had, in truth, dreaded a little the moment for unmasking; that was why she had chosen to do it in the presence of George.

"I did feel a little guilty sometimes," she confessed; "but oh, the gorgeous fun of it all! I knew you would think of that and forgive. Poor old George! He has behaved rather well after all."

When they came to the car, down by the sequoias, he said:

"I gave you a key to a cottage, Lady Joan. Give me one in exchange."

"A dozen, oh, Peredur!" she cried.

"Have you read the story of the Lady Matilda?" he asked with a laugh which sounded all right.

"Oh, haven't I? I was brought up on it. You lighted on it, I suppose, in the muniment room?" He nodded.

"There was a certain cadet of a noble house. . . . And there's another now."

"Well guessed," she frankly answered, amused and a little surprised at his acuteness. "There was one—not is one; you have freed me. Mother has urged the marriage for a year; but she and I are the best of friends. She is a sportsman; we made an agreement. If I won this contest with George—if I kept you out of prison—she yields; she no longer supports him." She was seated in the car now, a little flushed, her eyes triumphantly excited. "You'll come to us to-morrow, to stay, of course," she said. "Mother will wish it. I'll send over to the cottage for your things." She waved a hand as though it held a sword of victory, and was off.

She hurried to her mother with her wonderful story of a wonderful youth who had capped her play with an end surpassing her topmost flight of imagination.

"All done; and I've won, mother mine!" she cried. She ended, breathless, with that.

Her mother, who had listened in silence, watching her buoyant daughter from her startling eyes, shook her head.

"Not all done," she said.

She told of a young man believing himself unknown, yet who called in on his way to jail to propose for the hand of a marquis' heiress.

"Oh!" Lady Joan breathed. "I never thought of that! I never thought ——" Her lids drooped before her mother's bright eyes and she mechanically pulled a rose, from the vase, to pieces. "He was a wandering knight to me—that's all!"

"And what is he now, Joan?"

Lady Joan's head drooped a little lower and the petals fell one by one to the carpet. Suddenly she raised her head.

"You thought of it," she charged in a voice of tears. "'A certain cadet of a wealthy house,'" she murmured. "You had failed with Tom Blythe, and with Lord Walter, and with George."

"You refused them all."

"I will have no Prince Consort who buys me with his birthright!" she cried. "And, of course, he agrees to your conditions." Her lip curled.

"On the contrary, he flatly refuses."

"Ah!" Lady Joan threw her head back and smiled proudly. Then her face clouded. "You've spoilt all the fun and all the memory of it, mother," she said in a broken voice. "He knows the story of the Lady Matilda." Her face showed keen humiliation—a most unusual expression there; she drew out another rose and absently plucked it to pieces. "He spoke of her the last thing. He understood George's position." Lady Joan heaved a distressed sigh. "He reads his own by the light of that. He understands now that we knew him to be rich and eligible from the first."

"We, Joan?"

"Of course! Am I a Lady Matilda? Am I seventeen?"

"But you didn't see ——"

"I never thought ——"

"Then you are Lady Matilda; but he doesn't play his part."

"And you can speak lightly of my humiliation?"

"Oh, Joan, I am sorry. I will see him ——"

"And I will not—never! And this is the last time you shall play the feudal mother."

The two looked at each other for a long instant. The mother smiled.

"I have done my best for the family of Templar," she said at length. "I shall try no more."

A pale and silent Lady Joan through that evening, and an almost sleepless Lady Joan that night; she was racked but not surprised the next day when her messenger to the cottage came back empty-handed. She heard, a little later, that Binner had driven "the gentleman and his bag" to Bath the night before. Her mother had a bad attack and could see no one; yet he was almost sure to call, and it would be almost certainly a farewell.

She could not let him go believing that she had been a party to her mother's "cozening." Yet how make an explanation so delicate—unless —— Lady Joan pulled other roses to pieces; they were in their glory now and the house was full of them. Finally, in the afternoon, she told the butler that if anybody called he was to make it clear that Lady Dartridge was really ill, and to say that she herself had gone to the docks. Then she ordered the auto, drove round to the gate in the wood, walked to the cottage, laid tea for one, just as he had done, and filled the kettle. Her plan diverged then. She sat and drank alone, but very slowly; and she listened all the time.

He came at last with bent head, walking slowly, his pockets bulging with cabled money, gilt-edged credentials and a steamer ticket, and his heart packed with bitterness. All alike, these people—he was thinking—the glad hand if you are going to enlist; the honeyed smile if you'd give up your country and your name. She would not stand George; but perhaps this rich Yankee, of whom her aunt spoke well, might prove endurable; and if so she had only to raise her hand and, of course—well, he would fall on his knees and humbly say: "My flag is yours, my name is yours, my heart is yours; why ask so little? My soul too."

He was relieved that he need not see them; glad that he had only had to leave a p. p. c. card. But, still, he did just wonder what Lady Joan had thought he might do. He came for one farewell look at the wood.

"How jolly!" she cried. "It's my turn now. Now I can give you a cup."

"Oh!" he said, startled. "They told me ——"

"Yes, I'm going to the docks; but I stopped for a cup ——"

"Tea, first and last," he said, rallying. "I'm off to Liverpool to-night."

He brought a chair; it was she who got the extra cup and saucer. She was so pleasantly gracious in her good wishes for the voyage that he was stimulated to pretense of a like cheerful indifferent parting. She spoke of George and her battle won with such unconsciousness that he became promptly assured that her mother had not told her of his offer of marriage. She laughed and declared that he had won a greater victory than he had known.

"You've conquered mother too!" she cried. "You've made her happy."

"Indeed? I had not supposed ——"

"She's a democrat at heart," cried this ingenuous daughter; "but she had a feudal duty to carry out. She thought so, anyhow. But she gives up now. George is the third and last 'cadet of a noble family' to be thrust on me. Her love for me; her duty to the name of Templar—the struggle has torn her heart." The tone of gay banter fell away; she could not keep it up. She faltered a little. "She's at peace now—and so am I." She rallied, forced a friendly smile, forced a direct gaze into wide wondering eyes. "Our little comedy, you see, Mr. Conant, has not been all wasted time after all, has it?"

He reflected, pale, with troubled brow.

"Did your mother tell you?" he asked in a voice that shook.

Her eyes were like stars as they looked into his.

"She told me her answer," she breathed. "She does not say that now. She says ——"

"Yes, yes! She says ——"

"That you brought back memories of her youth; and that, after all—she prefers the good old American way."

He moved to her side and flung his arms about her, kneeling on one knee; and she raised her lips to his.

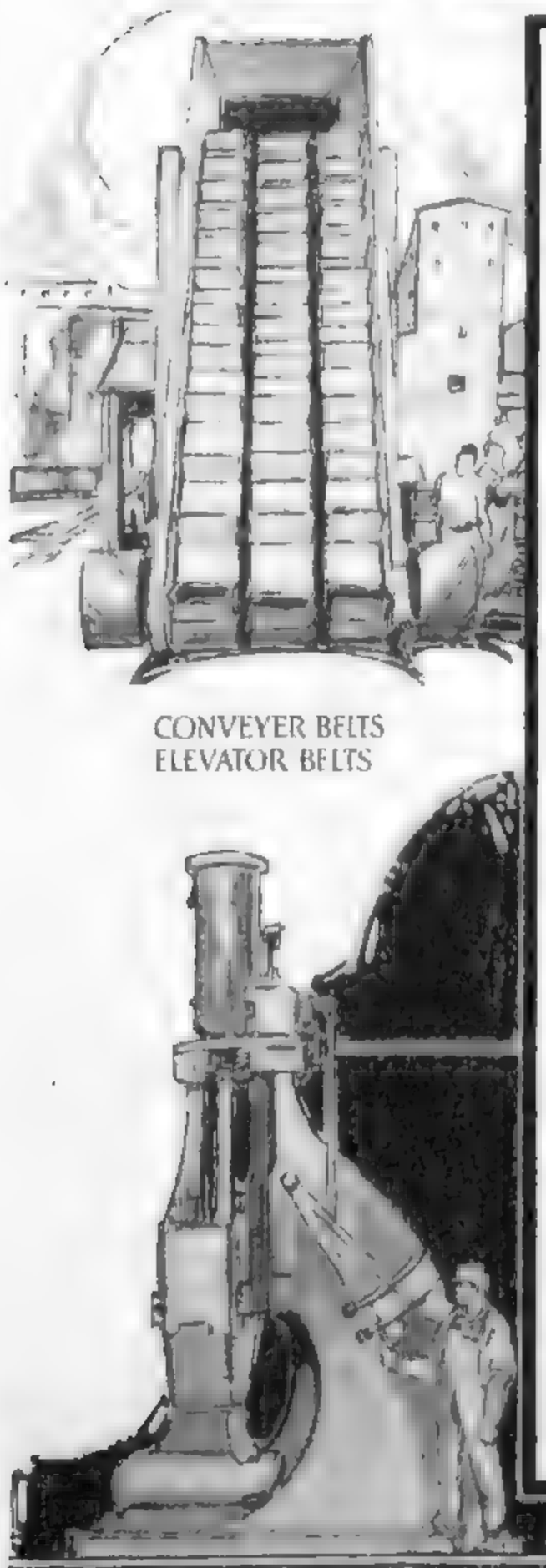
"I love you!" he whispered. "I love you!"

They were so still that again the magpies perched and called, and the jays chattered, and the pheasants watched. Lady Joan had waved her wand again and changed an embittered victim into a happy lover.

(THE END)

TRUCK TIRES MATS AND MATTING TRANSMISSION BELTS

GOODRICH



CONVEYER BELTS
ELEVATOR BELTS

GOODRICH IN MILL AND FACTORY

WHEN Goodrich dons overalls and enters factory or mill, GOODRICH RUBBER is HOME. Not a mere *friend* of the *family*, but OF THE FAMILY.

Goodrich rubber is the SILENT BROTHER of STEAM, BIG BROTHER of the INDUSTRIAL HOUSE; the HELPING BROTHER of *Sister Economy*, *Sister Efficiency*, and *Sister Welfare*.

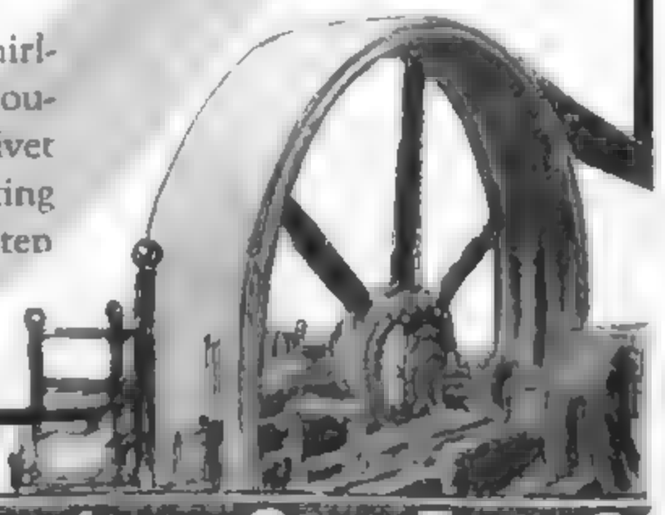
Whatever the factory or mill—the great cotton mills of the South, or the lumber and woolen mills of the North; paper mills, turning forth great rolls of news print for the Fourth Estate, or steel mills forging rails, girders, and dreadnought armor—Goodrich rubber is *there* in belting, packing, valves and a hundred rubber necessities, doing its *bit* along with LABOR AND CAPITAL.

AND A BIG BIT IT IS. From boiler room to shipping room, from raw material to finished product, GOODRICH RUBBER *is on the job*, helping to make a *better* product at *less* cost and *easier* effort.

STEP into the power house and engine room. Goodrich rubber matting and inlaid tiling cover the floor. Goodrich rubber as gaskets, battery jars, plays its part in the generation of dynamic energy. But for Goodrich packing, valves and bushings, steam hose, boiler washout hose, the *steam engine* would be a sluggish, stubborn brute.

Over amidst the hum and buzz of the shops, Goodrich hose belts and cables are the *veins* and *arteries* of the mill.

Goodrich *transmission belts* set a thousand wheels whirling; Goodrich *air hose* carries compressed air to a thousand drills that pierce and a thousand hammers that rivet and weld; and Goodrich *rubber-covered cable*, conducting electric current, keep a thousand fans fluttering and ten thousand shuttles and levers clicking.



PNEUMATIC HAMMER HOSE

FAIR LIST PRICES

GOODRICH

HARD by, Goodrich conveyor and elevator belts, those wonderful *step-savers* of *time* and *money*, bear unending burdens of raw material and half finished products from one department to another.

Everywhere Goodrich *oil-resisting hose* eases the thews of *iron-and-steel* laborers, and Goodrich buffers and shields safeguard the nerves, and life and limb of *flesh-and-blood* workmen.

Goodrich Truck Tires and Goodrich *Silvertown Cord* and *Black Safety Tread Tires* on motor truck and motor car are rushing distribution on seven league boots.

The physical fitness of the worker is the PRIDE of the House of Goodrich. Over it is kept unrelaxing watch. Not only has the great plant at Akron a hospital, which is a model of its kind, but also a dental department from which every Goodrich employe must receive a clean bill of dental health.

Because Goodrich is a doctor who takes his own medicine, Goodrich knows what to furnish in rubber for the hospitals and hygienic bureau of industrial plants.

WHEN the whistle blows, Goodrich rubber does not quit. The work of man and machine may be from sun to sun, but the work of Goodrich rubber, like the work of woman, is never done. Throughout the night as valves on the engines, it holds power in leash for the morning's task; as *Goodrich fire hose*, veteran fire guardian of life and property, keeps vigil.

That Goodrich *watchfulness* is always an unseen force in the growth and betterment of industry. It is the Goodrich intuition to know the NEWEST need of rubber as soon as the factory knows it; to anticipate the need and have it fulfilled before the industry suffers from it, is Goodrich's greatest service to factory and mill.

Because Goodrich rubber works with man, because it conserves his health and life; because it develops his industry, and means efficiency and profit, GOODRICH is RUBBER to the *work-a-day part* of the *world*.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

BOILER WASH-OUT HOSE
STEAM HOSE

SAW MILLS SPECIAL BELT

FAIR TREATMENT

I Catch BIG Fish!

So can YOU. Professionals, amateurs, women and children everywhere are making record catches of all kinds of game fish, trolling or casting with my

Rush TangoMinnow

Registered Trade Mark

—the liveliest bait that floats. It wiggles, dives and swims like a minnow in action. If there's a game fish in the water it will get it—from bass to muskalonge.

At your dealer's, or sent direct, postpaid—stamps or money order—each . . . **75c**

Four assorted, in brilliant colors, $3 00. Accept no substitutes. There is only one Rush Tango Minnow and I own the patents.

Dealers—

TODAY

J. E. RUSH
309 Rush Building
Syracuse, N Y

Anticipation and delight are happily blended when she sees this famous sign of

GOOD CHOCOLATES

on the dainty package you send her

EATING LESS FREIGHT

(Concluded from Page 30)

other crops can be grown in their latitude. But the farmers down that way have procrastinated and stuck to an old habit of buying Western bran and Northern mixed feeds for their cattle. At many a one-horse Southern railroad station the yearly imports of concentrates have run up to twenty-five and fifty cars a year, and because the cost was excessive the livestock industry has languished.

Now the whole South is alive to this situation. Since war began, in 1914, with its ruin prices for cotton during the first six months, Dixieland has been raising more feed and fodder at home, organizing home markets for home products, and learning to depend less upon telegraph orders to the Northern and Western dealers, and freight-car deliveries of feed, flour, grain, hay, meats, milk, eggs, butter and canned goods. Cotton lands are going into velvet beans this summer. If the war lasts two years, with both freight facilities and feed supply out of balance, the South will have a permanent livestock and dairy industry, fed no longer on imported concentrates and roughage but on velvet-bean meal, soy-bean meal, peanut meal, home-grown corn and oats, silage and hay.

More than that, there will be concentrates to sell abroad, particularly to Europe, which has a canny way of ransacking the world for the best concentrates and will value velvet-bean meal. Better still, there will be manufactured products to sell, developed by the pinch in freight. A very good illustration is peanut oil. In the South the peanut is more easily grown than corn, and has long been used to fatten hogs. When fed whole, however, it makes a soft, oily grade of pork, inferior to the prime corn-fed Northern bacon and ham that the South has been buying in large quantities for years. War has made peanut oil too valuable to feed to hogs, so now the cottonseed mills are installing machinery to extract it, and the dry peanut meal fattens hogs as well as corn. By the time war ends the South will probably be selling high-grade pork products.

To save expensive hauling in this food crisis and release the greatest quantities of staples for our allies, every section of the country is studying ways of becoming self-supporting. In the West, as well as in the South, they are developing local industries in canned goods and dairy products, articles of food formerly imported by the trainload, to feed specialty farmers—fellows who devoted all their time to growing oranges, red apples, grain, winter vegetables or cotton. This new anxiety to become self-supporting is not altogether the result of war. The specialty farmers have known for years that their schemes of agriculture were lopsided, and have complained of high-living costs because they would not break the national habit of eating freight. War brought the needed stimulus, however, and now every section is working to correct its shortcomings. Canning plants are going up everywhere this summer while the vegetables go into the ground, and when makers of tin cans announce that they may have no containers for these new plants because they are bound to take care of old customers first, the specialty farmers cheerfully conserve all the glass jars and bottles and order in drying and evaporating machinery. This new desire to be self-supporting is only one phase of the movement to stop eating freight. A Georgia farmer had a carload of fat hogs to sell. Within one hundred miles of his railroad station there were several packing plants ready to pay cash for them, but he had a suspicion that prices in Chicago would be higher. So he shipped his hogs eight hundred miles to market instead of one hundred, and sold them for—a cent a pound less than hogs were bringing that day in his own section! The neighbors and the newspapers were after him in a jiffy, showing him that not only had he wasted freight money to realize a lower price, but that probably the ham and bacon from those very hogs would ultimately be hauled back to the South, carrying additional freight charges and middlemen's profits.

This was a case where better information might have saved hauling, and it indicates a line along which important freight economies will be effected during the war. For a few dollars spent in long-distance telephone and telegraph messages, that farmer could have ascertained the prices paid at every packing house in his section as well as in Chicago, St. Louis and other points. The difference of one-eighth of a cent a pound in the price of hogs, amounting to thirty dollars on a carload, would have more than paid for the information.

Our national freight bill on food has included much waste hauling on the railroads, with losses to both producer and consumer, simply because sound information has been lacking about demand, supplies, stuff being raised and stuff in transit, particularly perishable fruit and vegetables. In mid-April, while Florida was shipping new potatoes at ten dollars a barrel, good string beans in adjoining fields were not worth picking because the price had dropped to a dollar a hamper. If Northern consumers, hungry for green stuff after the long winter, could have been given information about those string beans spoiling in Florida, they might have eaten up the crop at prices satisfactory to themselves and to the growers.

Our markets for perishable fruit and vegetables are subject to violent price fluctuations that cause much loss in hauling. One day there is a scarcity in a given city and next day a surplus. Prices and supplies fluctuate sharply between one city and another perhaps but a hundred miles apart. Hundreds of carloads of good food are hauled to market and sold without profit, if not destroyed, bringing loss to the producer and the distributor, and on every carload freight charges must be paid.

These conditions are due largely to lack of good information. The grower and the distributor must guess about markets, and the consumer has no official information about what is cheap and plentiful on a given day. If surplus supplies or perishables could be cleared off in every market by bulletins to the consuming public, directing attention to large supplies of cheap peaches, or string beans, or whatever the articles happened to be from day to day, many trainloads of perishable stuff that come to our cities every year would not have been hauled in vain.

Lack of sound market information has led to shipments being sent to a few large centers while smaller cities and towns are neglected. While Florida string beans were spoiling in the New York market in April, for example, places like Atlanta were short of that vegetable and paying fair prices. Sixty per cent of the Georgia peach crop was formerly rushed to New York City, where carload after carload spoiled for lack of purchasers. Meanwhile, surrounding states were without peaches. When the Georgia growers organized and arranged a market information service of their own, their crop was so skillfully distributed that only twelve per cent of the shipments went to New York.

There is much useless hauling, apart from food commodities, and if war brings economies in other classes of freight it will be a national blessing. Twenty years ago the average American freight car was built to carry fifteen tons and the average load hauled was about eleven tons. Since then the freight car has been doubled and tripled in capacity, with steel frames and heavier trucks; grades have been decreased, locomotives built larger and trains lengthened, all with the purpose of lowering the cost of hauling a ton of freight to a figure below any cost attained elsewhere in the world. But the average load carried to-day in these big cars of thirty to fifty tons is—less than fifteen tons! Car capacity has grown thirty tons and freight load less than four tons.

"But why don't the railroads load freight cars full?" asks the innocent bystander who hears about this situation for the first time.

And the weary railroad traffic man echoes: "Yes—why! If they only could our freight-car shortage would disappear within a week."

The answer is that railroads have very little to do with loading cars. They can only build them big and strong, and set them out at the shipper's warehouse. He cannot be compelled to fill them, and through lack of organization of freight—especially in food lines—and the force of competition, he has steadily fought against full loading when minimum weights were up for revision in classification hearings.

When shippers have the ability and the business sense to use freight facilities to full capacity the results are often astounding. One of the large automobile concerns began to do that some years ago as part of its general system for cheapening production. Motor cars had been loaded complete up to that time, and a freight car held only from four to six, making a freight cost of, say, thirty-five dollars to a given city, which had to be added to the selling price of the car. When these same autos were shipped knocked down, in units, and assembled at branch factories located in convenient places all over the country, the cost of freight was reduced to about ten or fifteen dollars a car, for the same distance, because twenty motors could be loaded in the same freight car.

In food shipments an excellent example is found in the way big packing-house firms use freight to full capacity. They are not only able to load refrigerator cars to the real maximum with hanging sides of fresh meat, but can then ship small commodities like cheese, at almost no transportation cost at all, by piling them along the floor between the rows of beef sides.

We have been eating altogether too much freight with our food, because it is in the food-producing industries that we need organization most.

The family freight bill is one hundred dollars a year largely because freight methods have become complicated and inefficient. A great simplifier is needed—something that will hush the bickering about that extra pound of freight and direct everybody's attention to the big modern freight car standing there ready to be used.

Will war be this great simplifier? Anybody who has followed freight matters the past few years must have felt that a little vigorous Kaiserism would accomplish a great deal of good and bring marked economies. Not Kaiserism of the Berlin type, but that of, say, the Goethals kind, which looks through all the fears and petty interests to the big freight car, lays out the obvious plan and says "Just try it—let's see how it works."

And when tried, behold, it does work, and everybody finds such economies and betterments that none would ever want to go back to the old method.

PUTTING THE BIG LOAN OVER

(Concluded from Page 30)

country to another in the history of the world. Under what was known as the mobilization scheme, the English Government sold to bankers in this country perhaps more than a billion dollars of all manner of American bonds and stocks, which had been collected from private owners in Great Britain. There were more than a thousand different securities, the details of whose transfer were handled by Anderson and his two assistants, Whitney and Shakespeare.

It was the duty of these men to see that the thousand or so local committees outside New York City, but in the New York Federal Reserve District, should be kept informed of what everyone else was doing. In Western New York alone there were three hundred and thirty-five local committees. Every form of effort had to be coordinated.

Sheer ingenuity came into play in floating the Liberty Loan. Clever but simple ideas sprang up. Automobile companies, fearing a wave of economy, offered to accept payment for cars in Liberty bonds. Real-estate dealers adopted the same idea. Corporations that subscribed liberally for the bonds decided to pay dividends in them.

One device was of doubtful wisdom. I refer to the cute little buttons buyers of Liberty bonds were supposed to wear. The idea was inspiring and patriotic enough, and normal conditions may all be upset in wartime. Ordinarily, however, there is nothing the individual investor so much desires as to keep his holdings secret. Investment bankers, accustomed to the habits of investors, were so astonished at this attempt to reverse the natural, normal psychology that one of them said:

"There would be as much point in providing each buyer of a Liberty bond with a nicely embroidered nightie as a special mark of honor!"

Get these Guaranteed Results TO-DAY

3176 out of 4000 Users Say

40% Greater Mileage
35% Greater Power
30% More Speed

Wonderful Flexibility
Easier Starting
Less Carbon

Money Back in 30 Days

if not satisfied

Make your own tests. It takes only a few minutes to install Hoosier Sub-Carburetor. Demonstrate to yourself the wonderful economy—the increased satisfaction. If you fail to get the results we claim—send it back—we'll refund your money.

$7.85 For Fords

Light 4 Cylinder Pleasure Cars	$ 8.75
Heavy 4 Cylinder Pleasure Cars	9.50
Little Six Cylinder Pleasure Cars	10.00
Big Six Cylinder Pleasure Cars	11.25
Eight Cylinder Pleasure Cars	12.25
Twelve Cylinder Pleasure Cars	14.50

Add duty for Canada

Easy to Install—No Adjustments—Automatic in Action
We Give You Proved Economy—on Any Car

SUB **Hoosier** CARBURETOR

Over 4,000 Hoosier Sub-Carburetors have already been sold—over 3,000 enthusiastic testimonials have come in to us entirely unsolicited.

Everyone says: "Hoosier Sub-Carburetor is the greatest economy device ever put on to a motor."

HEATED air is drawn from the logical place around the exhaust pipe injected into the mixture at the proper point just after the mixture leaves the carburetor. The amount of air is mechanically regulated. You get a rich mixture when you need it—starting—or running on low engine speeds.

You get a more economical, more explosive mixture when you want it—at high engine speeds.

That is why users of the Sub-Carburetor say: "If we had to pay five times as much for it, we would gladly do so because of the results it gives."

Any Good Garage Man Will Verify This—

How does Hoosier Sub-Carburetor increase mileage? It breaks the mixture up into finer form—gives it more complete carburation.

NOTE About 87% of the gasoline taken into a motor with [illegible] carburetor comes out from the exhaust unexploded, [illegible] subsequently vaporized.

Hoosier Sub-Carburetor cuts down this waste by a big per- [illegible] breaking up the mixture and vaporizing it more completely.

How will Hoosier Sub-Carburetor prevent carbon?

Carbon is formed from unexploded gasoline in contact with hot [illegible] cylinder walls. Hoosier Sub-Carburetor [illegible] the amount of unexploded gasoline.

Prove this by opening the pet cock on a motor not equipped with Hoosier Sub-Carburetor. You get a dull red flame with our Hoosier Sub-Carburetor. With it you get a clear, steel-blue blaze.

How does the Hoosier give more power and speed?

It breaks up and vaporizes the mixture—makes it more combustible—gives a quicker and more powerful explosion.

How does Hoosier Sub-Carburetor give greater flexibility?

Motor flexibility comes from the proper regulation of the mixture and a more rapid explosion. When the gas explodes rapidly, the motor does not load up.

We Guarantee These Results

We positively guarantee with a 30 day [illegible] back clause the amazing results obtained by Hoosier Sub-Carburetor users [illegible] *wonderful flexibility—easier starting—less carbon*

Use Hoosier Sub-Carburetor on your own car. If you don't get these results within 30 days send it back, we will gladly refund your entire purchase price.

Amazingly Simple to Install

You can [illegible] Hoosier Sub-Carburetor in a very few minutes [illegible] directions accompany each one. After you have put it on your motor, you will have [illegible] the one you were using before. [illegible] for the "PEP" of a new car and more.

It will make any new motor tremendously more efficient

3176 users out of 4000 have written us their testimonials—UNSOLICITED

Closed Needle Valve ½ Turn
[illegible] needle valve nearly one- [illegible] the engine had more [illegible]

Runs Like a New Car
[illegible]

Better Than 30 Miles
With the Hoosier Sub-Carburetor I average better than 30½ miles to the [illegible]
[illegible], Twin Buttes, Ariz.

9 Miles More per Gallon
Mileage has been increased [illegible]

Excelled All Others
My tests were as follows. Miles per gallon of gasoline on Ford car with [illegible]
[illegible]

8 Miles More Per Gallon
We got about eight miles more on a gallon now than before and it has [illegible]
[illegible]

A Gas Saver
[illegible]

All the Difference in the World
The car he runs [illegible]

Average 32 Miles
[illegible]

Send this Coupon-ToDay

S.E.P. 6-30-17

WANTED—
Exclusive Dealers

The Hoosier Sub-Carburetor will sell like wildfire to every car owner. As soon as you get your contract we will prove results on cars in your territory—ready for you to start sales. We will back you with big national and local advertising. Prove to us that you are the best equipped and responsible. Write, wire, phone or jump the first train for Indianapolis—get this fastest selling accessory—a money-saver for any car owner and a money maker for you.

You want this real economizer on your car

We don't have to prove to you that you need this wonderful economizer. Over 4,000 automobile users have already proved it by their own experience.

We don't have to argue about the wonderful merits of Hoosier Sub-Carburetor. Our wonderful money back guarantee is your protection. If within thirty days after you use it you feel that you can do without it, [illegible] and get your money back. The only thing we want to say to you is: "Get your dealer to call." Send the coupon." You have thirty days in which to satisfy yourself of the results.

If you are a dealer, wire. If you are an automobile dealer looking for a live proposition that everybody wants—that everybody is going to have—wire today for our dealership proposition.

Don't wait to write—wire and say that your letter and coupon are following. We already have [illegible] of applications from dealers and unless you wire it may be too late for your territory.

Hoosier Sub-Carburetor Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

HOOSIER SUB-CARBURETOR CO.,
Indianapolis, Indiana S.E.P. 6-30-17

Enclosed find check or money order in full payment for one **Hoosier Sub-Carburetor** with the understanding that you guarantee it for life and will refund my deposit in full if I return your device to you collect within 30 days.

Name of car _____ model _____ year _____

Name _____

Address _____

I recommend as a good dealer

_____

Polar Cub
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Electric Fan

$5

WHEN IT'S SWELTERING HOT! When there isn't a breath of air stirring. When the perspiration is oozing from every pore and you're nearly dead with the heat—

Then Polar Cub comes to your rescue. You switch on the breeze and *Oh Joy!*

Polar Cub has made an Electric Fan an every-day convenience for anybody, anywhere. He costs just $5. Think of it—$5 for as busy a little, sturdy a little Electric Fan as ever stirred up a breeze. *Why, anybody can afford a Polar Cub.*

But more than that, Polar Cub leaves hardly a footprint on your electric meter. His wonderful little motor spins along at an average cost for current, taking the country over, of a penny—one cent—the hundredth part of a dollar—for six long hours.

1917 MODEL

Two-speeds-and-stop lever.
Substantial die-cast frame.
Quiet and smooth-running.
Adjustable to all angles—breeze can be thrown in any direction.
Hook on base for attaching to wall.
Polished heavy base with felt cushion.
Equipped with 8-foot cord and plug.
Operates on direct or alternating current of 105 to 130 volts.
Height of fan, 8 inches; blade diameter, 6 inches; weight, 3 lb. 8 oz.
Rich, black enamel finish.
[illegible]

Why spend a sleepless night from heat? Why eat in a hot dining room? Why work in a stuffy office? Why pass an uncomfortable, sticky day or night anywhere when a Polar Cub Fan will give you six nice, cool hours of Paradise for a penny?

Polar Cub is the *original* $5 Fan. And today he is still leading the procession. This year he has two speeds and stop. At high speed his 6-inch blades spin around at 3400 revolutions per minute. When you wish a milder breeze, you can moderate it by moving the control lever to second speed.

What a blessing Polar Cub is! Why, not only heat goes when he gets into action, but mosquitoes and flies just take one somersault in Polar Cub's breeze, then they migrate quick.

Banish hot weather discomforts. Hand a $5 bill to your dealer today for a Polar Cub Electric Fan (in Canada, $7.50). Get this biggest of all fan values. If your electrical or hardware dealer hasn't it, write us; we will refer you to a dealer who has.

THE A. C. GILBERT COMPANY, 320 BLATCHLEY AVE., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Canadian Representatives: Menzies & Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

DEALERS — If you haven't stocked Polar Cubs, write us at once for particulars and prices; give your jobber's name.

MENDING THE RUSSIAN RAILROADS

(Continued from Page 24)

the cable had been received. The railroader's name was Bury—George Bury—and he had gone to work for Shaughnessy in the days when the Canadian Pacific was still a struggling and a more or less dubious venture and the peer of the realm was plain Tom Shaughnessy, just come from an alderman's chair in the old City Hall of Milwaukee to take the purchasing agent's job on the road that had essayed to thread the Rockies and give Canada her very own line from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Bury was Shaughnessy's confidential clerk and stenographer. And, as Shaughnessy rose to be both president and chairman of the far-reaching and tremendously important road, Bury has risen to be its first vice president. He is not a large man, but he is wonderfully dynamic. He is almost Napoleonic in his ability. And he is one of the ablest railroaders in all Canada.

In the past three months he has been to Russia and back again. And on his heels we have sent from the United States a commission, composed of men of equally high railroad standing. This commission is headed by John F. Stevens, who has had a wide variety of railroad experience, as chairman. Its other members are W. L. Darling, a railroad engineer who has had a number of important posts in the Northwest; Henry Miller, a former vice president of the Wabash; J. E. Greiner, a construction engineer associated with the Baltimore & Ohio; and George Gibbs, who built the New York passenger terminal for the Pennsylvania.

These men have sailed for Vladivostok. Their first task is to clear the tracks and yards and terminals of the Trans-Siberian, in the hope of making that attenuated main stem of the Russian railroad system of at least some slight traffic use in the reincarnation of the empire.

What the Shark Found

It is hardly likely that any of these men will tell of the problem over there—not, at least, until after the war is ended. But from an entirely different source—one whose accuracy is not for one instant to be doubted—I am enabled to present a few facts in regard to the railroad situation as it exists in Russia to-day. They come from a Yankee railroader—a man who has gained most of his practical experience west of the Missouri; a railroader who can quickly size up a property, from both its operating efficiency and its potentials for attracting traffic.

This man had never been oversea until the order came from a New York banking house early in the present year to hurry to Petrograd. He found his way to the Russian capital by means of a steamer to England, a Norwegian steamer from Newcastle to Bergen, and thence by a curious combination of rail and water routes to the Finland Station, in Petrograd. Every opportunity was afforded him by the officers of the dying Russian dynasty to make a careful examination of the railroad properties of the empire.

"We are giving you a splendid interpreter," said the manager of one of these lines in perfect English; "he belongs to a family that moved here from the North of Ireland just one hundred and twenty-seven years ago."

The interpreter bowed low, but did not begin his interpreting job at just that moment. A little later, however, the Yankee railroader had real use for him. They were slipping out of Petrograd for Moscow on that ruler-edge line which a Czar had once arbitrarily ordered between Russia's two greatest cities.

The railroad shark, who had once bossed a division office in Council Bluffs, and later one in Cheyenne, noticed that the signals on this line were of the very newest electric-flash type—of a type used by the Pennsylvania on some of its commuter lines out of Philadelphia, and by the Milwaukee where its long electrically operated main line crosses the backbone of the Rockies. He asked about the signals. The interpreter smiled blandly—the same sort of unintelligent smile a Jap gives you when you ask him how many battleships they have in their navy, or what salary they pay the Mikado.

"Yes; I understand. Great difficulty. Moscow in two hours."

The railroader choked. Then, as time obliterated the affair, he took a fresh courage.

"About what is the population of Moscow?" he asked, as casually as if he had been coming into Kansas City and was appealing to the community pride of a fellow traveler who bore the local earmarks.

Again the bland smile; again the unintelligence. Again:

"Yes; I understand. Great difficulty. Moscow in two hours."

And the railroader regretted, for the first time in his life, that the curriculum of the Holyoke High School had not included Russian.

He set out—this Yankee—for a great railroad shop well to the south of Moscow; this time with an interpreter who had been in Russia only three months, but who really knew his job. He was anxious to see a railroad shop, for he knew that the Russian mechanics were the most skillful, the most accurate and the most sensitive in all the world. To-day, in our own United States of America, it is Russian workers who are intrusted with the tremendously delicate work of adjusting the gauges in the making of the guns and shells of our munition factories.

In the Railroad Shops

The railroad shop did not disappoint him. It was both modern and modernly equipped; but it was making no headway in repairing locomotives or cars. His Excellency the Czar's Minister of Communications had been guilty of skinning the upkeep of a railroad property to make it show, for a time at least, a satisfactory income return. In a rather extended dull season he had kept his good locomotives upon the road and had retired locomotives that were worn out or in need of repairs or overhauling.

The reverse is sound railroad practice. Good locomotives—locomotives in repair—should be held in reserve and in readiness for the time when traffic is at flood tide once again. And because this was not done upon the state railroads of Russia—which comprise more than two-thirds of the lines of the empire—was one of the reasons why the Kaiser marched his men into Warsaw, and Galicia was lost to the Great Bear.

The Yankee railroader sensed the situation. It had the same sort of bad odor he once detected in a railroad shop out in Ohio—or was it Indiana?

"You had better ask your three assistants to prepare reports on the engine situation," he said quietly to the general manager of the big plant.

In a fortnight the reports were finished and translated. The American read them quickly, then handed them to the shop manager.

"As I thought," was his comment.

"You thought?"

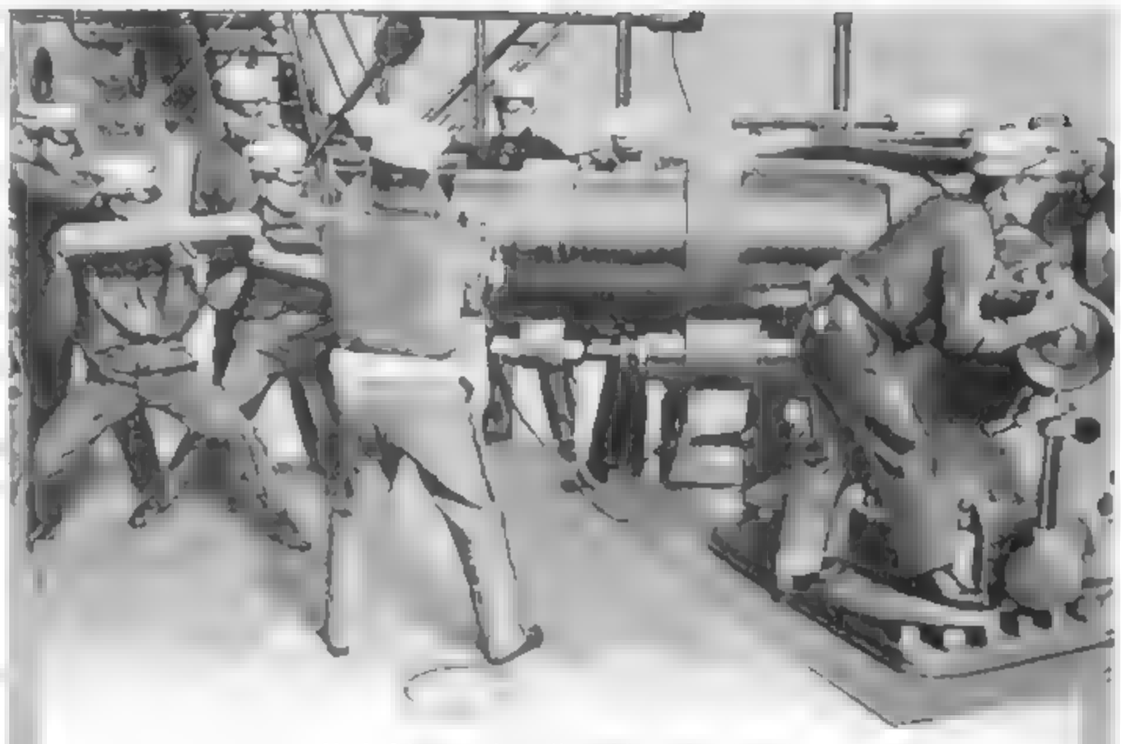
"They're lies," was the reply of the railroader from this side of the Atlantic; and he quickly proved his accusation. "You had better discharge those department heads," he added, "and lose no time in doing it."

The general manager shook his head. The American could not understand, but he would do his best to make it clear. The first of the three aides was a relative of Prince R——, in Petrograd, a powerful man behind the scenes and one whom it was not diplomatic to upset. The second was a pensioner, with secret ramifications too.

The third—here was a real moment for whispers—the third was blood brother to a man who stood close beside the Minister of Communications!

Of course the American could not understand; but it was very difficult—nay, it was more than difficult, it was absolutely impossible that the shop organization should be changed by omitting any of these three men. The American did understand! He smiled grimly and remembered that grimy little shop out in Ohio. But he only said:

"I think that if this road is forced to keep in its employ department heads of this



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sort it had better set them at work digging trenches before Petrograd."

Graft? In Russia? If you have ever traveled on the Trans-Siberian you perhaps remember the solemnity with which the porter of the sleeping car prepared you for the first coming of the Russian customs officials—an ordeal which lost nothing through his advance descriptions of it. Well, that was his own form of graft.

And when the bearded, grave, curt officers went through your baggage with small courtesy, and accepted such baksheesh as you cared to hand them with even less courtesy, they waited till the train was gone, and then threw back their great heads and roared with laughter before they began setting out the percentage for the porter. Even the police of Petrograd might not boast a better *provocateur*. In the United States we translate that as "frame-up."

Graft? It is an ugly word. Yet, when the big merchant of Kazan waited two weary months for his carload of sugar last summer, he suddenly bethought himself of a high traffic officer of the state railroads. A telegraphed word or two brought an emissary from Petrograd to Kazan. Twenty-five hundred rubles would be enough. It was wartime; and Russia was already educated, not to mere five or ten or twenty or fifty per cent advances in the prices of her foodstuffs, but advances that are expressed by multiplication by any of the numbers from one to ten. The merchant at Kazan advanced the "loan" of twenty-five hundred rubles.

In a week there was a letter from Petrograd on his desk. If he would care to make another loan of twenty-five hundred rubles the carloads of sugar that were destined for his competitors would be held back—for thirty days at least.

Do you wonder that Russia fell—that men wore red ribbons tied about their arms—and that when a man spoke to you as "brother" you smiled back at him, and clasped his hands and said "little brother" in return?

The railroader returned to Petrograd and made out his report to the big New York banking house. It is both brief and to the point. He called attention to the hopelessness of trying to make the Trans-Siberian an effective artery of communication under existing conditions. It will never be of any great use until it is double-tracked; and that will take sixty-five million dollars and at least five years.

The Present Problem

Meantime the lines from Petrograd north to the Atlantic ports, Port Murman and Archangel, should and must be bettered and strengthened. None too well built in the first place, they are now sadly out of repair. They should be placed in good physical condition; bridges strengthened or replaced; terminals enlarged. With this done, and at least a fair supply of locomotives and cars, each of these important gateway lines should be able to handle from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand tons of freight a day—which would mean a tremendous relief to the entire Russian situation.

To get the cars and locomotives is a problem in itself. Russia has been steadily buying cars and engines in the United States for some time past. And she will probably have to come here for anywhere from seven hundred and fifty to a thousand new locomotives, and ten or twelve times that number of large cars of every sort. This equipment will have to be shipped across the Pacific and take its chances on the overcrowded Trans-Siberian.

The Yankee railroader makes the sage suggestion that only wheels and trucks and sills be made of steel, and purchased in this country. Such a plan not only would conserve our steel output, and so not cripple our extensive merchant shipbuilding plans, but it would represent a tremendous saving in cargo space in transpacific steamers. Russia is rich in wood. Her carpenters, perhaps the carpenters of Japan or Manchuria assisting them, could build the superstructures of ten thousand cars in a year.

Nor does that represent her entire possibilities in car expansion. A journalist went up to Petrograd from the south, with his eyes as big as saucers.

"Talk about inefficiency!" he said. "I saw in a single storage yard at K—— sixty perfectly good locomotives that have not turned their wheels in eight long months. And Russia bleeding to death for lack of internal transportation!"

Our Yankee mover of trains investigated. The engines had been brought out of Galicia in the retreat. They were adjusted to a different track gauge from the broad five feet of the Russian railroads. A high official in the War Office assured him that the engines would be of great military value when Russia went into Galicia again. Therefore it would be poor policy to alter the axles.

The American accepted the explanation, with reservations. He feels now that it is going to be a long time before those locomotive axles turn again.

Yet there are many cars—even engines too—that can be released. Some eighty-six hundred cars were being used as storehouses and living quarters along the War Front, while Petrograd cried for bread and rose in mad revolt because there were no cars to bring it to her.

There can be more promptness in both loading and unloading the cars if the government really wants to take hold of the question. A government that can fine a man for talking in the street ought to be able to send him to jail for dilatory use of a very valuable freight car.

The Premier of the Future

"Government," did I say? Government in Russia? On the March night when the Yankee railroader finished his report he went to the window of his room and saw the low-hanging clouds illumined by the fire of burning police stations and courthouses, with all their damning records. In the foreground the River Neva ran, frozen many feet thick in the severity of an unusually severe northern winter. There were great holes cut and kept open in the ice; in these apertures were moored floats upon which laundresses might kneel to rinse their linens in the fast-running river.

But these were not laundresses that came to the river holes this March night. They were men, and the shapeless things they carried between them were the bodies of other men. The apertures were open graves. The Neva runs swift and straight to the sea. And no toll was ever taken at those open places.

Russia was in travail. Russia was drinking the bitterest cup in her entire tragic history. Yet do not despair of Russia. Already we have definite signs that out of the great sorrow and passion is coming a new land—a land wherein transportation will play such a part as it has never before played, not even in our own blessed United States!

England has had to send ships to develop and to broaden her empire. Russia, like ourselves, can grow by the laying of tracks and by the multiplication of cars and locomotives.

Therein lies her great hope for the future. She is not blind to it. And, because she has at last begun to see, her hour of great triumph is yet to be lived.

One thing more the Russian railroad situation needs—men. It is not only possible but probable that our American commission which has gone over there to investigate the situation will ask either that some of the regiments of railroad men that are being organized for service in France be diverted to Russia or that additional engineer regiments be drafted for that particular purpose. The opportunity of enlisting in Russian railroad service at this time would be a real opportunity, for both European Russia and Siberia after the war bid fair to be as our own great West of forty years ago, the Canadian Northwest of a far more recent period.

The present thin railroads that thread them are, in all human probability, but the skeleton of a transportation system that shall be as generally adequate as our own.

In their development will come a real opportunity for the young railroader of America, who is both free and willing to sever home ties for the sake of his own advancement. The Russian language is difficult, but it is not impossible. Opportunities rarely come without difficulties. And in the opinion of men who have traveled far and who have studied both commerce and transportation, Russia after the war will present one of the final great opportunities for the development of an undeveloped land of vast resources into a nation of civilization and prosperity.

PRACTICAL AMERICA— AND THE FRANKLIN CAR

AMERICANS are at heart a practical people. There is something in them that responds to Thrift; something that makes them ashamed of extravagance and waste.

They may get off the track occasionally, but they always come back to the main road of efficiency and common-sense.

$300,000,000 Wasted in Gasoline and Tires Every Year

The average American is busy. Outside his business he lets others do his thinking. He thinks with his crowd.

He did this on motor cars. He bought dead weight and rigidity, ponderous machinery and big wheel base.

He lugged around radiators and plumbing, a water-cooling system of 177 parts.

He *paid the price* in upkeep and depreciation, tire destruction, gasoline waste.

It cost him about $600,000,000 a year and did not give him the comfort of the flexible, easy riding Franklin, with its *world's record of economy in cost of operation.*

There is no middle ground in this thrift question.

A car has it—or it has not.

Like easy riding comfort—if thrift is there it proves itself.

Take the tire question, for instance.

If the owner of a *heavy machine* uses his car as freely as the Franklin owner uses his scientific-lightweight car, in three years he will buy *four sets of tires* to the Franklin's two—and the tires alone will cost him nearly *three times* what they cost the Franklin owner.

There never was a more complete demonstration of a *principle* than the way every *thrift-record* in the fine car class has been established by the *Franklin Car.*

Efficiency Standards Established for Motor Cars

Gasoline! Franklin National Economy Test, May 1, 1914—94 Franklin Cars in all parts of the country averaged 32.8 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

And again May 1, 1915—137 Franklin Cars averaged 32.1 miles to the gallon.

And again in the Yale University Fuel Economy Test, when Professor Lockwood and Arthur B. Brown, M. E., established the fact that the Franklin Car uses less gasoline per mile than any other car with six or more cylinders.

Oil! In the New York to Chicago Oil Test the Franklin Car ran 1046 miles on one gallon of oil.

Power! Efficiency Test by the Worcester Polytechnic Institute demonstrated that the Franklin delivers 84.4 per cent. of its engine power at the rear wheels.

Tires! The five-year National Tire Average of Franklin owners is 10,203 miles.

Investment Value! If you can find a used Franklin for sale, you will pay *twenty per cent. more for it* than for any other fine car in proportion to its first cost and the use it has had.

American Motor Cars Carry More People than the Railroads

The more this country gets down to stern *realities* the bigger place there is for the Franklin Car.

There is nothing new in the Thrift of the Franklin—only more people are recognizing it.

The Franklin owner has nothing to change, nothing to explain or excuse.

He is using his car more instead of less, because it is primarily a car of *utility*, owned and operated on a *Thrift basis.*

It must be gratifying to him that he saw these things *before* the call to National Thrift.

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$1950.00
Runabout	2160 lbs.	1900.00
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Cabriolet	2485 lbs.	2750.00
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AT LAST—a Tractor that *will work* in every part of the country—on farm and in factory alike.

That Tractor is the **Cleveland.** It will speed up farm production. It will lower the cost of farm operation. And both the farmer and the country will benefit accordingly.

Primarily designed for farm use, the Cleveland has great industrial possibilities. It is unequalled in road-making operations. For it combines great hauling capacity with minimum up-keep. And because of its *crawler construction* and light weight it does not mar the surface over which it travels.

The Cleveland will be an asset to the equipment of industrial plants. It will facilitate loading and unloading—and a rapid movement of materials about the plant.

The Cleveland is of the very size for this manner of work. Its hauling capacity is great. So great that one Cleveland can do the work of several trucks of the type ordinarily used for inside hauling, no matter how propelled.

The factory that equips itself with Clevelands can dispense with the usual miniature industrial railroad-equipment that is both cumbersome and expensive to operate and maintain.

The Cleveland is the one tractor that almost every farmer in the land can operate at a profit.

It is the invention of Rollin H. White, one of the country's foremost motor truck engineers.

Being a practical farmer as well, he saw the need for a tractor that would not be too big, heavy and costly, nor too small and low-powered to meet the exacting requirements of farm work.

The Cleveland is small and light. Yet because it has no wheels, *but crawls on its own tracks*, the Cleveland will go anywhere—over ditches and gullies, wet land and sand—over level and hill alike.

It is powerful—powerful enough to draw two 14" plows easily and with them plow 8 to 10 acres a day every day—the work of more than three three-horse teams and three men. And at a fraction of their cost—both as to original investment and up-keep.

The Cleveland develops 20 h.p. at its pulley and 12 at its drawbar—ample for every requirement of the farm—for hauling logs, wagons, manure spreaders, seeders, drills, binders, mowers and hay loaders—for stationary work, such as shelling corn, cutting ensilage, filling silos, pumping, etc.

And the Cleveland is a sturdy and long-lived. A child can operate it. For it steers by the power of its engine. All gears (and they are identical with those used on highest price motor trucks) are enclosed in dirt-proof, dust-proof cases.

Its cost of up-keep is low—amazingly low. While its price is but $985 f. o. b. factory.

Write for full information. But you must act immediately to avoid delayed delivery. Address Dept. N.

To dealers: The Cleveland presents greater money-making possibilities than any tractor ever put before the public. Its field is enormous—the demand for it widespread.

Automobile and implement dealers, anyone who can sell can sell the Cleveland—make money quickly.

Territories are being rapidly allotted. Write or, better still, wire for dealers' proposition at once.

Agricultural Uses

12 H. P. for pulling the binder

20 H. P. at the belt, for stationary work

Plows 8 to 10 acres a day

PRICE $985 F.O.B. Factory

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Replaces the small industrial railroad

Of great use in mining operations

Goes over worst roads Doesn't injure good ones

PRICE $985 F.O.B. Factory

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Cleveland Tractor

Geared to the Ground

The Cleveland Motor Plow Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me full particulars regarding the Cleveland Tractor.

Name _____
State whether farmer, contractor, manufacturer or dealer

City _____ State _____

THE HIGH HEART

(Continued from Page 21)

one doesn't know—and no one can tell you the reason why."

"But if one asked for a reason ——"

"It would queer you with the right people. They don't want a reason. If people do want a reason—well, they've got to stay out of it. It was one of the things Libby Jaynes picked up as if she'd been born to it. She knew how to cut; she knew how to cut dead; and she cut as dead as she knew how."

"But, Hugh darling, I don't know how."

He was all forbearance.

"You'll learn, sweet." As for the moment the waitress was absent he put out his hand and locked his fingers within mine. "You've got it in you. Once you've had a chance you'll knock Libby Jaynes into a cocked hat."

I shook my head.

"I'm not sure that you're right."

"I know I'm right, if you do as I tell you; and to begin with you've got to put that fellow Strangways in his place."

I let it go at that, having so many other things to think of that any mere status of my own became of no importance. I was willing that Hugh should marry me as Tracy Allen married Libby Jaynes, or in any other way, so long as I could play my part in the rest of the drama with right-mindedness. But it was precisely that that grew more difficult.

When Mrs. Brokenshire and Mr. Grainger next met under what I can only call my chaperonage they were distinctly more at ease. The first stammering, shamefaced awkwardness was gone. They knew by this time what they had to say and said it. They had also come to understand that if I could not be moved I might be outwitted. By the simple expedient of wandering away on the plea of looking at this or that decorative object they obtained enough solitude to serve their purposes. Without taking themselves beyond my range of vision they got out of earshot.

As far as that went I was relieved. I was not responsible for what they did, but only for what I did myself. I was not their keeper; I didn't want to be a spy on them. When, at a certain minute, as they returned toward me, I saw him pass a letter to her it was entirely by chance. I reflected then that, while she ran no risk in using the mails in writing to him, it was not so with him in writing to her, and that communications of importance might have to pass between them. It was nothing to me. I was sorry to have surprised the act and tried to dismiss it from my mind.

It was repeated, however, the next time they came and many times after that. Their comings settled into a routine of being twice a week, with fair regularity. Tuesdays and Fridays were their days, though not without variation. It was indeed this variation that saved the situation on a certain afternoon when otherwise all might have been lost.

XV

WE HAD come to February, 1914. During the intervening months the conditions in which I lived and worked underwent little change. My days and nights were passed between the library and the Mary Chilton, with few social distractions, though I had some. Larry Strangways' sister, Mrs. Applegate, had called on me, and her house, a headquarters of New York philanthropies, had opened to me its kindly doors. Through Mrs. Applegate one or two other women came to relieve my loneliness, and now and then old Halifax friends visiting New York took me to theaters and to dinners at hotels. Ethel Rossiter was as friendly as fear of her father and of social conventions permitted her to be, and once or twice when she was quite alone I lunched with her. On each of these occasions she had something new to tell me.

The first was that Hugh had met his father accidentally face to face, and that the parent had cut the son. Of that Hugh had told me nothing. According to Ethel, he was more affected by the incident than by anything since the beginning of his cares.

He felt it too deeply to speak of it even to me, to whom he spoke of everything.

It happened, I believe, at the foot of the steps of a club. Hugh, who was passing, saw his father coming down, and waited. Howard Brokenshire brought into play his faculty of seeing without seeing, and went on majestically, while Hugh stared after him with tears of vexation in his eyes.

"He felt it the more," Mrs. Rossiter stated in her impartial way, "because I doubt if he had the price of his dinner in his pocket."

It was then that she gave me to understand that if it were not that Mildred was lending him money he would have nothing to subsist on at all. Mildred had a little from her grandfather Brew, being privileged in this respect because she was the only one of the first Mrs. Brokenshire's children born at the time of the grandfather's demise.

The legacy had been a trifle, but from this fund, which had never been his father's, Hugh consented to take loans.

"Hugh darling," I said to him the next time I had speech with him, "don't you see now that he's irreconcilable? He'll either starve you into surrender ——"

"Never," he cried, thumping the table with his hand.

"Or else you must take such work as you can get."

"Such work as I can get! Do you know how much that would bring me in a week?"

"Even so," I reasoned, "you'd have work and I should have work, and we'd live."

He was hurt.

"Americans don't believe in working their women," he declared loftily. "If I can't give you a life in which you'll have nothing at all to do ——"

"But I don't want a life in which I'll have nothing at all to do," I cried. "Your idle women strike me as a weak point in your national organization. It's like the dinner parties I've seen at some of your restaurants and hotels—a circle of men at one table and a circle of women at another. You revolve too much in separate spheres. Your women have too little to do with business and politics and your men with society and the fine arts. I'm not used to such a pitiless separation of the sexes. Don't let us begin it, Hugh darling. Let me share what you share ——"

"You won't share anything sordid, little Alix, I can tell you that. When you're my wife you'll have nothing to think of but having a good time and looking your prettiest ——"

"I should die of it," I exclaimed; but this he took as a joke.

That had passed in January. What Ethel Rossiter told me the next time I lunched with her was that Lady Cecilia Boscobel had accepted her invitation and was expected within a few weeks. She repeated what she had already said of her, in exactly the same words.

"She's a good deal of a girl, Cissie is." My heart leaped and fell almost simultaneously. If I could only give up Hugh in such a way that he would have to give me up, this girl might help us out of our *impasse*. Had Mrs. Rossiter stopped there I might have made some noble vow of renunciation; but she went on: "If she wants Hugh she'll take him. Don't be under any illusion about that."

Though my quick mettle was up, I said docilely:

"Oh, no, I'm not. But if you mean taking him away from me—well, a good many people have tried it, haven't they?"

"Cissie Boscobel hasn't tried it."

But I was peaceably inclined.

"Oh, well," I said, "perhaps she won't. She may not think it worth her while."

"If you want to know my opinion," Mrs. Rossiter insisted, as she helped herself to the peas which the rosebud Thomas was passing, "I think she will. Men aren't so plentiful over there as you seem to suppose—that is, men of the kind they'd marry. Lord Goldborough has no money at all, as you might say, and yet the girls have to be set up in big establishments. You've only got to look at them to see it. Cissie marrying a subaltern with a thousand pounds a year isn't thinkable. It wouldn't dress her. She's coming over here to take a look at Hugh, and if she likes him —— Well, I told you long ago that you'd be wise to snap up that young Strangways. He's much better-looking than Hugh, and more in your own —— Besides, Jim says that now that he's with"—she balked at the name of Grainger—"now that he's where he is he's beginning to make money. It doesn't take so long when people have the brains for it."

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WE doubt if there is any service we could perform which would be of greater benefit to motorists, than to convince them of the importance of good inner tubes.

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All this means a perfect night's rest. Yet The Stratford Hotel is in the very center of Chicago's business and pleasure life. It is near the railroad stations.

The rates per day at The Stratford are but $1.50 and up.

The Stratford's advantages are explained in a booklet containing a map of Chicago, which will be mailed FREE—upon request.

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In Service 17 Years!

THE young man in the photograph above is Karl H. Krueger, of Meadville, Pa., who wrote to the DAYTON factory, last December, as follows:

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THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO.
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A 1917 Dayton Bicycle ready to give you the same kind of service

All this gave me a feeling of mingled curiosity and fear when, a few weeks later, I came on Mrs. Rossiter and Lady Cecilia Boscobel looking into a shop window in Fifth Avenue. It was a Saturday afternoon, the day which I had off and on which I made my modest purchases. It was a cold brisk day, with a light snow whirling in tiny eddies on the ground. I was going northward on the sunny side. At a distance of some fifty yards I recognized Mrs. Rossiter's motor standing by the curb, and cast my eyes about for a possible glimpse of her. Moving away from the window of the jeweler's whence she had probably come out, she saw me approach, and turned at once with a word or two to the lady beside her, who also looked in my direction. I knew by intuition who Mrs. Rossiter's companion was, and that my connection with the family had been explained to her.

Mrs. Rossiter made the presentation in her usual offhand way.

"Oh, Miss Adare! I want to introduce you to Lady Cecilia Boscobel."

We exchanged civil, remote and noncommittal salutations, each of us with her hands in her muff. My immediate impression was one of color, as it is when you see old Limoges enamels. There was more color in Lady Cissie's personality than in that of anyone I have ever looked at. Her hair was red—not auburn or copper, but red—a decorative, flaming red. I have often noticed how slight is the difference between beautiful red hair and ugly. Lady Cissie's was of the shade that is generally ugly, but which in her case was rendered glorious by the introduction of some such pigment, gleaming and umber, as that which gives the peculiar hue to Australian gold. I had never seen such hair or hair in such quantities, except in certain pictures of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood for which I should have supposed there could have been no earthly model had my father not known Agnes Siddell. Lady Cissie's eyes were gray, with a greenish light in them when she turned her head. Her complexion could only be compared to the kind of carnation in which the whitest of whites is flecked in just the right spots by the rosiest rose. In the lips, which were full and firm, also like Agnes Siddell's, the rose became carmine, to melt away into coral-pink in the shell-like ears. Her dress of seal-brown broadcloth, on which there was a sheen, was relieved by occasional touches of sage-green, and the numerous sable tails on her boa and muff blew this way and that way in the wind. In the small black hat, perched at what I can only describe as a triumphant angle, an orange wing became at the tip of each tiny topmost feather a daring line of scarlet. Nestling on the sage-green below the throat a row of amber beads slumbered and smoldered with lemon and orange and ruby lights that now and then shot out rays of crimson or scarlet fire.

I thought of my own costume—naturally. I was in gray, with inexpensive black furs. An iridescent buckle, with hues such as you see in a pigeon's neck, at the side of my black velvet toque was my only bit of color.

I was poor Jenny Wren in contrast to a splendid bird of Paradise. So be it! I could at least be a foil to this healthy, vigorous young beauty who was two inches taller than I, and might have my share of the advantages which go with all antitheses.

The talk was desultory, and in it the English girl took no part. Mrs. Rossiter asked me where I was going, what I was going for, and whether or not she couldn't take me to my destination in her car. I declined this offer, explained that my errands were trivial, and examined Lady Cissie through the corner of my eye. On her side Lady Cissie examined me quite frankly—not haughtily, but distantly and rather sympathetically. She had come all this distance to take a look at Hugh, and I was the girl he loved. I counted on the fact to give poor Jenny Wren her value, and I think it did. At any rate, when I had answered all Mrs. Rossiter's questions and was moving off to continue my way uptown, Lady Cissie's rich lips quivered in a sort of farewell smile.

But Hugh showed little interest when I painted her portrait verbally.

"Yes, that's the girl," he observed indifferently, "red-headed, long-legged, slashy-colored, laid on a bit too thick."

"She's beautiful, Hugh."

"Is she? Well, perhaps so. Wouldn't be my style; but everyone to his taste."

"If you saw her now ——"

"Oh, I've seen her often enough, just as she's seen me."

"She hasn't seen you as you are to-day, and neither have you seen her. A few years make a difference."

He looked at me quizzically.

"Look here, little Alix, what are you giving us? Do you think I'd turn you down now—for all the Lady Cissies in the British peerage? Do you now?"

"Not, perhaps, if you put it as turning me down ——"

"Well, as you turning me down, then?"

"Our outlook is pretty dark, isn't it?"

"Just wait."

I ignored his pathetic boastfulness to continue my own sentence.

"And this prospect is so brilliant. You'd have a handsome wife, a big income, a good position, an important family backing on both sides of the Atlantic—all of which would make you the man you ought to be. Now that I've seen her, and rather guess that she'd take you, I don't see how I can let you forfeit so much. I don't want to make you regret the day you ever saw me ——"

"Or regret yourself the day you ever saw me."

If I took up this challenge it was more for his sake than my own.

"Then suppose I accept that way of putting it?"

He looked at me solemnly for a second or two, after which he burst out laughing. That I might have hesitations as to connecting myself with the Brokenshires was more than he could grasp. He might have minutes of jealousy of Larry Strangways, but his doubt could go no further. It went no further even after he had seen Lady Cecilia and they had renewed their early acquaintance. Ethel Rossiter had managed that, of course with her father's connivance.

"Fine big girl," Hugh commended, "but too showy."

"She's not showy," I contradicted. "A thing isn't necessarily showy because it has bright colors. Tropical birds are not showy, nor roses, nor rubies ——"

"I prefer pearls," he said quietly. "You're a pearl, little Alix, the pearl of great price for which a man sells all that he has and buys it." Before I could respond to this kindly speech he burst out: "Good Lord, don't you suppose I can see what it all means? Cissie's the gay artificial fly that's to tempt the fish away from the little silvery minnow. Once I've darted after the bit of red and yellow dad will have hooked me. That's his game. Don't you think I see it? What dad wants is not that I shall have a wife I can love, but that he shall have a daughter-in-law with a title. You'd have to be—well, what I hope you will be some day to know what that means to a man like dad. A son-in-law with a title—that's as common as beans to rich Americans; but a daughter-in-law with a title—a real, genuine British title, as sound as the Bank of England—that's something new. You can count on the fingers of one hand the American families that have got 'em"—he named them, one in Philadelphia, one in Chicago, one or two in New York—"and dad's as mad as blazes that he didn't think of the thing first. If he had, he'd have put Jack on to it, in spite of all Pauline's money; but since it's too late for that I must toe the mark. Well, I'm not going to, do you see? I'm going to choose my own wife, and I've chosen her. Birth and position mean nothing to me, for I'm as much of a Socialist as ever—or almost."

With such resolution as this there was no way of reasoning, so that I could only go on, wondering and hoping and doing what I could for the best.

What I could do for the best included watching over Mrs. Brokenshire as far as in me lay. As winter progressed the task became harder and I grew the more anxious. So far no one suspected her visits to Mr. Grainger's library, and to the best of my knowledge her imprudence ended there. Further than to wander about the room the lovers never tried to elude me, though now and then I could see, without watching them, that he took her hand. Once or twice I thought he kissed her, but of that I was happily not sure. It was a relief, too, that as the days grew longer occasional visitors dropped in while they were there. The old gentleman interested in prints and the lady who studied Shakspere came not infrequently. There were couples, too, who wandered in, seeking for their own purposes a half hour of privacy. After all the

(Continued on Page 77)

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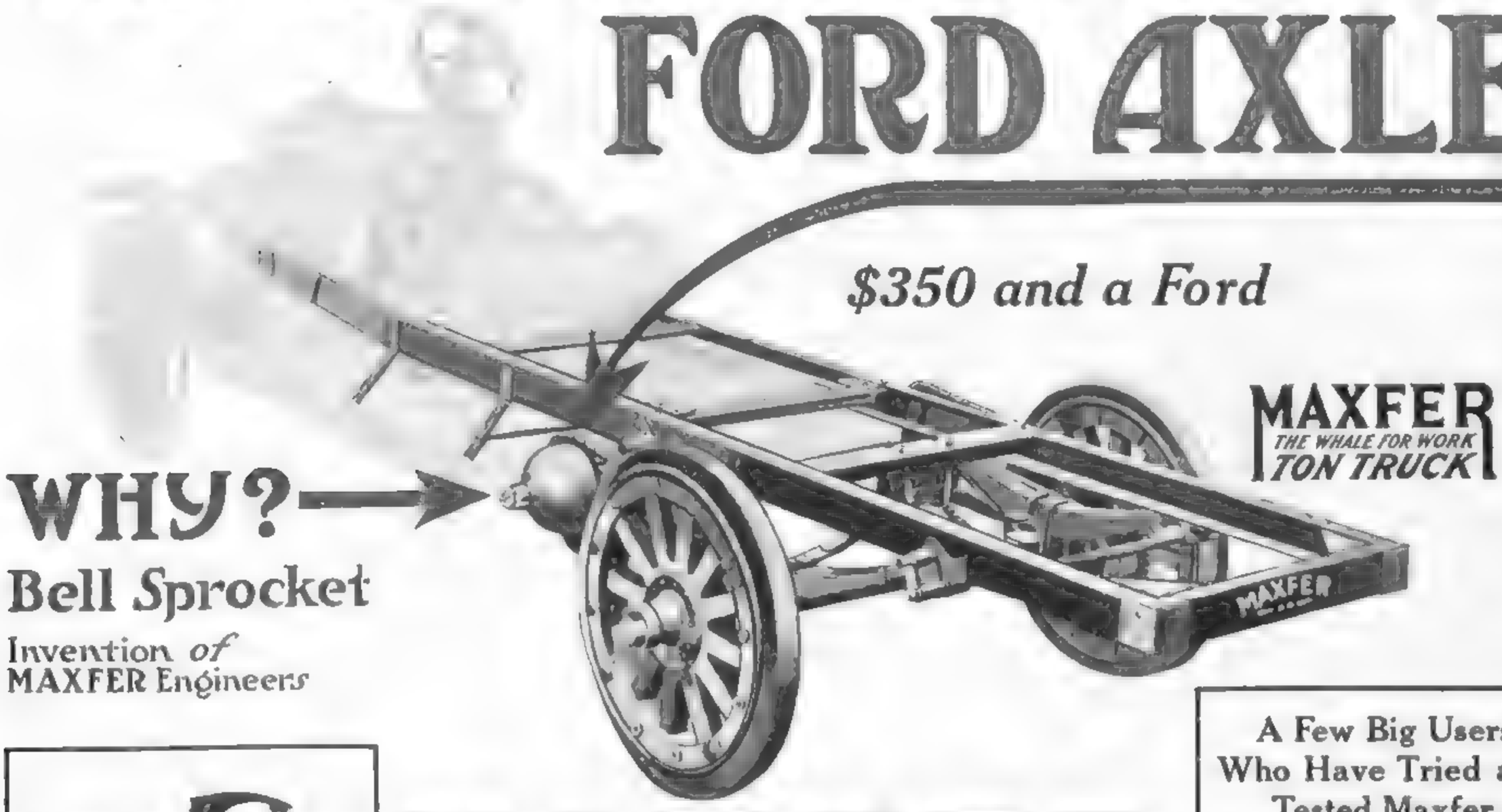

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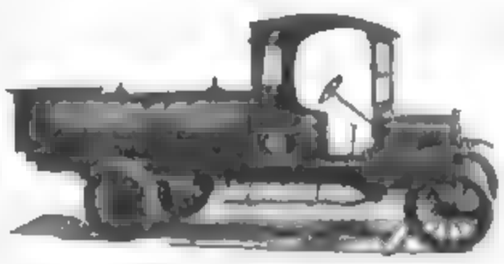

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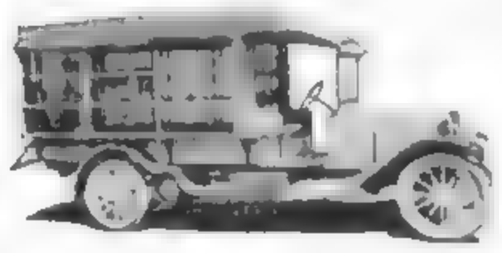

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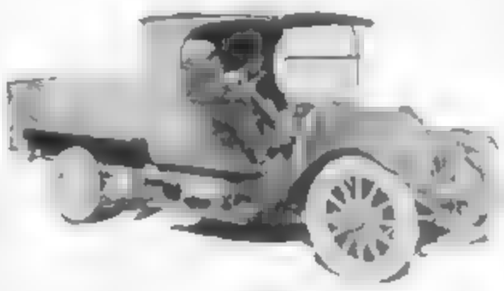

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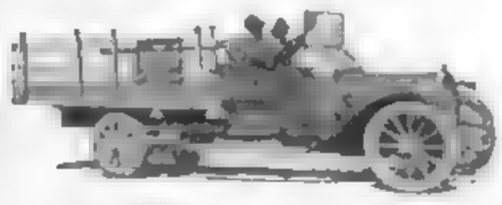

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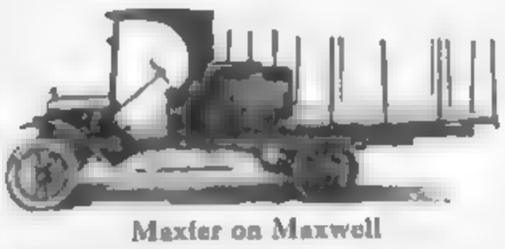

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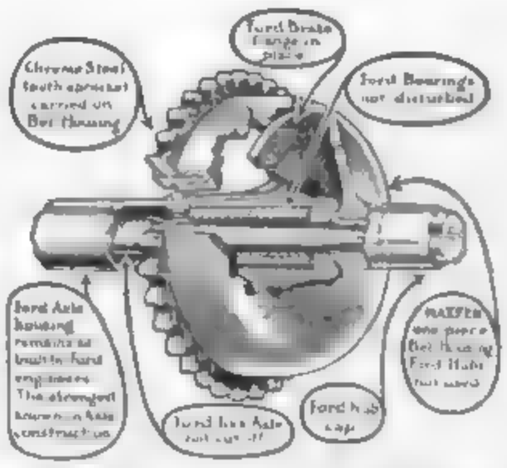

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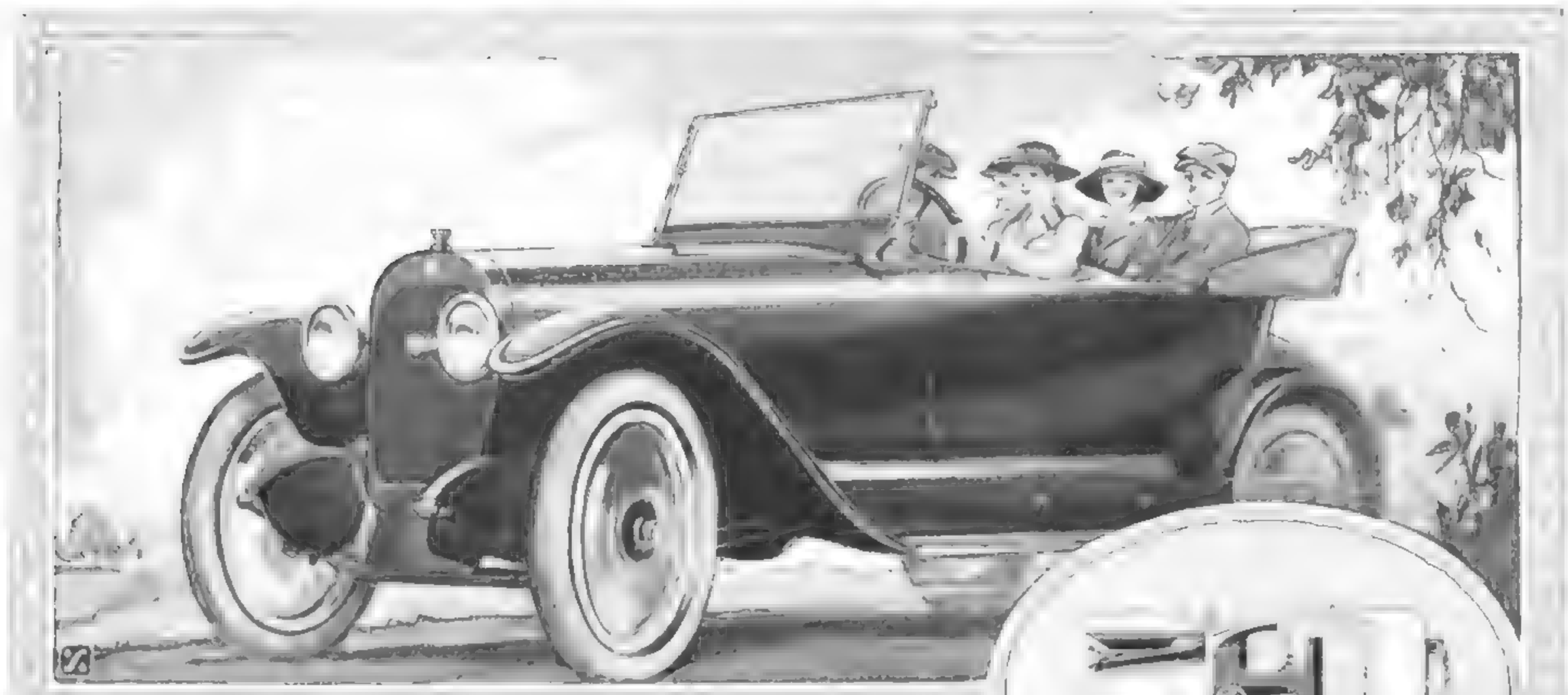

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EVERY Mitchell body is a distinctive style. All are built by master craftsmen in the new Mitchell body plant. All are designed exclusively for Mitchells. They combine all the known attractions. Before designing this year's models Mitchell artists examined 257 new styles. So every popular touch was considered. There are two sizes of Mitchells, at two basic prices. And eight very up-to-date bodies. You will find a hundred things to interest you in them.

The Sport Car The latest style of speed car is the Club Roadster. It's a racy-looking car. You will find it, we think, the smartest car of its type.

Your dealer has it on show today. But this type is selling faster than we can build it. So we urge you to see it now.

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There are handles for entering, a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables.

The luxury cost in one year has increased 24 per cent. But the savings made in the new body plant pay for all this added beauty. Most fine-car makers buy their bodies, so they lose this saving.

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No wind, no dust, no sudden storms affect one in these cars. Yet on pleasant days they are just as open as Roadsters or Touring Cars. The demand for these models shows how people are seeking riding comfort.

Other Attractions Mitchells have a power tire pump. They have an engine primer at the driver's hand. They have a ball-bearing steering gear which a finger turns.

They have Bate cantilever springs—shock-absorbing springs—the easiest riding springs ever invented. And not one has ever broken.

Every vital part in Mitchells has 100 per cent over-strength. That is twice the usual margin of safety, and it means a life-time car.

You will find in Mitchells a hundred things which other cars don't show. Go see what they mean to you.

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$1195

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Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40 horsepower motor. ¼-inch smaller bore.

(Continued from Page 74.

place was almost a public one to those who knew how to find it; and I was quick enough to see that in this very publicity lay a measure of salvation.

Mrs. Brokenshire was as quick to perceive this as I. When there were other people there she was more at ease. Nothing was simpler then than for Mr. Grainger and herself to be visitors like the rest, strolling about or sitting in shady corners, and keeping themselves unrecognized. There was thus a Thursday in the early part of March when I didn't expect them, because it was a Thursday. They came, however, only to find the old gentleman interested in prints and the lady who studied Shakspere already on the spot. I was never so glad of anything as of this accidental happening when a surprising thing occurred to me next day.

It was between half-past five and six on the Friday. As the lovers had come on the preceding day I knew they would not appear on this, and was beginning to make my preparations for going home. I was actually pinning on my hat when the soft opening of the outer door startled me. A soft step sounded in the little inner vestibule, and then there came an equally soft, breathless standing still.

My hands were paralyzed in their upward position at my hat; my heart pounded so that I could hear it; my eyes were wide with terror as they looked back at me from the splendid Venetian mirror before which I stood. I was always afraid of robbers or murderers, even though I had the wrought iron grille between me and them, and Mr. or Mrs. Daly within call.

Knowing that there was nothing for it but to go and see who was there, and suspecting that it might be Mrs. Brokenshire after all, I dragged my feet across the few intervening paces. It was not Mrs. Brokenshire; it was a man, a man who looked inordinately big and majestic in this little decorative pen. I needed a few seconds in which to gaze, a few seconds in which to adjust my faculties, before grasping the fact that I saw Mrs. Brokenshire's husband. On his side he needed something of the sort himself. Of all people in the world with whom he expected to find himself face to face I am sure I must have been the last.

I touched the spring, however, and the little portal opened. It opened and he stepped in. He stepped in and stood still. He stood still and looked round him. If I dare to say it of one who was never timid in his life, he looked round him timidly. His eyes showed it, his attitude showed it. He had come on a hateful errand; his feet were on hateful ground. He expected to see something more than me—and emptiness.

I got back some of my own self-control by being sorry for him, giving no indication of ever having met him before.

"You'd like to see the library, sir," I said as I should have said it to any chance visitor.

He dropped into a large William and Mary chair, one of the show pieces, and placed his silk hat on the floor.

"I'll sit down," he murmured, less to me than to himself. His stick he dandled now across and now between his knees.

The tea things were still on the table.

"Would you like a cup of tea?" I asked in genuine solicitude.

"Yes—no." I think he would have liked it, but he probably remembered whose tea it was. "No," he repeated with decision.

He breathed heavily, with short puffy gasps. I recalled then that Mrs. Brokenshire had said that his heart had been affected. As a matter of fact, he put his gloved left hand up to it, as people do who feel something giving way within.

To relieve the embarrassment of the situation I said:

"I could turn on all the lights and you could see the library without going round it."

Withdrawing the hand at his heart he raised it in the manner with which I was familiar.

"Sit down," he commanded as sternly as his shortness of breath allowed.

The companion William and Mary chair being near I slipped into it. Having him in three-quarters profile, I could study him without doing it too obviously, and could verify Mrs. Brokenshire's statements that Hugh's affairs were "telling on him." He was perceptibly older, in the way in which people look older all at once after having long kept the semblance of youth. The skin had grown baggy, the eyes tired, the beard and mustache, though as well cared for as ever, more decidedly mixed with gray. It was indicative of something that had begun to disintegrate in his self-esteem, that when his poor left eye screwed up he turned the terrifying right one on me with no effort to conceal the grimace.

As it was for him to break the silence I waited in my huge ornamental chair, hoping he would begin.

"What are you doing here?"

The voice had lost none of its soft staccato nor of its whiplash snap.

"I'm Mr. Grainger's librarian," I replied meekly.

"Since when?" he panted.

"Since not long after I left Mrs. Rossiter."

He took his time to think another question out.

"How did your employer come to know about you?"

I explained, as though he had had no knowledge of the fact, that Mrs. Rossiter had employed for her boy, Brokenshire, a tutor named Strangways. This Mr. Strangways had attracted Mr. Grainger's attention by some articles he had written for the financial press. An introduction had followed, after which Mr. Grainger had engaged the young man as his secretary. Hearing that Mr. Grainger had need of a librarian Mr. Strangways had suggested me.

I could see suspicion in the way in which he eyed me as well as in his words.

"Had you no other recommendation?"

"No, sir," I said simply, "none that Mr. Grainger ever told me of."

He let that pass.

"And what do you do here?"

"I show the library to visitors. If anyone wishes a particular book, or to look at engravings, I help him to find what he wants." I thought it well to keep up the fiction that he had come as a sight-seer. "If you'd care to go over the place now, sir ——"

His hand went up in a majestic waving aside of this courtesy.

"And have you many visitors to the—to the library?"

Though I saw the implication, I managed to elude it.

"Yes, sir, taking one day with another. It depends a little on the weather and the time of year."

"Are they chiefly strangers—or—or do you ever see anyone you've—you've seen before?"

His difficulty in phrasing this question made me even more sorry for him than I was already. I decided, both for his sake and my own, to walk up frankly and take the bull by the horns. "They're generally strangers; but sometimes people come whom I know." I looked at him steadily as I continued: "I'll tell you something, sir. Perhaps I ought not to, and it may be betraying a secret; but you might as well know it from me as hear it from someone else." The expression of the face he turned on me was so much that of Jove whose look could strike a man dead, that I had all I could do to go on. "Mrs. Brokenshire comes to see me."

"To see you?"

"Yes, sir, to see me."

The staccato accent grew difficult and thick. "What for?"

"Because she can't help it. She's sorry for me."

There was a new attempt to ignore me and my troubles as he said:

"Why should she be sorry for you?"

"Because she sees that you're hard on me ——"

"I haven't meant to be hard on you, only just."

"Well, just, then: but Mrs. Brokenshire doesn't know anything about justice when she can be merciful. You must know that yourself, sir. I think she's the most beautiful woman God ever made: and she's as kind as she's beautiful. I'll tell you something else, sir. It will be another betrayal, but it will show you what she is. One day at Newport—after you'd spoken to me, and she saw that I was so crushed by it that all I could do was to creep down among the rocks and cry—she watched me, and followed me, and came and cried with me. And so when she heard I was here ——"

"Who told her?"

There was a measure of accusation in the tone of the question, but I pretended not to detect it.

"Mrs. Rossiter perhaps—she knows—or almost anybody. I never asked her."

"Very well! What then?"

"I was only going to say that when she heard I was here she came almost at once. I begged her not to ——"

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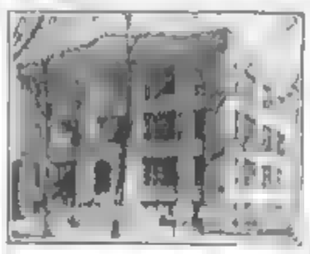

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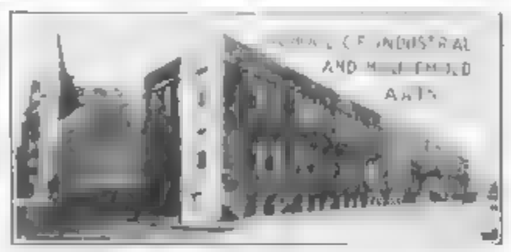

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"Why? What were you afraid of?"

"I knew you wouldn't like it. But I couldn't stop her. No one could stop her when it comes to her doing an act of kindness. She obeys her own nature because she can't do anything else. She's like a little bird that you can keep from flying by holding it in your hand; but as soon as your grasp is relaxed—it flies."

Something of this was true, in that it was true potentially. She had these qualities, even if they were nipped in her as buds are nipped in a backward spring. I could only calm my conscience as I went along by saying to myself that if I saved her she would have to bear me out through being true to the picture I was painting, and living up to her real self.

Praise of the woman he adored would have been as music to him had he not had something on his mind that turned music into poignancy. What it was I could surmise and so be prepared for it. Not till he had been some time silent, probably getting his question into the right words, did he say:

"And are you always alone when Mrs. Brokenshire comes?"

"Oh, no, sir!" I made the tone as natural as I could. "But Mrs. Brokenshire doesn't seem to mind. Yesterday, for instance ——"

"Was she here yesterday? I thought she came on ——"

I broke in before he could betray himself further.

"Yes, she was here yesterday; and there was—let me see!—there was an old gentleman comparing his Japanese prints with Mr. Grainger's, and a middle-aged lady who comes to study the old editions of Shakspere. But Mrs. Brokenshire didn't object to them. She sat with me and had a cup of tea."

I knew I had come to dangerous ground, and was ready for my part in the adventure. Had he asked the question Was there anybody else? I was resolved, in the spirit of my maxim, to tell the truth as harmlessly as I knew how. But I didn't think he would ask it. I reckoned on his unwillingness to take me into his confidence or to humiliate himself more than he could help. That he guessed at something behind my words I could easily suspect; but I was so sure he would have torn out his tongue rather than force his pride to cross-examine me too closely that I was able to run my risk.

As a matter of fact he became pensive, and through the gloom of the half-lighted room I could see that his face was contorted twice, still with no effort on his part to hide his misfortune. As he took the time to think, I could do the same, with a kind of intuition in following the course of his meditations. I was not surprised, therefore, when he said with renewed thickness of utterance:

"Has Mrs. Brokenshire any—any other motive in coming here than just—just to see you?"

I hung my head, perhaps with a touch of that play-acting spirit which most women are able to command when the time comes.

"Yes, sir."

He waited again. I never heard such overtones of despair as were in the three words which at last he tried to toss off easily.

"What is it?"

I still hung my head.

"She brings me money for poor Hugh."

He started back, whether from anger or relief I couldn't tell, and his face twitched for the fourth time. In the end I suppose he decided that anger was the card he could play most skillfully.

"So that's what enables him to keep up his rebellion against me!"

"No, sir," I said humbly, "because he never takes it." I went on with that portrait of Mrs. Brokenshire which I vowed she would have to justify. "That doesn't make any difference, however, to her wonderful tenderness of heart in wanting him to have it. You see, sir, when anyone's so much like an angel as she is they don't stop to consider how justly other people are suffering or how they've brought their troubles on themselves. Where there's trouble they only ask to help; where there's suffering their first instinct is to heal. Mrs. Brokenshire doesn't want to sustain your son against you; that never enters her head; she only wants him not—not"—my own voice shook a little—"not to have to go without his proper meals. He's doing that now, I think—sometimes, at least. Oh, sir," I ventured to plead, "you can't blame her, not when she's so—so heavenly." Stealing a glance at him I was amazed and shocked and not a little comforted to see two tears steal down his withered cheeks. Knowing then that he would not for some minutes be able to control himself sufficiently to speak, I hurried on. "Hugh doesn't take the money, because he knows that this is something he must go through with on his own strength. If he can't do that he must give in. I think I've made that clear to him. I'm not the adventuress you consider me, indeed I'm not. I've told him that if he's ever independent I will marry him; but I shall not marry him so long as he isn't free to give himself away. He's putting up a big fight, and he's doing it so bravely that if you only knew what he's going through you'd be proud of him as your son."

Resting my case there I waited for some response, but I waited in vain. He reflected, and sat silent, and crossed and uncrossed his knees. At last he picked up his hat from the floor and rose. I too rose, waiting beside my chair while he flicked the dust from the crown of his hat, and seemed to study its glossy surface, as he still reflected.

I was now altogether without a clew to what was passing in his mind, though I could guess at the age-long tragedy of December's love for May. Having seen Ibsen's Master Builder, at Munich, and read one or two books on the theme with which it deals, I could in a measure supplement my own experience. It was, however, the first time I had seen with my own eyes this desperate yearning of age for youth, or this something that is almost a deathblow which youth can inflict on age. My father used to say that fundamentally there is no such period as age, that only the outer husk grows old, while the inner self, the vital *ego*, is young eternally. Here, it seemed to me, was an instance of the fact. This man was essentially as young as he had been at twenty-five; he had the same instincts and passions; he demanded the same things. If anything he demanded them more imperiously because of the long, long habit of desire. Denial which thirty years ago he could have taken philosophically was now a source of anguish. As I looked at him I could see anguish on his lips, in his eyes, in the contraction of his forehead—the anguish of a love ridiculous to all, and to the object of it frightful and unnatural, for the reason that at sixty-two the skin had grown baggy and the heart was supposed to be dead.

From the smoothing of the crown of his hat he glanced up suddenly. The whiplash inflection was again in the timbre of the voice.

"How much do you get here?"

I was taken aback, but I named the amount of my salary.

"I will give you twice as much as that for the next five years if—if you go back to where you came from."

It took me a minute to seize all the implications contained in this little speech. I saw then that if I hoped I was making an impression, or getting further ahead with him, I was mistaken. Neither had my interpretation of Mrs. Brokenshire's character put him off the scent concerning her. I was so far indeed from influencing him in either her favor or my own that he believed that if he could get rid of me an obstacle would be removed.

Tears sprang into my eyes though they didn't fall.

"So you blame me, sir, for everything."

He continued to watch his gloved hand as it made the circle of the crown of his hat.

"I'll make it twice what you're getting here for ten years. I'll put it in my will."

It was no use being angry or mounting my high horse. The struggle with tears kept me silent, as he glanced up from the rubbing of his hat and said in a jerky, kindly tone:

"Well? What do you say?"

I didn't know what to say; and what I did say was foolish. I should have known enough to suppress it before I began.

"Do you remember, sir, that once when you were speaking to me severely you said you were my friend? Well, why shouldn't I be your friend too?"

The look he bent down on me was that of a great personage positively dazed by an inferior's audacity.

"I could be your friend," I stumbled on in an absurd effort to explain myself. "I should like to be. There are—there are things I could do for you."

He put on his tall hat with the air of a Charlemagne or a Napoleon crowning himself. This increase of authority must have made me desperate. It is only thus that I can account for my *gaffe*—the French word alone expresses it—as I dashed on wildly.

"I like you, sir, I can't help it. I don't know why, but I do. I like you in spite of—in spite of everything. And oh, I'm so sorry for you ——"

He moved away. There was noble, wounded offense in his manner of passing through the wrought-iron grille, which he closed with a little click behind him. He stepped out of the place as softly as he had stepped in.

For long minutes I stood holding to the side of the William and Mary chair, regretting that the interview should have ended in this way. I didn't cry; I had, in fact, no longer any tendency to tears. I was thoughtful—wondering what it was that dug the gulf between this man and his family and me. Ethel Rossiter had never—I could see it well enough now—accepted me as an equal, and even to Hugh I was only another type of Libby Jaynes. I was as intelligent as they, as well born, as well mannered, as thoroughly accustomed to the world. Why should they consider me an inferior? Was it because I had no money? Was it because I was a Canadian? Would it have made a difference if I had been an Englishwoman like Cissie Boscobel, or rich like any of themselves? I couldn't tell. All I knew was that my heart was hot within me, and since Howard Brokenshire wouldn't have me as a friend I wanted to act as his enemy. I could see how to do it. Indeed, without doing anything at all I could encourage, and perhaps bring about, a situation that would send the name of the family ringing through the press of two continents and break his heart. I had only to sit still—or at most to put in a word here and there. I am not a saint; I had my hour of temptation.

It was a stormy hour, though I never moved from the spot where I stood. The storm was within. That which, as the minutes went by, became rage in me saw with satisfaction Howard Brokenshire brought to a desolate old age, and Mildred and Ethel and Jack and Pauline, in spite of their bravado and their high heads, all seared by the flame of notorious disgrace. I went so far as to gloat over poor Hugh's discomfiture, taking vengeance on his habit of rating me with the socially incompetent. As for Mrs. Brokenshire, she would be over and done with, a poor little gilded outcast, whose fall would be such that even as Mrs. Stacy Grainger she would never rise again. Like another Samson I could pull down this house of pride, though happier than Samson I should not be overwhelmed in the ruin of it. From that I should be safe—with Larry Strangways.

Nearly half an hour went by while I stood thus indulging in fierce day dreams. I was racked and suffering. I suffered, indeed, from the misfortunes I saw descending on people whom at the bottom of my heart I cared for. It was not till I began to move, till I had put on my jacket and was turning out the lights, that my maxim came back to me. I knew then that whatever happened I should stand by that, and having come to this understanding with myself I was quieted.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

More of the Same

AN OLD negro drove into an Oklahoma town one market day behind a tall lean mule, which he left tied to the courthouse railing. Evidently the mule liked the location, for she would not stir an inch when the darky returned later with the intention of going home.

He tried coaxing and cussing; he tried beating and kicking. He tried a slow fire under her; she perspired freely, but she didn't move.

"Doc," said the driver plaintively to a medical man who was among the admiring spectators, "cain't you ease this fool mule somepin dat'll git her goin' good?"

Filled with high exaltation, the doctor hastened into a drug store and presently returned with a syringe. He gave the mule a stiff dose and stepped back. Another moment and the hybrid was leaving those parts, bound nor' by nor'east, in the general direction of Indiana.

The negro watched the cloud of dust that marked her progress.

"Doc," he said in a patient tone, "how much did dat stuff cost?"

"I gave her a dime's worth."

"Well, go back right quick and git two-bits of the same fo' me puhsonally. I gotta go ketch dat mule!"

"Hurry up, Jimmy— it's my turn next"

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Here is your chance to make your home the center of manly sport for your boy and his chums.

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No limit is set to the number of trials a contestant may make for these medals; he may shoot as many practice targets as he wants to.

Get your boy a Winchester, and start him in on this contest. Your dealer can tell you all about the details.

It will mean good sport and wholesome competition for him among his boy friends. It will mean a lot to him and to you, too, if you get out and enjoy the sport with him—*and teach him the correct use of a gun.*

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You remember what a Winchester meant to you as a boy. It's the boy's turn now. He's been wearing knickerbockers long enough now to make it natural for him to want a rifle. Don't deny him one of the greatest joys and benefits you had at his age.

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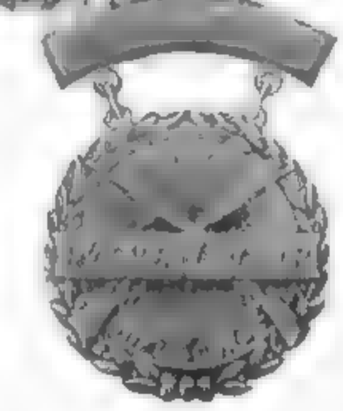

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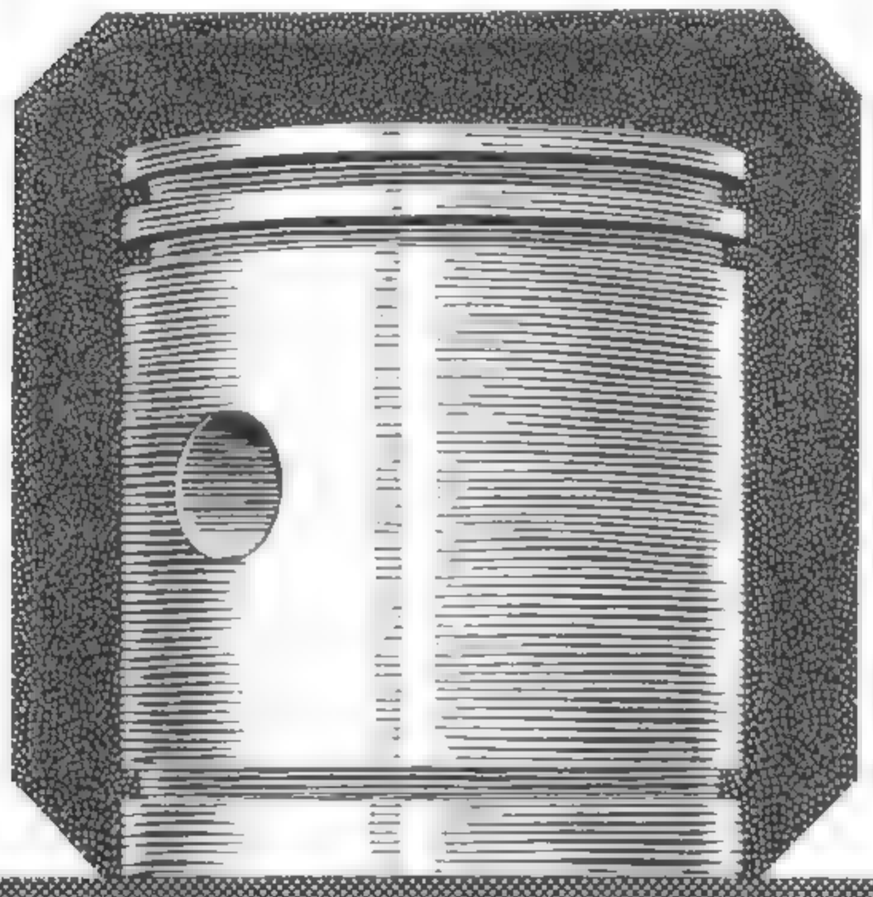

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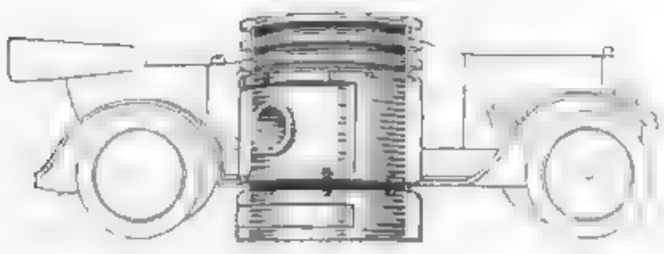

A Pioneer Among V-Type Engine Users—the Cole '8'

The Cole Eight was one of the first two V-type multiple cylinder cars produced in quantities in this country, and Lynite Pistons have been used in it from the very first.

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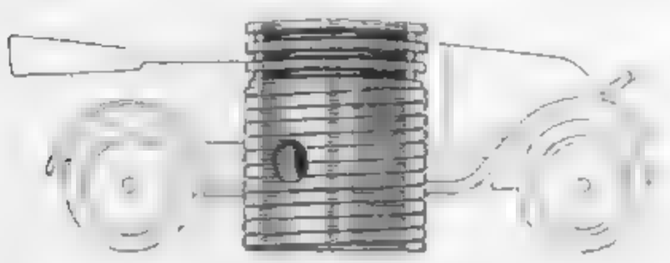

America's Air-Cooled Car—the Franklin

No more exhaustive investigation of the qualities of Lynite Pistons could fairly be asked than that made by the builders of the remarkable air-cooled Franklin.

Not until they had used Lynite Pistons in a large number of engines for considerably more than a year, while at the same time using various kinds of pistons in other engines, did they adopt Lynite Pistons as standard.

All Different Engines All Lynite Pistons

Franklin, Premier, Chalmers and Cole are good examples of how Lynite Pistons meet the demands of widely divergent engine design.

Their applicability to any kind or size of engine is shown still more convincingly by the full list of users.

Eleven of these car-builders adopted Lynite Pistons more than two years ago, when they were introduced:

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Chevrolet Motor Company
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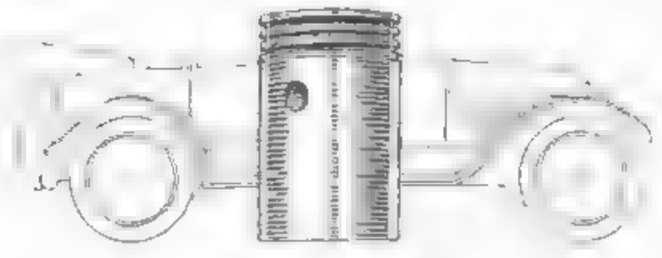
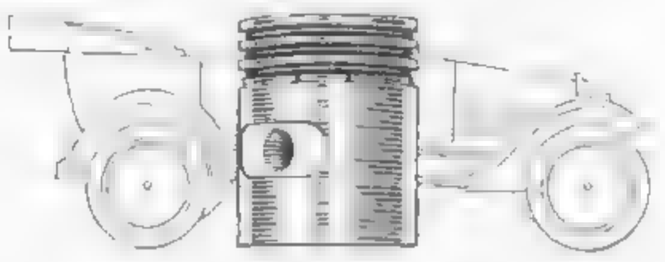


The Car with the Lynite Engine—the Premier

What confidence the builders of the Premier "Aluminum Six" place in Lynite is shown by their use not alone of Lynite Pistons but of an engine constructed largely of this light-weight alloy.

Premier's Lynite engine weighs 255 pounds less than would a cast-iron engine of identical design.

Earl Gunn, designer of the Premier engine, says that without Lynite Pistons, the flexibility and smooth-running qualities of the Premier would not be possible.



The Fastest Car in its Class—the Chalmers

It was a Chalmers with Lynite Pistons that Joe Dawson drove 94.5 miles an hour at Jacksonville, Fla., on May 4th, setting a new mark for stock engines with 224 cubic inches piston displacement.

Chalmers builders have used Lynite Pistons since 1915, when they brought out their present engine. Chalmers engineers are authority for the statement that a considerable part in the success of this engine has been played by these light, strong pistons.

The Aluminum Castings Company
Cleveland, Ohio

FALL IN! FALL OUT!

Continued from Page 6

with the best brains of every country applied to its improvement.

Did you know that even the officers in the regular army have to study too? Well, they do. They have schools during certain periods of the year; and it keeps them stepping some, just the way it does lawyers and doctors, to hold the pace.

Yesterday a couple of the "students" here—that's what they call us recruits—were caught keeping a black list of the meals. These guys were jotting down on paper everything in the way of food they didn't like, with the dates on which it was served—and all that. They found out that one of them was sending this black list to a politician in his home town.

Pretty rotten, wasn't it? I suppose the politician intended to use the information in some fashion. But they've fired the two they caught—dropped them from the camp like hot cakes.

And now I suppose they'll go home and raise a howl. But if the Government listens to peanut politicians in this crisis, then it's good night to all our hopes, Uncle Bill. A healthy nation like ours can get along in spite of them in peacetime, just the same as a healthy cow can stand a few ticks if she has enough to eat; but when the serious work starts it's time for those bugs to run for their holes.

They're butting in a lot, so I learn. Men who have been rejected or passed over; chaps who haven't received the commissions they hoped for; and some who're looking for soft jobs with a branch of the service that will be a few hundred miles back of the firing line—the whole caboodle are pounding at Washington through their Congressmen and Senators.

Now the boys here have enlisted for the front line. They're prepared to give their lives—and probably a lot of them will. So it gets under their skins when they see these grubbers undermining the wall to serve their personal interests.

Bayonet Studies

I can't find a single man who is here for the hero stuff, Uncle Bill. On second thought I'll take that back—I did meet one in the next company. But all the others are perfectly willing to lay off the forlorn hopes. They don't pine to get to the trenches. They'll go and they'll do their damnedest, because it's their duty; but only a high sense of duty drives them to it.

But the sergeant is yelling "Fall in!"

We've been at the manual of the bayonet. Wow! It gives me the shakes to look a bayonet in the face. There's something about cold steel that scares me worse than a forty-two-centimeter gun.

The instructor was trying to give me some talk about the bayonet's being a beautiful study when you explored the theory of the thing and understood its finer features; but it's too much like a butcher shop for my taste.

There's a crowd of college men in the camp, and quite a few were expecting to take their degrees next year. Some of my own frat are here, but in other companies; and we're so busy that nobody finds time to visit his neighbors. When they'll get those degrees—or if they'll ever get them now—is one of our cutest little jokes.

Did I tell you about their turning down Bud Semple because he was under weight? The minimum is two pounds to the inch; in other words, a man measuring five feet ten inches must tip the scales at one hundred and forty pounds at the least.

The best Semple could do was a hundred and thirty-eight. But he begged so hard that the doctor finally told him he'd give Bud twenty-four hours to put it on. That was all Bud needed. He hit for the camp exchange and started in to gorge.

"How much do you have to gain?" asked a guy who was watching him.

"A couple of pounds."

"I thought maybe it was twenty!"

All the next morning Bud drank water and stowed food away. However, he tipped the scales over a hundred and forty pounds when the doctor took the second look at him.

The sergeant yelled "Fall in!" there, and we've been doing some drill.

Drill is only a small fraction of what we have to learn, however. It's most of the training for privates; but for officers there're all kinds of things that must be at the finger ends—such as the preparation of reports, requisitions, returns, correspondence, interior economy, supplies and messing. Up to date I've figured out that all one requires to make an officer is to be physically sound, a fine athlete, a capable business man, a hard student, a tactician, and a natural leader. Simple, isn't it?

To-morrow they will let us off at noon to go to town. During the week no one is permitted to leave camp except on a matter of extreme urgency. They are very strict about this and you have to prove it's important. But on Saturdays they issue passes that are good for absence from Saturday noon until seven o'clock Sunday night.

If we go to town, however, we are obliged to wear our uniforms. A few didn't like the idea at first; but I found that everybody in the city knew who we were and seemed glad to see us.

I didn't know how hard we had been working until last Saturday, when we knocked off for the Sabbath. Then a reaction hit me. It was the result of letting up from high nervous tension, I expect. Anyhow, I felt heavy and dopey; and most of the others in our company reported the same.

Military Etiquette

Talk about feeling dopey—did you ever take a shot of antityphoid serum in the arm? About eight hours afterward you begin to feel low in spirits. Your head aches and you break out into cold perspiration. It's almost like grippe symptoms; but it soon passes. They give us three shots at intervals of ten days each, and the second dose is worse than the first. But the majority of the boys don't seem to be affected enough to slow them up.

Last Saturday a bunch of us went to town and the ride made us thirsty, because the driver went so fast. So we headed for a life-saving station and on the way bumped into the lieutenant. Johnnie Stephens was leading our squad. He saluted the lieut, looked silly for a minute, and then piped up: "Excuse me, lieut—maybe I'm doing something I ought not to do—don't know the regulations very well yet; but will you join us in a little snort?"

"Follow me, men," said the lieut. "Forward, march! Double!"

Learning how to behave when officers are round comes hard for men who have never rubbed elbows with them before, but Johnnie seemed to know by intuition what to do. He'll make a soldier yet. That boy is surely digging, Uncle Bill! His whole heart is in this business; and if he doesn't get a commission—well, he'll get over there as a cook or driving a jitney.

Hundreds of fellows just like Johnnie are doing things here every day that they never knew they could do.

The sergeant yelled "Fall in!" there.

I've been boning at a manual; and one thing surely hit me hard. It says right there in cold print that we must be careful not to get ourselves killed unnecessarily! Wow!

That advice may be needed for some recruits, but not for your little nephew.

General Orders Number Three tells us what our conduct should be: "Students are advised that they are being trained for the duties and responsibilities of officers; that these responsibilities involve duty, honor and country. . . . The officer's life can and should be an open book, on the pages of which no act should cause a stain. . . . They are advised that the health and lives of many men will be intrusted to their care; will often depend upon their knowledge of the principles which will be taught them."

Whenever I read that it spoils my whole day. The lives and safety of a hundred and fifty men! If I knew how to pray I believe I'd try it now—pray that I may be able to deliver the goods when those men look to me in a tight place.

But I'm talking like a kid.

I overheard the captain tell another captain to-day that he intended asking for fifty officers from our company just as soon as he got his own regiment; and that he wouldn't want better stuff. What did I tell you, Uncle Bill? Maybe we're rotten!

Wife: "If we must cut down expenses, why not drop your life insurance?"
Husband: "Not much. That's *your* insurance, not mine. I figure we can trim about all the other items so as to save at least $400 a year, and I'm going to take a hundred of that and buy another Postal Policy while I can get it. You and the kiddie may be glad some day."
Wife (thoughtfully) "I guess you're right at that, Jim."

♠ ♠ ♠

Put life insurance in your family budget—and *keep* it there

In war-time or peace the *real* husband always makes a liberal allowance for life insurance whether his wife wants him to or not, but the sensible woman *does* want him to when she considers it seriously.

And whether times are hard or easy they both want the most protection possible for their money, and hundreds of them are therefore turning to the

Resources more than $9,000,000

Postal Life Insurance Company

Insurance in force $40,000,000

The Postal Life employs no agents but issues its Policies *direct*. Agents' renewal commissions and office-expenses are thus saved and go to its policyholders.

It is not alone the Company of *safety* and *service* but also of *saving*, for policyholders receive among other benefits

Annual Dividends of 9½% Guaranteed in the policy

Besides this saving, the Company pays the usual contingent dividends each year, depending on earnings.

Find Out What You Can Save

at your age on any standard form of Policy—*Whole-Life, Limited-Payment Life, Endowment, Joint-Life, or on a Monthly Income Contract*

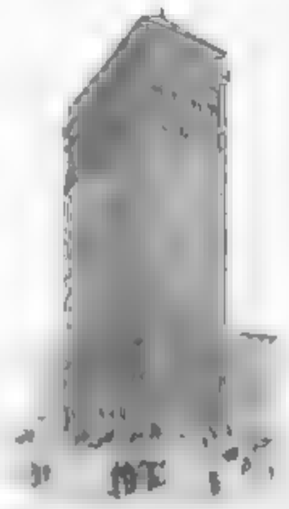
The Postal issues all of the standard forms, as approved by the New York State Insurance Department, including group-insurance for employees.

To get exact figures for your age, call at the Company's offices or simply write and say: "*Mail insurance particulars as mentioned in* THE SATURDAY EVENING POST *for* June 30th." And be sure to give:

1. Your full name. 2. Your occupation 3. The exact date of your birth.

Remember: No agent will be sent to visit you. The Postal Life employs no agents; resultant commission-savings go to *you* because you deal *direct*.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
WM. R. MALONE, PRESIDENT
511 FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 43D ST., NEW YORK



New Postal Life Building

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Actual search free. Send sketch or model. 96-page 1917 Edition Patent Book free.
GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 211 Barrister Bldg. Washington, D. C.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Trade-Mark." Evans, Wilkins & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

Don't let HIM go to war without a STERLING SILVER $1 Identification Ring

We inscribe (inside) HIS name and military or naval connection. Place for [illegible] HIS [illegible] service state connection; also [illegible] where it meets—pin this and a dollar bill to your letter. We'll ship at once post-paid this token of affection and *understand*, "*unfoundable*" *mark of identification*. Rush order by next mail. Absolute satisfaction or money back.

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Dept. E. Attleboro, Mass.

AUTO TIRES WHOLESALE PRICES

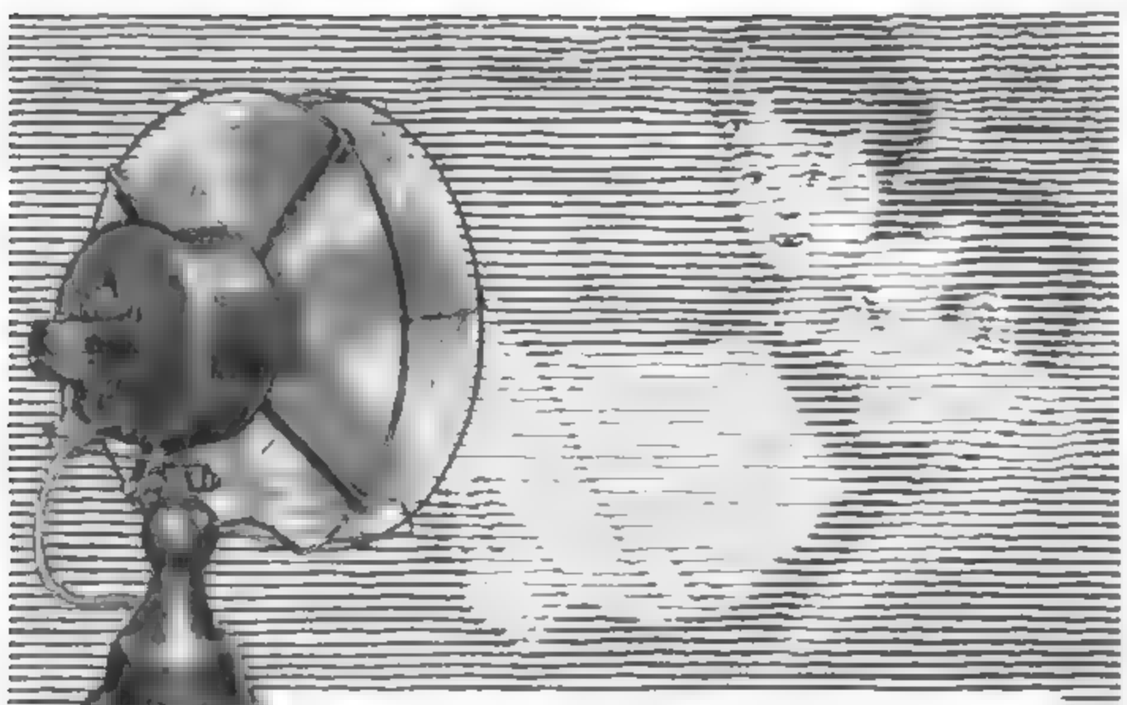
At the carrying a 4,000-[illegible] great [illegible] a novelty. [illegible] on the market. But a [illegible] for 4000 miles [illegible] on the [illegible] set to [illegible] for you to think about.

BUCKSKIN PLAIN & NON-SKID Guaranteed TIRES

give you this mileage—and they give you more mileage at the price, because they are absolutely the lowest priced tires in America. We sell direct from the factory. We have no agencies, no salesmen—JUST YOU to deal with. Plain and non-skid tires and red and gray tubes at the same low prices. We use only best quality Para rubber and finest grade of fabric. Buckskin Tires "Save Money by the Mile." Write for free illustrated booklet and price list for car owners.

THE L. AND M. RUBBER CO.
Howard Street Carrollton 0 [illegible]
[illegible] 1400 S. Main Ave. Chicago

LOWEST PRICES IN AMERICA



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How? By equipping your home and office with Emerson Fans. Then you'll be prepared when the temperature climbs up into the nineties and excessive humidity makes a cooling breeze an absolute necessity.

Emerson Fans

are ultra-quiet, efficient—and *economical* in current consumption. With an Emerson in *every room* of your home, electric bills will be no higher than in winter.

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Your local Emerson dealer will show you all types and sizes. His name and our catalog sent on request.

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are wonderful [illegible] and complete [illegible] without fittings or fitted with a standard set of toilet articles, including shaving outfit, unbreakable mirror, sewing kit and every necessary and desirable fitting.

Adjustable spaces and patented self-locking straps firmly hold all articles and permit putting in different fittings or making changes whenever desired.

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A **FITALL** makes an ideal and most practical gift. A great convenience for vacation, week-end and overnight trips.

FITALLS come in various sizes and a variety of attractive waterproof fabrics and flexible leathers. Price $1.25 a [illegible] up.

Your dealer should have **FITALLS.** If he hasn't, write us for free descriptive booklet

EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, Ekco Bldg., Chicago

Patented U. S. and Foreign Countries *Makers of EKCO Motor Leather Goods*

This groundwork gets monotonous; but pretty soon now they will be separating the sheep from the goats—I mean that the chaps who applied for the infantry will stick at infantry training, and those who want to be cavalrymen will tackle the cavalry training. That applies to the artillery bunch also.

Then, after a while, we shall see the real thing. They will give us trenching tools and we shall practice modern warfare all over these hills. That's what I want to see. There'll be trench work, and bombing parties, and hand-grenade stuff, and barbed-wire entanglements—all the latest dope from the Front has been secured on it, and we shall have the benefit of the experience of every army in the allied ranks. I'll write and tell you about it.

They haven't put us at target practice yet, and I hear it will be several weeks before they do. But we practice sighting regularly; and a few men who have had experience in the regulars or National Guard advise us to learn how to press the trigger. They say that a fellow could practice that one thing—pressing the trigger—for twenty solid years and still learn new wrinkles—no jerking or pulling, but an even, steady pressure that does not disturb the rifle a hair's-breadth. So, when I'm not polishing up the old girl or squinting down the barrel, I'm practicing trigger pressure.

The sergeant yelled "Fall in!" there.

We are to have regularly organized sports soon. Up to date we've been too busy to do anything but throw a ball after supper, just before we go to study.

That reminds me of what the captain said when he was impressing upon us the fact that no gambling or drinking would be permitted in the camp.

I suppose you know there's no guard-house here? It's the honor system—much the same as at West Point; and the results have been bully so far.

Well, the cap remarked that every legitimate game would be allowed.

"So long as there's no gambling, you may go in for any game you like after the day's work. If—if—you feel like it!"

During the first two weeks I was too dog-tired after retreat for baseball or any other form of recreation. But now we're getting hardened. What proved a strain a fortnight ago is a stimulant now. A morning drill that would have taken the starch out of me in April gives me pep this bridal month of June.

I guess the War Department realizes that the students need variety, for they have appointed some recreational experts to organize sports for the camps. "Outs" will be along soon, and probably it will liven things up a bit.

It's a good move. Out chasing a ball, or any game in the open, beats moping round the barracks or lying on one's cot with nothing to do but study or read.

Recreation will help the spirits of the men a lot. Not that they especially need cheering up, Uncle Bill; but the keynote of this camp is earnestness—and earnestness is all the better for being tempered with fun.

Yes; they are in earnest in the training camps. The country has undertaken a big job, and there is not a man here but realizes it. That doesn't discourage them; but it sobers them.

They will see it through to the complete riveted finish; but they will do so without shouting or beating the bass drum. Men who go at a thing in that spirit, Uncle Bill, are unbeatable.

But when the last bugle blows there'll hardly be one who has fought that won't draw a deep breath of thankfulness at the command: "As you were!"

J. J.

P. S. Thanks for the check.

Our company is the best company in the whole camp!

EMERSON HOUGH—HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 23)

pronounce it as though spelled H-u-f, the "g" being silent, as in cocktail, plough or through.

The family coat of arms is as follows: A cat rampant, noir, on a field gules, its tail grasped by a hand dexter, in argent. Motto: *Carpe calum et trans carpetum.*

The origin of this coat of arms is singular. It seems that Sir Ronald once was passing the time of day with King Edward to the extent of a wee nippy or so, and had undertaken to drag a certain house cat across the carpet by the tail.

"Marry," said King Edward, "meseems 'twere easier to kill the cat and pull it by the neck!"

"Nay," quoth Sir Ronald, "nay, say not so; for, by my halidome, methinks I yet shall pull this cat across the kyarpet, an that its tail shall hold."

The power of heredity is a singular thing. Thus, for many members of the family, it hath been ever thus since childhood's hour—we still pull the cat backward after the fashion established by good Sir Ronald. The angle of incidence of cat and carpet is, however, of no great matter to any one at the end of a hundred years. An that the tail shall hold, meseems I presently shall be so old as that.

My earliest recollections regarding myself in my long and useful life date back no farther than the time when I was twenty minutes of age. I recall distinctly the look on the doctor's face as he entered the room.

"Madam," said he to my mother, "the child is a boy." Then he hesitated.

"Is there anything wrong with the kid?" demanded my father in deep bass tones.

"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly," replied the doctor. "The child is perfectly formed, save in two respects: The head is of about the size and consistency of a billiard ball, and under percussion gives out a ringing sound unusual so early in life. It is apparently composed of porphyry, ivory, porcelain, or some other impervious substance. Moreover, one or more of the feet of the child are apparently loose in their attachment."

The doctor buried his face in his kerchief.

"In that case," said my father, "although I had intended this one—it is the last of twenty-three—for a corporation lawyer, it may be he will work round later into being a policeman, an actor, a dramatic critic, or a writer, or something." He then broke into deep, convulsive sobs.

"Well, now, what do you know about that!" remarked my mother. I might add that I have never been a corporation lawyer.

In some ways the cranial structure mentioned by the doctor has proved a godsend to me. It is true, I have never been able to take a hint, but it is also true that I have never been able to take a refusal. Thus eventually I was very happily married, although it took some time. In college my cranial system was found quite useful. For four years I was halfback on the football team. A part of our team policy consisted in allowing our opponents to kick the head of our halfback as much as they liked. It never injured me, but eventually disabled the opposing team. This has always remained my main strategy in life since then.

Need I say more? I do not see why I should, unless it might be in regard to the feet also mentioned by the doctor. He was entirely right—I was born with a loose foot or so. I question whether in the last thirty years I have slept thirty consecutive nights under any one roof. I naturally have to go somewhere all the time, on account of the loose foot. The busy marts of trade have therefore not attracted me so much as the great and beautiful world of the out-of-doors. It is in the open, with its great friendships, its strong sentiments, its splendid loyalties, that I have found most of my content in life. If I had my life to live over again I would change it to the extent that I would never live under any sort of roof at all.

The main thing in life is to have decision of character. To this I may lay modest claim. Whenever it has been necessary for me to choose between business and going fishing, I have never for a moment hesitated.

NEYSA MORAN McMEIN—HERSELF

(Concluded from Page 23)

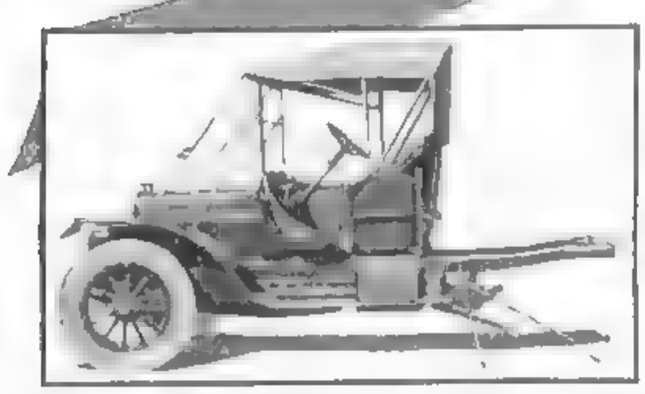
Yet, when at noon my work I quit
(I do that, as the pote says, "oft"),
The folks who know me holler "Pret-
Ty soft!"

And that is the junk I can
Exhume from out my weary bean.
Sincerely yours,
Neysa Moran McMein.

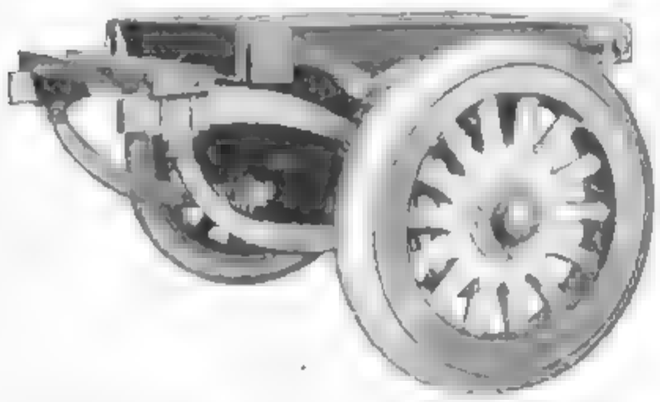
P. S. My picture, as you see,
Is not this sketch's strongest item.
As to these lines, I didn't e-
Ven write 'em.

Knox TRACTION UNIT

2 ton $390
3 ton $570
5 ton $750

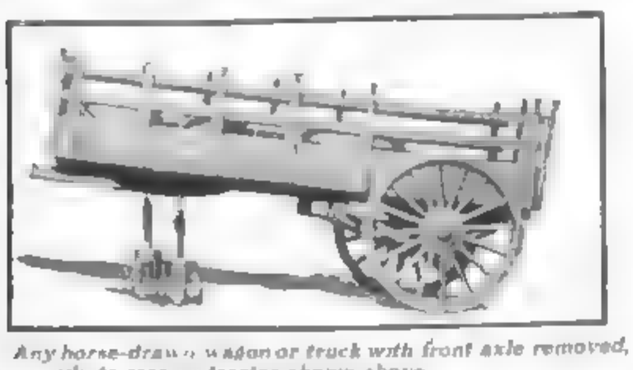


1 *Any pleasure car with rear portion of body cut off and rear axle and springs removed.*



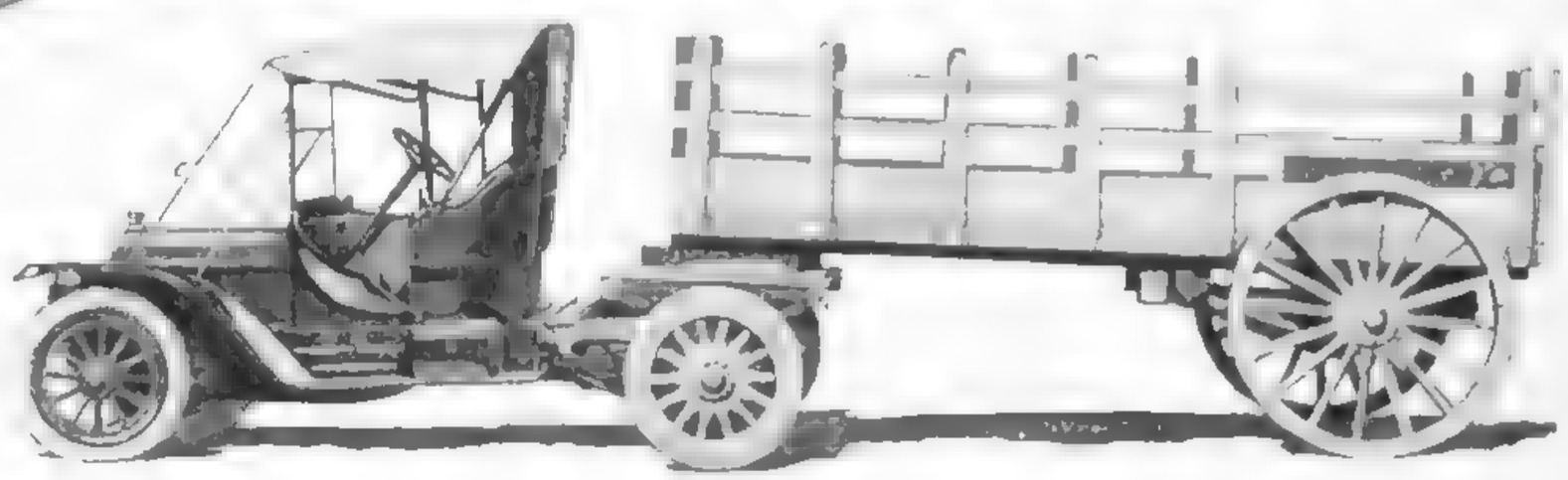
2 *The Knox Traction Unit ready to be bolted to stripped chassis shown above. Note the sturdy construction.*

3 *Car chassis with Traction Unit attached ready for load carrier shown below. Hauling capacity, 2 to 5 tons.*



4 *Any horse-drawn wagon or truck with front axle removed, ready to receive tractor shown above*

5 *The completed hauling equipment of 2, 3 or 5 tons capacity. Will turn around in less space than a motor truck. Gives largest hauling capacity for smallest original investment*



THE pictures to the left show just how any new or used pleasure car or light truck can be combined with any horse-drawn wagon to form a motor-hauling outfit of 2 to 5 tons capacity. Almost any touring car or runabout answers for the power plant of the outfit and any horse-drawn truck for the load-carrier. With the Knox and your car you can make the change from horses and wagons with practically no additional expense. You can dispose of your horses at a big price and you already have the wagons. All that is needed is the Knox Traction Unit itself.

Just What the Knox Traction Unit Is

The Knox Traction Unit is a completed rear-axle assembly, with wheels, tires, brakes, differential, drive-shafts, torque arms and springs combined with a rocking steel turntable.

The famous *Internal Gear Drive type of axle* is used, as this construction permits of a dead axle to carry the load and live axles to do the driving. The power is applied near the rim of the rear wheels, giving an enormous driving leverage.

The *Patented Knox Separate Spring Suspension* is also employed. This means one set of flexible cantilever springs to support the motor vehicle and driver, and another set to support the load.

Any Garage or Blacksmith Shop Can Make the Change. Any mechanic can make the necessary change, and do it in a short time. Remove body back of driver's seat, remove rear axle with its springs, slide Traction Unit cross-member over frame, square up and clamp into place. Next connect drive-shaft and brakes, and you have the equal in capacity and performance of a $2,000 to $5,000 outfit. Several load-carriers can be used interchangeably with one Traction Unit. It is only a few minutes' work to change from one load-carrier to another. No waiting by drivers or load-gang as with horses and motor trucks.

The Knox presents a hauling proposition that appeals to all coal and ice dealers, contractors, wholesale grocers, lumber dealers, storage and moving-van people, farmers, general draymen—all who handle heavy loads.

Model B, 2-ton capacity, $390. For cars like Ford, Chevrolet, Maxwell, small Buick, etc.

Model A, 3-ton capacity, $570.

Model C, 5-ton capacity, $750.

Sold with the regulation motor-truck guarantee, relieving you of all chance, and putting it strictly up to the Traction Unit itself to "make good."

Write for complete information about this wonderful trucking proposition. Orders are being filled in rotation. First come, first served.

DEALERS! A limited amount of territory is still open. Wire immediately for particulars.

KNOX MOTORS ASSOCIATES Springfield, Mass.

Seventeen Years of Motor Vehicle Building Experience

Distributors also of the famous Knox Tractor and the Knox 300-h.p. Aircraft Engine

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

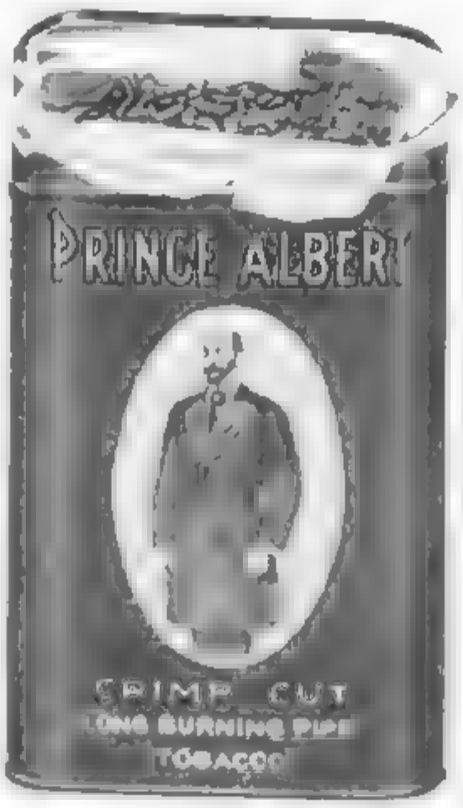
Prince Albert's quality puts a new and keener edge on your smokeappetite—and never tires it!

You'll take to Prince Albert, *naturally*, because it fits-in-fine with your personal-pet scheme of joy'us contentment! P. A. makes smokes your first-call indoor and outdoor sport, *because*, its flavor is so delightfully refreshing; because, P. A.'s fragrance is so enticingly agreeable—*and acceptable everywhere;* because, P. A.'s freedom from bite and parch makes it one-two-three easy for men to smoke their fill without a comeback, no matter how sensitive their tongues may be!

Every puff punches in the evidence of Prince Albert's quality. You know instantly that quality makes Prince Albert so exceptional in goodness, so very much the smoke *standard* all over the civilized world!

Prince Albert will pass any tobacco test with colors flying! It pans-out-pleasure that will make it your little old "steady" for the future *because it has the quality necessary to not only make smoke-pals but to keep them!* You will not tire of Prince Albert at any stage of the game via a jimmy-pipe or otherwise!

Satisfaction that Prince Albert hands you in such cheerful fashion is not accidental. It took three years and a fortune to perfect the patented process that removes bite and parch! This process is owned exclusively by us. Behind the process stands quality—a combination that has made Prince Albert the *national joy smoke;* tobacco that meets the taste of practically every man who has smoked it!



You certainly owe it to yourself to find out how Prince Albert will set on *your* smoke-system before you are an hour older! Before you get-under-way put your ideas pretty high as to the amount of fun that's to be yours! Put fine flavor, fragrance and *real* coolness and freedom from bite and parch all in a bunch, or, figure on any one to the tip-top of your smokeappetite, *then*, set back and puff and realize how the best-bet-desire you ever generated in the smoke line is beaten-to-bits by the joy'us goodness of Prince Albert!

You can't any longer stand this enjoyment passing you by like you were anchored! We know so well what Prince Albert means to thousands of men in all walks of life everywhere that *we know what happiness it must give you:*—smokes unlimited; tongue in perfect trim, and, tobacco contentment to beat-the-band every-time-the-clock-ticks!

You'll find Prince Albert yours to command anywhere you happen to drop off the long-distance train, *for, it is in universal demand!* In toppy red bags and tidy red tins. Then, there are handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—*and*—that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GERMANS AND GERMANS

(Concluded from Page 4)

return to their ship on October sixteenth. These officers did not return.

The German cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich arrived in American jurisdiction on March 10, 1915, and was interned on April 9, 1915. On March tenth the commanding officer was directed to allow none of his officers or crew on shore. The commander acknowledged the receipt of this notice and stated that he would act accordingly. On March twelfth the commanding officer asked permission for his officers and men to go ashore, if they did not leave Newport News. On March 17, 1915, two days prior to the granting of the commander's request, the second officer in command, Otto Brauer, left the ship. The State Department later received trustworthy information that Brauer returned to Germany and was on duty on board the cruiser Lutzow, at Danzig.

Doctor Nolte was granted leave of absence from the Prinz Eitel Friedrich to go to Newport News and Old Point Comfort, Virginia, and return on May thirteenth last. Doctor Nolte fled, breaking his parole, and attempted to return to Germany.

On or about June 14, 1915, Herman Deike, engineer officer of the Locksun, interned at Honolulu, left his ship in violation of his parole and was not heard of again.

In view of the disregard of these members of the complements of the interned vessels at Norfolk for their word of honor on parole, the Navy Department, on October 14, 1915, was under the necessity of ordering that no officers or men should be allowed to leave the ships until the absent officers and seamen had returned.

At the time of the internment of these vessels each commanding officer gave a pledge for "himself, officers and crews not to commit any unneutral acts, and not to leave limits prescribed in paroles."

Secretary Lansing called on Ambassador Bernstorff for an explanation. He received this:

"I first called on the commanding officers of H. M. S. Kronprinz Wilhelm and Prinz Eitel Friedrich for an explanation of the disappearance of some members of their crews. It appears from their report that the following petty officers left their ships in a dingey at about four o'clock on Sunday, the tenth of October—Quartermaster Ruedebusch, Hoffman, Biermann, Forstreuter, Engineer Aspirants Lustfeld and Fischer. The commanding officer of H. M. S. Kronprinz Wilhelm reported the occurrence to the commandant of the Newport News Navy Yard on the fifteenth ultimo. How the fugitives made good their escape could not be ascertained. The present whereabouts of all the other absconders is not known to me or their superior officers.

"Captain Lieutenant Brauer was still on board H. M. S. Prinz Eitel Friedrich on March sixteenth, but was no longer there on the seventeenth. Until then the commanding officer had no other direction than that of letting no one go on shore, and had accordingly notified his officers and men that there was no shore leave to be had for the time being. Not until the nineteenth of March did he receive permission for his crew to get leave to go to certain defined places on land: 'Officers on parole and men under guard of American soldiers.' Captain Lieutenant Koch, therefore, could not have broken his parole, but merely disobeyed orders. There can be no question, therefore, of his being sent back to the United States on the above-stated ground.

"I believe the foregoing particulars will prove of some help in clearing up the matter, which I have reported to my government."

Wilhelmstrasse Quibbles

The German Government, when called upon, turned to the German Admiralty to find an excuse, and then made this reply:

"According to the investigations made by the German Naval Administration, the commanders of the two auxiliary cruisers unfortunately did not sufficiently instruct their officers and crews regarding the significance of the 'assurance'—*Versicherung*—given by them. Moreover, the expression 'Pledge,' chosen by Rear Admiral Beatty in his letter to the commanders, does not conform absolutely to the idea of the 'word of honor'—*Ehrenwort*. The persons who escaped, therefore, were obviously convinced that they would not, through their act, render themselves guilty of a breach of their word of honor."

Lieutenant Koch was taken by the British from the Danish steamship Tyskland, on which he had shipped as a member of the crew under a false name. Koch wrote this letter to the American Consul at Edinburgh:

"*Dear Sir:* I was officer on board of the interned auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich, lying in Portsmouth, Virginia, have flought out of the American internment and have been taken from a neutral ship in England. If it is possible that the United States Government grants to me an indemnity because of my flight, I beg the United States Embassy, at the same time representing my own government in this country, to ask the British Government for its agreement that I dare return on my own costs to United States of America and into the American internment.

"I think to be condemned to inactivity in the same degree in America as in England, especially after an attempt of flight. Further, I would not cause any expenses either to the British or to the American Government. Yours truly,

"KOCH."

The thin German veneer of civilization cracked, and the underlying savagery was disclosed to the ambassadors of the United States, Great Britain and France at Berlin when their respective governments broke off relations with the German Empire. Mr. Gerard was detained for several days virtually a prisoner, his telephone service was disconnected, and he was not allowed to communicate with the Government at Washington or with the American Consuls in Germany.

Official Persecution

The British Embassy was stoned at the outbreak of the war by a Berlin mob, the windows were broken, and cobblestones were thrown into the drawing-room where the British Ambassador and his staff were sitting. Sir Edward Goschen had to appeal to the Foreign Office to send mounted police to disperse the mob. It was Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador at Berlin, however, who felt the full effects of German official ferocity. The story can be told in his own words, taken from his official dispatches:

"The journey took place with extreme slowness. We took more than twenty-four hours to reach the frontier. It seemed that at every station they had to wait for orders to proceed. I was accompanied by Major von Rheinbaben, of the Alexandra Regiment of the Guard, and by a police officer. In the neighborhood of the Kiel Canal the soldiers entered our carriages. The windows were shut and the curtains of the carriages drawn down; each of us had to remain isolated in his compartment and was forbidden to get up or to touch his luggage. A soldier stood in the corridor of the carriage before the door of our compartments, which were kept open, revolver in hand and finger on the trigger. The Russian Chargé d'Affaires, the women and children, and everyone, were subjected to the same treatment.

"At the last German station, about eleven o'clock at night, Major von Rheinbaben came to take leave of me. I handed to him the following letter to Herr von Jagow:

"'WEDNESDAY EVENING, August 5, 1914.

"'*Sir:* Yesterday, before leaving Berlin, I protested in writing to Your Excellency against the repeated change of route which was imposed upon me by the Imperial Government on my journey from Germany.

"'To-day, as the train in which I was passed over the Kiel Canal, an attempt was made to search all our luggage, as if we might have hidden some instrument of destruction. Thanks to the interference of Major von Rheinbaben, we were spared this insult. But they went further.

"'They obliged us to remain each in his own compartment, the windows and blinds having been closed. During this time, in the corridors of the carriages, at the door of each compartment and facing each one of us, stood a soldier, revolver in hand, finger on the trigger, for nearly half an hour.

"'I consider it my duty to protest against this threat of violence to the Ambassador of the Republic and the staff of his Embassy, violence which nothing could even have made me anticipate. Yesterday I had the honor of writing to Your Excellency that I was being treated almost as a prisoner. To-day I am being treated as a dangerous prisoner. Also, I must record that during our journey, which from Berlin to Denmark has taken twenty-four hours, no food has been prepared nor provided for me, nor for the persons who were traveling with me to the frontier.

"'JULES CAMBON.'

"I thought that our troubles had finished, when shortly afterward Major von Rheinbaben came, rather embarrassed, to inform me that the train would not proceed to the Danish frontier if I did not pay the cost of this train. I expressed my astonishment that I had not been made to pay at Berlin, and that, at any rate, I had not been forewarned of this. I offered to pay by a cheque on one of the largest Berlin banks. This facility was refused me. With the help of my companions I was able to collect, in gold, the sum which was required from me at once, and which amounted to 3611 marks 75 pfennigs.

"After this last incident I thought it necessary to ask Major von Rheinbaben for his word of honor, as an officer and a gentleman, that we should be taken to the Danish frontier. He gave it to me; and I required that the policeman who was with us should accompany us. In this way we arrived at the first Danish station, where the Danish Government had had a train made ready to take us to Copenhagen."

The German officer has curious arbitrary and artificial standards of honor. He not only breaks his parole, but there is no work so low, dirty and underhanded that he will not attempt it at the command of a superior. They feel degraded and humiliated by little things that are beyond explanation. I remember encountering a German officer in England who belonged to the General Staff. He had been taken prisoner. He was detained with some of his brother officers at a big country house in Wales, which had been converted into a camp for officer prisoners. They slept two, three and four in a room; and this staff officer was furiously indignant and outraged because a fellow officer who did not belong to the staff had been put into the same room with him. He said it was a disgrace that he could not endure.

The Charming Pochammer

The story of the misbehavior of Captain Pochammer, of the German cruiser Gneisenau, when he was fished out of the water and made a prisoner at the battle off the Falkland Islands, is known throughout the British Navy. When he was rescued he was given free run of the British Admiral's quarters and furnished with clothing. He behaved like a boor and a savage. He complained bitterly because the dry clothing that he was provided with did not fit him perfectly.

The French and the British have learned since this war began that the word of honor of a German officer does not mean anything, and that he does not offend against his own code when he lies or breaks his pledged word in what he conceives to be the interests of the German state. In this he obeys his Prussian teaching.

The main object of the United States in this war is as clear as crystal: It is to defeat the attempt of the German Government to establish the predominance of its will and methods in the world, and to secure a peace that will make it impossible for the German Government, or any other, to think of making such an attempt again.

That is our fundamental purpose. Until it is attained there can be no durable peace. None of the peoples at war with the German Government seeks to dismember the German people. The purpose is not to break up German unity, but to compel Germany to accept an equal status with all other states in the society of nations.

Dominion was the object with which the German Government provoked and began this war. It is an object that it will fight for as long as it can have the support of the German people. Once it is proved that the Prussian will is not law, that it is not power, the terror which is its strength will be destroyed.

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RAT CORN
Kills
Rats & Mice

(Concluded from Page 11)

Just such an accident happened on the Missouri, off Pensacola, when, through a flareback explosion, thirty-two men lost their lives. Panic-stricken, the old men wanted to stop; the new game was too dangerous. Sims insisted that if the practice was not continued, at once the morale of the whole Atlantic Fleet would become demoralized. The following morning the rest of the ships on the target range fired as if nothing had happened.

The military characteristics of the designs of ships were practically decided by men who did not go to sea. Constructive defects continued. Armor belts were below water at full load, gun ports were gaping, magazines still exposed. There were no fleet maneuvers. It was getting to be a white-painted fleet going from one summer resort to another. The number of lanterns needed for a water carnival at Bar Harbor became almost a tactical question. Officers were officially ordered to attend the *soirées* of the Four Hundred, where potted palms and naval gold lace formed the background for the *thé dansant*.

Again Sims got busy officially. Finally the press, by its attacks, forced the issue. The Senate Naval Committee tried a whitewash; but, because of the damaging evidence by the "insurgents," the investigation was called off without any findings. The Bureau system blew up.

The get-busy gang triumphed again. Through Roosevelt's influence it became mandatory that seagoing officers should decide the military characteristics of our future fighting ships. Now they do. In consequence our dreadnoughts are as good as any—by many believed to be superior. Every foreign navy has adopted the American system of placing heavy turret guns on a center line.

Sims' fearlessness, his typewriter and his "cheer up!" did the trick. T. R. had no medal to give. There was, as yet, in the navy no promotion by selection. So the President changed the Navy Regulations and gave Sims, though only a commander, as a reward, the command of the battleship Minnesota. Sims became the kid captain of the American Navy.

Simultaneously with Cuniberti, the Italian designer, the dreadnought was invented by an American naval officer, Lieutenant H. C. Poundstone. Here the idea died a slow death. But finally the dreadnought principle, one ship with all guns of heavy caliber, became an accomplished fact.

It so happened that the great Mahan, being more a theoretical than a practical sailor, and not being very familiar with modern gunnery and fire control, advocated the small-battleship type, with intermediate battery. His great influence as a strategist swayed the naval committees in Congress. It was necessary to do some missionary work; and again Sims hammered the machine and nullified Mahan's arguments. The all-big-gun-battleship principle, for which Sims fought, won the day. Imagine the courage of combating the opinions of the world's greatest student of strategy, backed by the all-powerful chairman of the Naval Committee, then the mighty Senator Hale!

A Glutton for Work

Sims, at the Naval War College, plugged for two years as a common student, taking the long course, studying the art of war in its highest form, writing essays on tactics and strategy, proclaiming the same conclusion as every other military student—"The advantage in expense would be greatly in favor of ample preparation in time of peace rather than the lavish, wasteful and inefficient expenditure that lack of preparation necessitates upon the outbreak of war." Relinquishing command of the Nevada, his last sea duty, Sims returned to the Naval War College; but as president. From the curriculum of theory, war catapulted him direct to the firing line.

Way past midnight I have often seen him writing in the emergency cabin of his ship, with one eye on the typewriter, the other following the formation of the column. One of those inexhaustible human work machines that make the ordinary eight-hour-a-day chap feel ashamed of his own laziness. Working, studying, never turning in before one A. M. Outside his work, his family and friends, nothing else exists.

When Sims was in command of the dreadnought Nevada a supership with a superskipper, the heads of all the departments from the executive officer down, were daily at tea with the captain at four-thirty, talking over the things to do to-morrow. Fancy that in a big foreign man-of-war! Scandalous to the old file, when the skipper was only on good terms with himself, and where the efficiency of the executive was measured by how many wardroom officers were under suspension.

On the Nevada there was free gangway—that is, those who had erred were not confined to the ship, to breed trouble, and all hands had liberty. In the old navy it used to be the saying: "Nothing brings a man to time so quickly as solitary confinement on bread and water." But Sims abolished the brig, and none of the Nevada's crew were ever locked up. Sims handled justice in his own way. To show their affection for their captain the lusty bluejackets made doormats with Cheer Up! mottoes for the cabin; and the Sims slogan—Get Busy!—glimmered in electrics through the cabin ports.

Now a battleship captain doesn't have to—but while the Nevada was being completed Sims toured the "provinces" as a preparedness speaker. He made the New Englanders sit up and listen. He could never be idle.

The Man and His Maxims

And the man? Tall, slim, square-shouldered, over six feet, strong as an ox—with a sharp eye; not an American face; hair and beard streaked with gray; large forehead. Kind, witty, sharp—he speaks French like a Parisian. Seldom at the theater; just a plugger, giving never a thought to display. Sits on the floor playing with the new baby. He rode to the college on a bicycle, sometimes taking one of his children on the handle bars. Mrs. Sims has to remind him that his clothes are getting baggy or his uniforms tarnished. Writes a letter home every day.

Traditions at sea have made discipline and authority dominate, and often replace, common sense. But Sims' formula is as follows:

"Always let your general mission be understood. The American is willing to coöperate when his intelligence is enlisted.

"Invite suggestions, and consider them carefully. Hold conferences for this purpose. I have known valuable improvement in seamanship, gunnery, radio, and so on, to result from such suggestions from junior officers and enlisted men.

"Make use of competitions where practicable. It promotes interest, even in the most strenuous drills.

"Be sure you know thoroughly the subjects of all your instructions. Knowledge of your job always commands respect from those associated with you.

"Encourage your men to come to you for information on any subject, and take pains to look it up and supply it. Help them in anything they want to study.

"Train your men in initiative by 'putting it up to them' on all proper occasions; and explain why you do it.

"When you have inspired loyalty in all your men more than half your troubles will be over; for thereafter initiative will develop rapidly if you give it intelligent direction and adequate opportunity. Thus, you will have developed a team in which the men will speak of the officers of their division or ship as 'we,' instead of 'they.'

"Maintain discipline with the minimum reference to higher authority. If you succeed in establishing the relations indicated by the above you will hardly ever need to appeal to higher authority.

"Always be considerate of inexperience. When admonition will correct a small fault, it is almost always a mistake to inflict punishment.

"Be absolutely just in all your dealings with your men. Hardly anything tends more strongly toward loyalty. All kinds of men respond to the square deal.

"Never destroy or decrease a man's self-respect by humiliating him before others. If his self-respect is destroyed his usefulness will be seriously diminished. A man who is 'called down' in the presence of others can hardly help resenting it.

"Do not let the state of your liver influence your attitude toward your men.

"Avoid, as you would the plague, hostile criticism of authority, or even facetious or thoughtless criticism that has no hostile intent. Our naval gunnery instructions state that 'destructive criticism that is born in officers' messes will soon spread through the ship and completely kill the ship spirit.'"

It was predicted, at the time when Sims was establishing a reliable doctrine for the Torpedo Flotilla under his command, that his policy would tend to create a new era of thought throughout the American service. His steps were taken in accordance with the precepts of the Naval War College.

Sims agreed that, of all the great captains of history, Nelson was the leader whose precepts should be most followed. Nelson was personally nearest the hearts of his followers, and his success was the greatest. The lesson Nelson taught was coöperation. Ahead of his day, he saw that the leader is not apart from his people, but a part of them. He saw that if a plan is understood and the orders obeyed it is not because the commander exercises authority, but because his comrades in arms talk to him, understand him and his purpose; and because initiative on their part to further the general plan is better than blind and unintelligent obedience.

Sims says: "The principle of frequent conferences between officers who are expected to coördinate their actions during military operations is believed to be of the utmost military importance."

So every plan and every maneuver was discussed in conference; even a midshipman with a new idea had a show. It was no one man's game—it was the whole flotilla's. Loyalty, coöperation and the spirit of fellowship made the destroyer flotilla under Sims the most war-ready unit the American Navy had at the time.

In the doing the same officers who were his right-hand men in the old flotilla, and with him on the Nevada, are now on his staff on the Melville.

To the British Navy it should prove interesting that the skilled officer who is Sims' flotilla engineer began his seagoing career as an enlisted man, and is now serving his third tour of sea duty under the Admiral—personally selected.

The Spirit of Nelson

And that same gang which the Admiral now has with him, thinking as one man, inoculated with the same cheer-up feeling and the same fearlessness of action as their commander, possesses the comrade spirit of Nelson and serves under the American flag.

The sea breeds conservatism; the thousands of paragraphs in the Regulations tend to kill initiative. It is easy to play safe. In the old days all you had to do was to "keep tolerably sober, keep your digestion, and not hit anybody, and you were sure to become an admiral." In other words, play safe. This is all changed—now it is the survival of the fittest; and promotion by selection has become a law.

Sims never played safe. His enthusiasm and fearlessness were backed by knowledge. Sure of his facts, he broke the way. His wits were ready and he won out. Powerful in mind, unflagging in energy, strong in body, he wore down hostile opposition; but always with a "Cheer up!" The beauty of Sims is that he never fought for himself, but always for the Navy. To him money meant nothing. Throughout his career he refused higher pay and fine jobs from corporations ashore.

Never once has Sims believed that there could be other than one outcome of the war. The British sea power must win in the end.

"With the German Fleet in port, or behind mine fields, where it is perfectly safe from attack, and the British Fleet more than half the time at sea, and the thousands of ships on all oceans, the German chance for aggressiveness is without limit and the British small.

"Some millions of British troops and millions of tons of military supplies have been transported overseas with practically no losses of transports. Practically all the enemy shipping has been driven into port since the first few months of the war. At no time in history has the British Navy been so successful in these respects. The declared policy of the Germans was that the British Fleet was to be reduced by a war of attrition until the German Fleet could come out of port and give battle. See Bernhardi, Von Tirpitz, etc.

"In this they have failed utterly. The British Fleet is relatively much stronger than in 1914 and getting stronger all the time. It is the German Navy that has failed in aggressiveness; and it is the superior British seamanship and strategy that have won out. In consequence they are blockaded and their supplies shut off."

The A-B-C of Naval Tactics

In this war we Americans might expect sudden raids on our coast. The Germans cannot remain passive forever. Let us hope that our people will stand up to it and not get into a panic. It was disgraceful the way the New Englanders feared the phantom Spanish fleets, which never existed. Nevertheless, they took to the timber in 1898 and sent their gold inland. Blame was put upon the Navy Department for not supplying protection in the form of ships. Ignorant criticism forced the shifting of units which were to search the seas for the phantom enemy.

Likewise the British man in the street flies into a rage and the penny dreadfuls scold the Admiralty. As a matter of public instruction, I dare quote from Admiral Sims:

"No navy can be strong enough to prevent occasional raids upon its coast by a very inferior navy. This is due to the fundamental necessity of keeping the main fleet concentrated, so that it may not be defeated in detail in case the enemy's fleet makes a sortie.

"Take a map of the British Islands and a list of all the vessels of the British Navy, and multiply the latter by three or four; and then try to dispose them about the hundreds of miles of British coast so that a strong squadron of the German Navy can not run in and bombard the coast for an hour, and you will see what I mean.

"It can be seen that it is possible to dispose the British Navy in such a manner as to make it nearly impossible for raids to take place without a reasonable certainty of a loss of the raiding ships. Having done this, assume that, instead of a raiding force, the battleship fleet of the enemy's main fleet comes out. Then the British Navy, disposed to prevent raids, would be wholly unable to withstand the force of the enemy's main fleet.

The British Fleet would, therefore, be literally destroyed in detail, or so much of it destroyed that the remainder could not withstand the German Fleet. This is really the A-B-C of the whole business of making naval war.

"The very fundamental principle of naval strategy requires that the real fighting fleet—all vessels that would really count in a fleet action—be kept outside of the Channel and the North Sea, and that only scouts and ships of secondary value be kept therein, and on the blockade in the Channel, and between Scotland and Norway. The Germans can make as many raids as they wish to risk; but they will cut no ice from a military point of view. They cannot land and supply a force until the British Fleet is defeated."

In planning the tactics and strategy of the American's part in the war, Sims is in England, working with his friends. He has known Jellicoe for years. The big men in the British Admiralty are his personal friends. The British Navy thinks a lot of Admiral Sims. The British Navy is known as the "Silent Service"; that may be the reason. The British Navy has no use for showmen.

The Cheer-up Admiral will be a wholesome tonic in the sea war.

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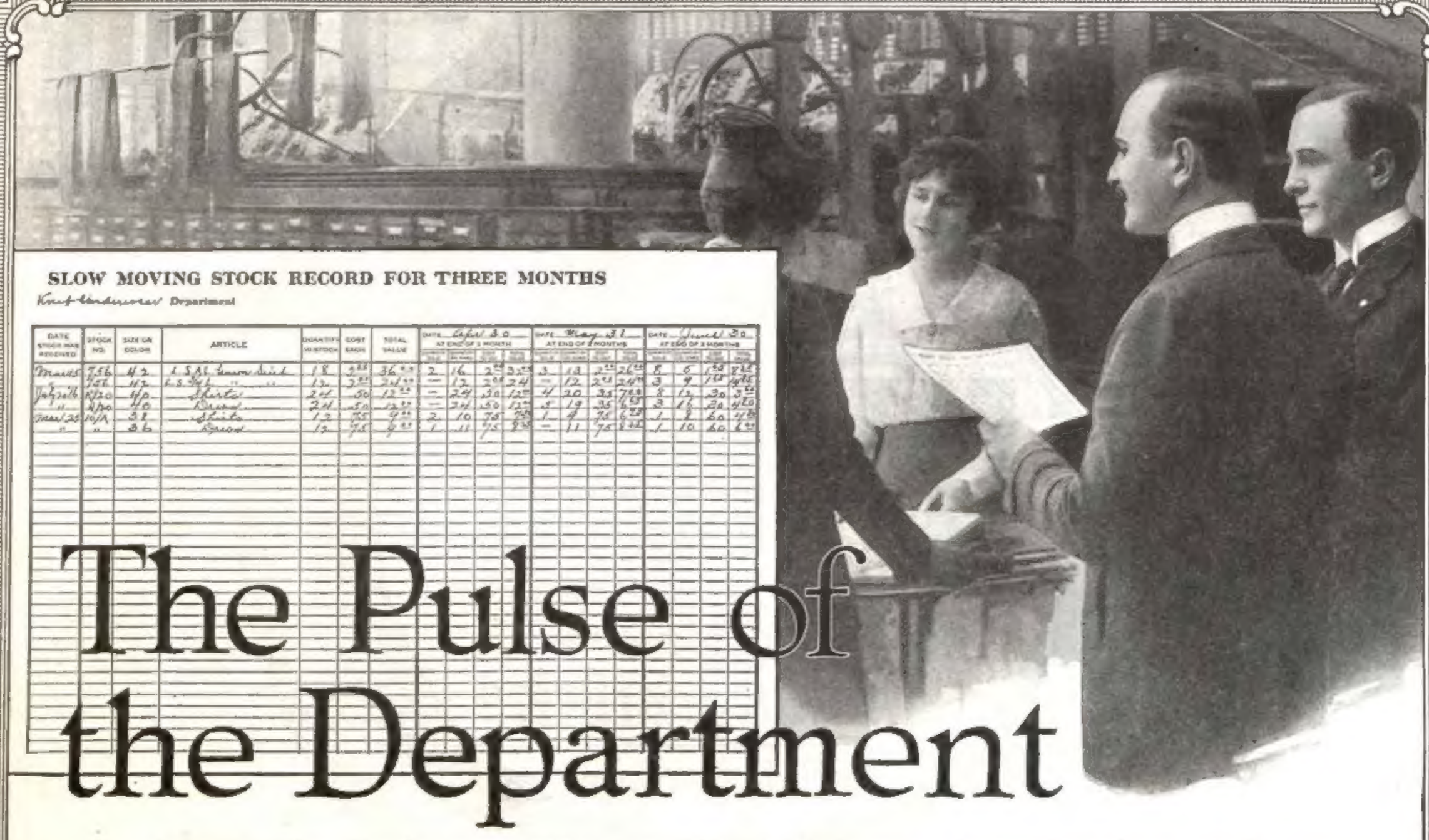
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Department
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STOCK NO.
SIZE OR COLOR
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TOTAL VALUE
DATE April 30 AT END OF 1 MONTH
DATE May 31 AT END OF 2 MONTHS
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Jan 26/16 K120 40 Shirts 24 .50 12.00 — 24 .50 12.00 4 20 .35 7.00 8 12 .30 3.60
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He knows what goods are selling and what goods are not—how much space is occupied in every department by goods that should make way for new stock. He can judge how much advertising is required for a department and when a sale is advisable.

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